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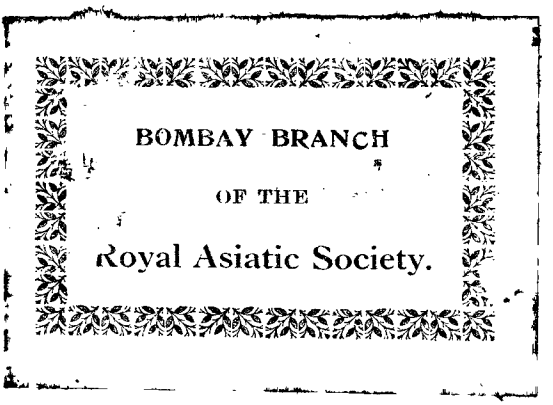

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THE

GEORGICS

OF

VIRGIL

TRANSLATED:

WITH NOTES.

81545

BY

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

F.R.S. AND A.S.S.

V. C. 8

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET;

BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW,

ST. JAMES'S.

1815.

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TO THE

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM HOWLEY, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,

THIS CORRECTED TRANSLATION

OF

THE GEORGICS,

A RECORD

OF MANY YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,

AND A GRATEFUL TESTIMONY

OF THE ADVANTAGES

DERIVED

FROM HIS ACCURATE LEARNING

AND REFINED TASTE,

IS DEDICATED,

BY

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

London, Upper Seymour-street,
March 2, 1815.

GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Virgil begins the Poem by propounding the subjects of his four Books: Agriculture, Planting, the Breeding of Cattle, and the Management of Bees. After invoking every rural Deity, he particularly calls on Augustus Cæsar to favour his attempt. He now opens the peculiar subject of the First Book by pointing out the proper seasons for ploughing—He advises the husbandman to acquire a previous knowledge of different soils and climates, of the prevailing modes of cultivation, and of the productions suited to each country: and of these he gives several examples—He then resumes the subject, and mentions the seasons best adapted for the ploughing either of rich or of poor soils—Recommends that the ground should lie fallow, or be refreshed by change of crops, or manure—that the stubble should be burnt for the melioration of the soil; and that the ground be duly prepared by frequent ploughing and harrowing—He now enters on the subject of sowing, and advises, that, immediately after that process, the clods be carefully broken, and the land artificially overflowed—He then proceeds to the growth of the corn, and recommends the feeding down of its rank luxuriance—He now mentions several circumstances prejudicial to agriculture, and attributes them to the will of Jove—This remark easily leads to a digression on the golden and silver ages—He then describes the origin of agriculture, and the instruments employed in it—shows how to form a judgment of the ensuing harvest, and how to medicate and select the seeds—He then marks the connection between Agriculture and Astronomy, which points out the different seasons for sowing different grains—From this connection he likewise introduces the description of the annual course of the sun, and of the singular varieties occasioned by the position of the poles—He

further evinces the utility of astronomical knowledge—enumerates several works to be performed in the rainy season, and what are lawful on festivals—gives an account of fortunate and unfortunate days—what works best suited to the night—what to the day, both in summer and winter—From winter he naturally remarks on the stormy seasons, the latter end of spring, and the commencement of autumn—describes a storm in autumn—and shows how to avoid such calamities by a diligent observation of the heavens, and worship of the Gods, chiefly Ceres—Then he enumerates various prognostics of the weather—those of bad weather—those of fine weather—Further prognostics from the sun and moon—He begins with the latter—continues the subject by predictions drawn from the rising and setting of the sun—These prepare the way for a digression on the prodigies that followed the death of Julius Cæsar, and predicted the horrors of the civil wars—And he concludes with vows for Augustus, under whose government alone the world could be restored to peace and order.

GEORGICA.

LIBER PRIMUS.

v. 1—15.

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, Mæcenas, ulmisque adjungere vites,
Conveniat; quæ cura boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori; apibus quanta experientia parcis;
Hinc canere incipiam. Vos, o clarissima mundi
Lumina, labentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum,
Liber, et alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristâ,
Poculaque inventis Acheloïa miscuit uvis;
Et vos, agrestum præsentia numina, Fauni,
Ferte simul, Faunique, pedem, Dryadesque puellæ.
Munera vestra cano. Tuque o, cui prima frementem
Fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti,
Neptune; et cultor nemorum, cui pinguia Ceæ
Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta juvenci;

GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

VERSE 1—16.

WHENCE joyful harvests spring, what heav'nly sign
Invites the plough, and weds to elms the vine;
How rear'd, Mæcenas, flocks and cattle thrive,
And what experience stores the frugal hive;
I sing.—Ye lights of heav'n! whose soy'reign sway
Leads on the year around th' ethereal way:
Bacchus and Ceres! if beneath your reign
Earth chang'd Chaonian mast for golden grain,
And the new grape's uncultur'd vintage gave
To mix its sweets with Acheloüs' wave:
Ye, too, whose gifts my votive numbers guide,
Fauns and fair Dryads that o'er swains preside;
Thou! whose dread trident shook the womb of earth,
And loos'd the steed, that neighing sprung to birth;
Guardian of woods! whose herds, a snowy train,
Browse the rich shrubs that shade the Cæan plain;

Ipse, nemus linquens patrium saltusque Lycæi,
Pan, ovium custos, tua si tibi Mænala curæ,
Adsis, o Tegeæe, favens; oleæque Minerva
Inventrix; uncique puer monstrator aratri;
Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum;
Dîque, deæque omnes studium quibus arva tueri,
Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges,
Quique satis largùm cœlo demittitis imbrem.
Tuque adeo, quem mox quæ sint habitura deorum
Concilia incertum est; urbesne invisere, Cæsar,
Terrarumque velis curam, et te maximus orbis
Auctorem frugum tempestatumque potentem
Accipiat, cingens materna tempora myrto:
An deus immensi venias maris, ac tua nautæ
Numina sola colant; tibi serviat ultima Thule;
Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis:
Anne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,
Quâ locus Erigonen inter Chelasque sequentes

God of the fleece, whom grateful shepherds love,
Oh! leave thy native haunt, Lycæus' grove;
And if thy Mænalus yet claim thy care,
Hear, Tegeæan Pan! th' invoking pray'r.
Pallas! whose voice the olive rais'd; and thou,
Fam'd youth, inventor of the crooked plough!
And Thou, Sylvanus, in whose hand is borne
A sapling cypress with its roots uptorn;
Oh come, protectors of the plains! descend;
Each God, and Goddess, at my call attend,
Who rear new plants that earth spontaneous yields,
Or feed with prosperous show'rs the cultur'd fields.
Thou, Cæsar, chief, where'er thy voice ordain
To fix 'mid gods thy yet unchosen reign—
Wilt thou o'er cities stretch thy guardian sway,
While earth and all her realms thy nod obey?
The world's vast orb shall own thy genial pow'r,
Giver of fruits, fair sun, and fav'ring show'r;
Before thy altar grateful nations bow,
And with maternal myrtle wreathe thy brow;
O'er boundless ocean shall thy pow'r prevail,
Thee her sole lord the world of waters hail!
Rule, where the sea remotest Thule laves,
While Tethys' dow'rs thy bride with all her waves.
Wilt thou 'mid Scorpius and the Virgin rise,
And, a new star, illume thy native skies?

Panditur; ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cœli justâ plus parte relinquit:
Quidquid eris (nam te nec sperent tartara regem,
Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido,
Quamvis elysios miretur Græcia campos,
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem),
Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue cœptis;
Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestes,
Ingredere, et votis jam nunc assuesce vocari.
Vere novo, gelidus canis quum montibus humor
Liquitur, et zephyro putris se gleba resolvit,
Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi taurus aratro
Ingemere, et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.
Illa seges demum votis respondet avari
Agricolæ, bis quæ solem, bis frigora sensit;
Illius immensæ ruperunt horrea messes.
At priùs ignotum ferro quàm scindimus æquor,
Ventos et varium cœli prædiscere morem
Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum,
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.
Hîc segetes, illic veniunt feliciùs uvæ;
Arborei fetus alibi atque injussa virescunt

Scorpius, e'en now, each shrinking claw confines,
And more than half his heav'n to thee resigns.
Where'er thy reign (for not, if hell invite
To wield the sceptre of eternal night,
Ne'er would such lust of dire dominion move
Thee, Cæsar, to resign the realm of Jove:
Though vaunting Greece extol th' Elysian plain,
Whence weeping Ceres wooes her child in vain)
Breathe fav'ring gales, my course propitious guide,
O'er the rude swain's uncertain path preside;
Now, now invok'd, assert thy heavn'ly birth,
And learn to hear our pray'rs, a God on earth.

When first young Zephyr melts the mountain snow,
And Spring unbinds the mellow'd mould below,
Press the deep plough, and urge the groaning team
Where the worn shares 'mid opening furrows gleam.
Lands, that the summer sun has twice matur'd,
Twice the keen frost, and wintry cold endur'd,
Profuse of wealth repay th' insatiate swain,
And pour from bursting barns th' exuberant grain.

Ere virgin earth first feel th' invading share,
The genius of the place demands thy care:
The culture, clime, the winds, and changeful skies,
And what each region bears, and what denies.
Here golden harvests wave, there vineyards glow,
Fruit bends the bough, or herbs unbidden grow—

Gramina. Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi,
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas, Epirus equarum?
Continuò has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore primùm
Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem;
Unde homines nati, durum genus. Ergo age, terræ
Pingue solum, primis extemplo a mensibus anni,
Fortes invertant tauri, glebasque jacentes
Pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus æstas.
At, si non fuerit tellus fecunda, sub ipsum
Arcturum tenui sat erit suspendere sulco:
Illic, officiant lætis ne frugibus herbæ;
Hîc, sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor arenam.
Alternis idem tonsas cessare novales,
Et segnem patiere situ durescere campum;
Aut ibi flava seres, mutato sidere, farra,
Unde priùs lætum siliquâ quassante legumen,
Aut tenues fetus viciæ, tristisque lupini
Sustuleris fragiles calamos silvamque sonantem.

Her saffron, Tmolus, Ind her ivory boasts,
Spice wings the gale round Saba's balmy coasts:
The naked Chalybes their iron yield,
The pow'rful Castor scents the Pontic field,
While fam'd Epirus glories in the breed
Born for the palm that crowns th'Olympic steed.
In stated regions, from th' eternal Cause,
Such Nature's compact and unbroken laws;
Such from the time when first Deucalion hurl'd
The stones that peopled the deserted world:
Whence a new race arose upon the earth,
Hard as the stubborn flint that gave them birth.

Come, when new Spring first claims the timely toil,
Break with laborious steers the generous soil,
And give the sun through many a summer day
To bake the clod, and feed with ripening ray;
But in light furrows turn th' unfertile ground
When slow Arcturus wheels his lingering round:
There, lest rude weeds should choke the rising grain,
And here, scant moisture fail the sandy plain.

Rest by alternate fallows weary'd earth,
And gradual fit the soil for future birth;
Or sow, the season chang'd, with grain the clod,
Where the bean harvest burst the shatter'd pod,
Or the light vetch and bitter lupine grew,
Bow'd to the gale, and rattled as it blew.

Urit enim lini campum seges, urit avenæ,
Urunt lethæo perfusa papavera somno.
Sed tamen alternis facilis labor; arida tantum
Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola; neve
Effetos cinerem immundum jactare per agros.
Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt fœtibus arva;
Nec nulla interea est inaratæ gratia terræ.
Sæpè etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:
Sive inde occultas vires et pabula terræ
Pinguia concipiunt; sive illis omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atque exsudat inutilis humor;
Seu plures calor ille vias et cæca relaxat
Spiramenta, novas veniat quà succus in herbas;
Seu durat magis, et venas astringit hiantes,
Ne tenues pluviæ, rapidive potentia solis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.
Multùm adeo rastris glebas qui frangit inertes,
Vimineasque trahit crates, juvat arva; neque illum
Flava Ceres alto nequidquam spectat olympo;
Et qui proscisso quæ suscitat æquore terga
Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.

Oats and the flaxen harvest burn the ground,
And poppies shedding slumb'rous dews around.
Yet shall thy lands through easier labour rear
Fresh crops by changeful produce year by year,
If rich manure new life and nurture yield,
And ashes renovate th' exhausted field.
Thus interchanging harvests earth repair,
Nor lands unplough'd, meantime, no profit bear.
Much it avails to burn the sterile lands
And stubble crackling as the flame expands;
Whether the heat long-latent nurture raise,
Or genial salts collect beneath the blaze:
Or where corruption lurk'd 'mid humours crude,
Imprison'd damps before the flame exude:
Whether it force through many an opening vein
Juice to fresh plants that clothe anew the plain,
Or brace the pores that pervious to the day
Felt the prone sun's intolerable ray,
To piercing show'rs th' expanded fissure close,
And the chill north that blisters as it blows.
Th' obdurate glebe with frequent harrow break,
Rous'd to new life each crumbling clod awake,
Plough o'er and o'er, on toil redoubling toil,
With sidelong furrow cross the furrow'd soil,
Command the fields, exert despotic sway,
Pursue thy triumph, and bid earth obey:

Humida solstitia atque hiemes orate serenas,
Agricolæ; hiberno lætissima pulvere farra,
Lætus ager: nullo tantùm se Mysia cultu
Jactat, et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes.
Quid dicam, jacto qui semine comminus arva
Insequitur, cumulosque ruit malè pinguis arenæ;
Deinde satis fluvium inducit rivosque sequentes;
Et, quum exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,
Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
Elicit? illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.
Quid, qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus aristis,
Luxuriem segetum tenerâ depascit in herbâ,
Quum primùm sulcos æquant sata? quique paludis
Collectum humorem bibulâ deducit arenâ,
Præsertim incertis si mensibus amnis abundans
Exit, et obducto latè tenet omnia limo,
Unde cavæ tepido sudant humore lacunæ?
Nec tamen, hæc quum sint hominumque boumque labores
Versando terram experti, nihil improbus anser,

So shall the Gods their gifts profusely show'r,
And Ceres' smile o'erpay each anxious hour.
Swains! pray for wintry dust, and summer rain;
Then smiles the freshen'd earth, and golden plain:
More rich the crop on Mysia's fertile fields,
And Gargarus wonders at the wealth he yields.
Him shall I praise, who o'er the new-sown earth
Crumbles the clods that hide th'entrusted birth,
Freshens with streams that at his pleasure glide,
And leads th' obedient rills from side to side?
'Mid gasping herbs when fever'd Nature dies,
Lo! on yon brow whence bubbling springs arise,
The peasant bending o'er th' expanse below
Directs the channell'd waters where to flow:
Down the smooth rock melodious murmurs glide,
And a new verdure gleams beneath the tide.
Him shall I praise, who, lest th' o'erloaded ear
Shed with prone stem the promise of the year,
Feeds down its rank luxuriance when the blade
Waves level with the ridge its rising shade;
Or who, in changeful months, and flooding rains,
Down the dry sand th' o'erflowing marshes drains,
When oozy rivers far and wide expand,
And issuing vapours smoke along the land?
Yet when the sturdy swain and patient steer
Have tamed the land by many a toil severe;

Strymoniæque grues, et amaris intuba fibris,
Officiunt, aut umbra nocet. Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit; primusque per artem
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda,
Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.
Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni;
Ne signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
Fas erat: in medium quærebant; ipsaque tellus
Omnia liberiùs, nullo poscente, ferebat.
Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,
Prædarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri,
Mellaque decussit foliis, ignemque removit,
Et passim rivis currentia vina repressit;
Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes
Paulatim, et sulcis frumenti quæreret herbam;
Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.
Tunc alnos primùm fluvii sensere cavatas;
Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,
Pleïadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton:

Oft noxious geese and the Strymonian crane
Waste with voracious bill the plunder'd grain,
Or succory's bitter roots the soil invade,
Or the thick wood's injurious boughs o'ershade.
Not to dull Indolence and transient Toil
Great Jove resign'd the conquest of the soil:
He sent forth Care to rouse the human heart,
And sharpen genius by inventive art:
Nor tamely suffer'd earth beneath his sway
In unproductive sloth to waste away.
Ere Jove bore rule, no labour tam'd the ground,
None dar'd to raise the fence, or mark the bound:
Nature to all, her fruits profusely bore,
And earth, unask'd, but freelier gave her store.
Jove to the serpent fang new venom gave,
Commanded wolves to prowl, and swell'd the wave,
From leaves their honey shook, the fire withheld,
And wand'ring streams, that flow'd with wine, repell'd.
Jove will'd, that Man, by long experience taught,
Should various arts invent by gradual thought,
Strike from the flint's cold womb the latent flame,
And from the answering furrow nurture claim.
Then first the hollow'd alder prest the stream,
Then sailors watch'd each star's directing beam,
Number'd the host of heav'n, and nam'd the train,
Pleiads, and Hyads, and the northern Wain;

Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,
Inventum, et magnos canibus circumdare saltus;
Atque alius latum fundâ jam verberat amnem,
Alta petens; pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.
Tum ferri rigor, atque argutæ lamina serræ;
(Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum:)
Tum variæ venere artes; labor omnia vicit
Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.
Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram
Instituit, quum jam glandes atque arbuta sacræ
Deficerent silvæ, et victum Dodona negaret.
Mox et frumentis labor additus; ut mala culmos
Esset rubigo, segnisque horreret in arvis
Carduus: intereunt segetes; subit aspera silva,
Lappæque tribulique; interque nitentia culta
Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenæ.
Quòd nisi et assiduis terram insectabere rastris,
Et sonitu terrebis aves, et ruris opaci
Falce premes umbras, votisque vocaveris imbrem,
Heu! magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum,
Concussâque famen in silvis solabere quercu.
Dicendum, et quæ sint duris agrestibus arma,
Queis sine nec potuere seri nec surgere messes:

Then snares, and lime, the beast and bird betray'd,
And deep-mouth'd hounds enclos'd the forest glade;
Light meshes lash'd the stream with circling sweep,
And weighted nets descending dragg'd the deep;
Then iron, and the saw's shrill-grating edge,
Eas'd the rude efforts of the forceful wedge;
Hence various arts: stern labour all subdues,
And ceaseless toil that urging want pursues.

First pitying Ceres taught the famish'd swain
With iron shares to turn the stubborn plain,
What time the arbute fail'd, and fail'd the food
Shower'd from the oak along Dodona's wood.
New cares the corn pursu'd: here mildew fed,
There thistles rear'd aloft their horrent head:
The harvest perishes; with prickles crown'd,
The burr and caltrop bristle all around:
Their baleful growth wild oats and darnel rear,
And tow'r in triumph o'er the golden ear.
Haste then; the earth with restless harrow wear,
With ceaseless shout the feather'd plunderers scare,
Lop each o'ershadowing branch with timely stroke,
And genial show'rs from fav'ring heav'n invoke,
Or o'er large crops not thine, go vainly grieve,
And from the shaken oak sore want relieve.

Now learn what arms industrious peasants wield,
To sow the furrow'd glebe, and clothe the field:

Vomis, et inflexi primùm grave robur aratri,
Tardaque Eleusinæ matris volventia plaustra,
Tribulaque, traheæque, et iniquo pondere rastri;
Virgea præterea Celei vilisque supellex,
Arbuteæ crates, et mystica vannus Iacchi;
Omnia quæ multò antè memor provisa repones,
Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.
Continuò in silvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.
Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,
Binæ aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso.
Cæditur et tilia antè jugo levis, altaque fagus
Stivæ, quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos:
Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus.
Possum multa tibi veterum præcepta referre,
Ni refugis, tenuesque piget cognoscere curas.
Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro,
Et vertenda manu, et cretâ solidanda tenaci,
Ne subeant herbæ, neu pulvere victa fatiscat;
Tum variæ illudant pestes! sæpè exiguus mus
Sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit;
Aut oculis capti fodêre cubilia talpæ:
Inventusque cavis bufo, et quæ plurima terræ

The share, the ponderous beam, the rolling wain
That draws along slow Ceres to her fane:
Flails, sleds, light osiers, and the harrow's load,
The arbute hurdle, and the van of God.
These, mindful, long provide, ere use require,
If rural fame thy breast with glory fire.

Form'd for the crooked plough, by force subdu'd,
Bend the tough elm yet green amid the wood:
Beyond eight feet in length the beam extend,
With double back the pointed share defend,
Double the earth-boards that the glebe divide,
And cast the furrow'd ridge on either side;
But light the polish'd yoke of linden bough,
And light the beechen staff that turns the plough.
These long suspend where smoke their strength ex-
And seasons into use, and binds their pores. [plores,

Nor thou the rules, our fathers taught, despise,
Sires by long practice and tradition wise.

With ponderous roller smooth the level floor,
And bind with chalky cement o'er and o'er;
Lest springing weeds expose thy want of art,
And worn in many a chink the surface part:
There builds the field-mouse underneath the ground,
And loads her little barns with plunder crown'd;
There works the mole along her dark abode,
There in its hollow lurks the lonely toad,

Monstra ferunt; populatque ingentem farris acervum
Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica senectæ.
Contemplator item, quum se nux plurima silvis
Induet in florem, et ramos curvabit olentes:
Si superant fœtus, pariter frumenta sequentur,
Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore:
At, si luxuriâ foliorum exuberat umbra,
Nequidquam pingues paleâ teret area culmos.
Semina vidi equidem multos medicare serentes,
Et nitro priùs et nigrâ perfundere amurcâ,
Grandior ut fœtus siliquis fallacibus esset;
At, quamvis igni exiguo properata maderent,
Vidi lecta diu et multo spectata labore
Degenerare tamen, ni vis humana quot annis
Maxima quæque manu legeret: sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.
Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit; si brachia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

There all the nameless monsters of the soil,
That swarm and fatten on thy gather'd spoil:
The weevil wasting with insatiate rage,
And the wise ant that dreads the wants of age.
With many a bud if flow'ring almonds bloom,
And arch their gay festoons that breathe perfume,
So shall thy harvest like profusion yield,
And cloudless suns mature the fertile field:
But if the branch, in pomp of leaf array'd,
Diffuse a vain exuberance of shade,
So fails the promise of th' expected year,
And chaff and straw defraud the golden ear.
Some medicate the seed, with previous toil
Steep them in nitre, and dark lees of oil,
That the false pods mature a larger brood,
And gentler fires concoct the quicken'd food.
Yet have I seen the chosen seeds deceive,
And o'er degenerate crops the peasant grieve:
Save where slow patience, o'er and o'er, again,
Cull'd yearly one by one the largest grain;
So all, forc'd back by Fate's resistless sway,
To swift destruction falls and sad decay.
Thus if the boatman who long-laboring plied
The stubborn oar that scarcely stemm'd the tide,
Once, once relax, the stream's o'erwhelming force
Drives him, whirl'd backwards, down its headlong course.

Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis,
Hædorumque dies servandi, et lucidus Anguis,
Quàm quibus in patriam ventosa per æquora vectis,
Pontus et ostriferi fauces tentantur Abydi.
Libra die somnique pares ubi feceret horas,
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem,
Exercete, viri, tauros, serite hordea campis,
Usque sub extremum brumæ intractabilis imbrem.
Nec non et lini segetem et Cereale papaver [rastris,
Tempus humo tegere, et jam dudum incumbere
Dum siccâ tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.
Vere fabis satio : tum te quoque, medica, putres
Accipiunt sulci, et milio venit annua cura,
Candidus auratis aperit quum cornibus annum
Taurus, et averso cedens Canis occidit astro.
At si triticeam in messem robustaque farra
Exercebis humum, solisque instabis aristis ;
Antè tibi Eoæ Atlantides abscondantur,
Gnosiaque ardentis decedat stella Coronæ,
Debita quàm sulcis committas semina, quàmque
Invitæ properes anni spem credere terræ.
Multi ante occasum Maiæ cœpere : sed illos
Exspectata seges vanis elusit aristis.
Si verò viciamque seres vilemque faselum,
Nec Pelusiacæ curam aspernabere lentis ;

Nor less intent, Arcturus' train behold,
The Kid's bright beams, and Dragon's lucid fold,
Than the bold crew that sweep the Euxine o'er,
And by Abydos seek their native shore.

When poising Libra rest and labour weighs,
And parts with equal balance nights and days,
Goad, goad the steer, with barley sow the plain
Till the bleak solstice sheds its latest rain.
While yet the glebe is dry, beneath the earth
Hide the young flax, and poppy's future birth,
And urge the harrow while the clouds impend,
And tempests gather, ere the rains descend.

When Taurus' golden horns the year unbar,
And Sirius " 'gins to pale " his yielding star,
Then beans and lucerne claim the mellow soil,
And millet springing from thy yearly toil.

But if thy labour from the cultur'd plain
Exact rich wheat, strong spelt, and bearded grain,
Trust not the furrow, nor with lavish haste
The promise of the year untimely waste,
Before the Pleiads from the dawn retire,
Or Ariadne gleams with matin fire.
Swains, who, ere Maia sets, cast forth the seed,
Mourn o'er delusive crops their fruitless speed.

But if Pelusian lentils clothe the plain,
Nor thou th' unvalued bean and vetch disdain,

Haud obscura cadens mittet tibi signa Bootes:
Incipe, et ad medias sementem extende pruinas.
Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem
Per duodena regit mundi sol aureus astra.
Quinque tenent cœlum zonæ; quarum una corusco
Semper sole rubens et torrida semper ab igni:
Quam circum extremæ dextrâ lævâque trahuntur
Cæruleâ glacie concretæ atque imbribus atris:
Has inter mediamque, duæ mortalibus ægris
Munere concessæ divûm; via secta per ambas,
Obliquus quâ se signorum verteret ordo.
Mundus, ut ad Scythiam Rhipæasque arduus arces
Consurgit, premitur Libyæ devexus in austros.
Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis: at illum
Sub pedibus Styx atra videt, Manesque profundi.
Maximus hîc flexu sinuoso elabitur Anguis
Circùm, perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos,
Arctos oceani metuentes æquore tingi.
Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox,
Semper et obtentâ densentur nocte tenebræ;
Aut redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit;
Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

Wait till Boötes' lingering beams descend,
And 'mid hoar frosts thy patient toil extend.
For this the golden sun the earth divides, [guides.
And, wheel'd thro' twelve bright signs, his chariot
Five zones the heav'n surround: the centre glows
With fire unquench'd, and suns without repose:
At each extreme the poles in tempest tost
Dark with thick show'rs, and unremitting frost:
Between the poles and blazing zone confin'd
Lie climes to feeble man by Heav'n assign'd.
'Mid these the signs their course obliquely run,
And star the figur'd belt that binds the sun.
High as at Scythian cliffs the world ascends,
Thus low at Libyan plains its circle bends.
O'er us perpetual glows th' exalted pole,
There gloomy Styx, and Hell's deep shadows roll:
Here the huge Snake in many a volume glides,
Winds like a stream, and either Bear divides,
The Bears that dread their flaming lights to lave,
And slowly roll above the ocean wave.
There night, eternal night, and silence sleep,
And gathering darkness broods upon the deep:
Or from our clime, when fades the orient ray,
There bright Aurora beams returning day:
And here when first the Sun's hot coursers breathe,
Late Vesper lights his evening star beneath.

Hinc tempestates dubio prædiscere cœlo
Possumus, hinc messisque diem, tempusque serendi;
Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor
Conveniat; quando armatas deducere classes,
Aut tempestivam silvis evertere pinum.
Nec frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus,
Temporibusque parem diversis quatuor annum.
Frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber,
Multa, forent quæ mox cœlo properanda sereno,
Maturare datur: durum procudit arator
Vomeris obtusi dentem; cavat arbore lintres;
Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acervis:
Exacuunt alii vallos furcasque bicornes,
Atque Amerina parant lentæ retinacula viti:
Nunc facilis rubeâ texatur fiscina virgâ;
Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.
Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus
Fas et jura sinunt: rivos deducere nulla
Relligio vetuit, segeti prætendere sæpem,
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.
Sæpè oleo tardi costas agitator aselli

Experience hence the doubtful storm fore-learns,
When best to sow, when best to reap, discerns;
When, best with cautious hand along the shore
In treacherous seas to ply the guardian oar,
Or launch the freighted navy 'mid the flood,
Or timely fell the pine that crown'd the wood.
Thus observation reads the starry sphere,
And fourfold parts, as seasons change, the year.
Th' industrious peasants, shelter'd from the show'r,
To timely profit turn each leisure hour;
Mature the works that tire th' impatient hand,
When fairer skies far other cares demand; [heap,
Scoop troughs from trees, or mark each hoarded
Or head the two-horn'd forks, or brand the sheep;
Point the sharp stake, or edge the blunted share,
For flexile vines the willowy wreath prepare,
Light baskets weave with pliant osier twin'd,
Now parch the grain, and now with millstones grind.
E'en 'mid high feasts to holy leisure giv'n
Earth claims a part, nor fears offended Heav'n.
Go forth; the Gods permit, thy ditches drain,
Fire the wild thorns, and fence the rising grain,
Ensnare the plundering birds, and timely lave
The bleating flock beneath the wholesome wave:
Then oft the swain each balanc'd panier loads,
And the slow ass beneath his burden goads,

Vilibus aut onerat pomis ; lapidemque revertens
Incusum, aut atræ massam picis, urbe reportat.
Ipse dies alios alio dedit ordine luna
Felices operum. Quintam fuge ; pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque satæ ; tum partu Terra nefando
Cœumque Iapetumque creat, sævumque Typhœa,
Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres :
Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum;
Ter pater exstructos disjecit fulmine montes.
Septima post decimam felix et ponere vitem,
Et prensos domitare boves, et licia telæ
Addere : nona fugæ melior, contraria furtis.
Multa adeo gelidâ meliùs se nocte dedere,
Aut quum sole novo terras irrorat Eoüs :
Nocte leves meliùs stipulæ, nocte arida prata,
Tondentur ; noctes lentus non deficit humor.
Et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignes
Pervigilat, ferroque faces inspicat acuto :

Brings pitch and millstones home for barter'd oil,
And fruit, cheap produce of his native soil.
Nor less the lunar orb with prescient ray
Marks for each varying work th' appropriate day.
Avoid the fifth, then pallid Orcus rose,
And Furies brooding stern o'er human woes;
Then, with dire labour rent, the womb of Earth
Pour'd forth her offspring of gigantic birth,
Cœus, Iapetus, Typhœus bold,
And kindred bands against the Gods enroll'd;
Thrice with enormous strength the rebels strove,
Rock pil'd on rock, to scale the throne of Jove,
On Pelion Ossa upheave, and firmly rest
Olympus pois'd on Ossa's towering crest.
Jove gaz'd indignant as the structure grew,
And, thund'ring, thrice the mountain mass o'erthrew.
Seventh from the tenth, the hours propitious shine,
To weave, to tame the steer, and plant the vine;
Fair sheds the ninth the beam that favors flight,
While robbers dread the inauspicious light.
The night to many a work advantage yields,
Nor less the dawn that cools with dew the fields;
By night o'er arid meads the swathe pursue,
And mow the stubble moist with clammy dew.
While some keen Peasant o'er his ember's light
Points the sharp torch thro' Winter's ling'ring night,

Interea longum cantu solata laborem,
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas,
Aut dulcis musti volcano decoquit humorem,
Et foliis undam trepidi despumat aheni.
At rubicunda ceres medio succiditur æstu,
Et medio tostas æstu terit area fruges.
Nudus ara, sere nudus: hiems ignava colono.
Frigoribus parto agricolæ plerumque fruuntur,
Mutuaque inter se læti convivia curant.
Invitat genialis hiems, curasque resolvit:
Ceu pressæ quum jam portum tetigere carinæ,
Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas.
Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus,
Et lauri baccas, oleamque, cruentaque myrta;
Tum gruibus pedicas, et retia ponere cervis,
Auritosque sequi lepores, tum figere damas,
Stuppea torquentem Balearis verbera fundæ,
Quum nix alta jacet, glaciem quum flumina trudunt.

The housewife sooths long labour by her song,
And shoots her rattling reed the loom along,
Seeths the sweet must, and with light foliage skims,
The froth that bubbles o'er the caldron's brims.
But reap beneath the sun thy golden wheat,
And tread the ear in noontide's sultry heat.
Plough naked, naked sow, nor cease thy toil
Till wintry skies bind up th' unyielding soil.
Alone bleak Winter's unproductive reign
Rests the long labours of the wearied swain.
Then the gay hind unlocks his hoarded store,
Piles social feasts, and jests the goblet o'er;
The genial time invites; th' elastic mind
Springs from its load, and leaves its cares behind:
As when the deep-stor'd ships their anchor cast,
And joyful seamen crown with flow'rs the mast.
Yet, not regardless of the wintry food,
Then timely gather acorns from the wood,
Fruits that the olive and the bay supply,
And myrtle-berries stain'd with sanguine dye;
Then catch in toils the stags, then cranes ensnare,
Press round her tainted maze the list'ning hare;
And whirl the Balearic sling around,
And pierce the distant doe with flying wound,
When winter hides the world with gather'd snows,
And the clogg'd river freezes as it flows.

Quid tempestates autumni et sidera dicam?
Atque, ubi jam breviorque dies et mollior æstas,
Quæ vigilanda viris, vel quum ruit imbriferum ver,
Spicea jam campis quum messis inhorruit, et quum
Frumenta in viridi stipulâ lactentia turgent?
Sæpè ego, quum flavis messorem induceret arvis
Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo,
Omnia ventorum concurrere prœlia vidi,
Quæ gravidam latè segetem ab radicibus imis
Sublimè expulsam eruerent; ita turbine nigro
Ferret hiems culmumque levem stipulasque volantes.
Sæpè etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,
Et pluviâ ingenti sata læta boumque labores
Diluit; implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
Ipse pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugêre feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo

Why should I mark each storm, and starry sign,
When milder suns in Autumn swift decline?
Or what new cares await the vernal hour,
When Spring descends in many a driving show'r,
While bristle into ear the bearded plains,
And the green stalk distends its milky grains?
E'en in mid harvest, while the jocund swain
Pluck'd from the brittle stalk the golden grain,
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,
Waste far and wide, and, by the roots uptorn,
The heavy harvest sweep through ether borne,
As the light straw, and rapid stubble fly
In dark'ning whirlwinds round the wintry sky.
Column on column prest in close array,
Dark tempests thicken o'er the watery way,
Heav'n rushes down, and deluges with rain
The labours of the ox, and joyful grain;
The dikes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,
Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore:
The Thunderer, thron'd in clouds, with darkness crown'd,
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.
The beasts are fled: earth rocks from pole to pole,
Fear walks the world, and bows th' astonish'd soul:
Prone Athos flames, and, crush'd beneath the blow,
Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow:

Dejicit; ingeminant austri et densissimus imber;
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora, plangunt.
Hoc metuens, cœli menses et sidera serva,
Frigida Saturni sese quò stella receptet,
Quos ignis cœli Cyllenius erret in orbes.
In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnæ
Sacra refer Cereri, lætis operatus in herbis,
Extremæ sub casum hiemis, jam vere sereno:
Tunc agni pingues, et tunc mollissima vina,
Tunc somni dulces, densæque in montibus umbræ.
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret;
Cui tu lacte favos et miti dilue baccho;
Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges,
Omnis quam chorus et socii comitentur ovantes,
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta: neque ante
Falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristis,
Quàm Cereri, tortâ redimitus tempora quercu,
Det motus incompositos, et carmina dicat.
Atque hæc ut certis possimus discere signis,
Æstusque pluviasque et agentes frigora ventos,
Ipse pater statuit quid menstrua luna moneret,
Quo signo caderent austri, quid sæpè videntes
Agricolæ propiùs stabulis armenta tenerent.

The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,
Smite the hoarse wood, and lash the howling wave.
Preventful of the storm, with prescient view
The monthly signs and nightly orbs pursue,
Whither cold Saturn's lingering star retires,
Or swift Cyllenius shifts his wandering fires.
But, chief, with frequent pray'r the Gods implore,
And Ceres, chief, with annual feasts adore;
When Winter flies, and Spring new robes the ground,
When mild the wine, and lambkins gaily bound,
When sweet to slumber on the grass reclin'd
Where the thick foliage murmurs to the wind;
The sky her temple, and the turf her shrine,
Her pure libation, honey, milk and wine;
Let the long choir with shouting pomp proceed,
And thrice round teeming fields the victim lead:
Nor let a blade beneath the sickle fall,
Till to their roofs the swains the Goddess call,
Rude rustic carols to her praise resound,
And, wreath'd with oak, in untaught measures bound.
At Jove's behest unerring signs foreshow
Rain, and fierce heat, and tempests swoln with snow;
Jove bade the moon along her varying way
Mark by foreboding change the coming day;
When gales should lull, and when th' experienc'd swain
From distant range his shelter'd herd restrain.

Continuò, ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor, aut resonantia longè
Littora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.
Jam sibi tum curvis malè temperat unda carinis,
Quum medio celeres revolant ex æquore mergi,
Clamoremque ferunt ad littora; quumque marinæ
In sicco ludunt fulicæ; notasque paludes
Deserit, atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.
Sæpè etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis
Præcipites cœlo labi, noctisque per umbram
Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus;
Sæpè levem paleam et frondes volitare caducas,
Aut summâ nantes in aquâ colludere plumas.
At Boreæ de parte trucis quum fulminat, et quum
Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus; omnia plenis
Rura natant fossis, atque omnis navita ponto
Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber
Obfuit: aut illum surgentem vallibus imis

Lo! to the gathering storm, amid the deep,
The troubled ocean swells its billowy sweep,
Loud rings the crash upon the mountain brow,
Or the far shores resounding howl below,
And hoarse and hoarser thickens in the gale
The ceaseless murmur of the woodland vale.
Huge billows threat the ship, when cormorants sweep
Along the shore, and screaming fly the deep,
When sea-coots hastening back with wanton wing
Skim round the beach in many a sportive ring,
And the lone hern his wonted moor forsakes,
And o'er the clouds his flight aërial takes.
Oft shalt thou see, ere brooding storms arise,
Star after star glide headlong down the skies,
And, where they shot, long trails of lingering light
Sweep far behind, and gild the shades of night;
Oft the fall'n foliage wing its airy way,
And floating feathers on the water play.
When lightning flashes from the northern pole,
From east to west when thunders widely roll,
The deluge pours, and, fearful of the gale,
The wary seaman furls his dripping sail.
Not unforeseen the showery tempests rage;
Earth, ocean, air, the gradual storm presage.
The crane beholds the gathering deluge rise,
Folds his aërial wing, and downward flies;

Aëriæ fugêre grues ; aut bucula, cœlum
Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras ;
Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo ;
Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.
Sæpius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova
Angustum formica terens iter ; et bibit ingens
Arcus ; et e pastu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
Jam varias pelagi volucres, et quæ Asia circum
Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,
Certatim largos humeris infundere rores,
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
Tum cornix plenâ pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et sola in siccâ secum spatiatur arenâ.
Ne nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
Nescivere hiemem, testâ quum ardente viderent
Scintillare oleum et putres concrescere fungos.
Nec minùs ex imbri soles et apérta serena
Prospicere, et certis poteris cognoscere signis :
Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusa videtur ;
Nec fratris radiis obnoxia surgere luna ;
Tenuia nec lanæ per cœlum vellera ferri ;

The heifers gaze aloft where vapours sail,
And with wide nostril drink the distant gale;
The twittering swallow skims the pool around;
Along the marshes croaking frogs resound;
Ants, as from secret cells their eggs they bear,
Each following each, the tract continuous wear;
The vast bow drinks; and, rustling on the wing,
From their thick plumes the ravens darkness fling.
Then shalt thou view the birds that haunt the main,
Or where Cayster floods the Asian plain, [glide,
Dash forth large drops that down their plumage
Dance on the billows, dive beneath the tide,
In gay contention dip their wings in vain,
And prelude, as they sport, th' impending rain.
But o'er dry sands the crow stalks on alone,
Swells her full voice, and calls the tempest down.
Nor yet unconscious of the threatening gloom
The virgin labours o'er the nightly loom,
When sputtering lamps flash forth unsteady fire,
And round th' o'erloaded wick dull flames expire.
Nor less, 'mid show'rs, propitious signs display
Returning sunshine, and unclouded day;
Then 'mid refulgent stars the orb of night
Seems like a sun to shed unborrow'd light:
Then nor the rack across the ether driv'n
Silvers with light-spun fleece the face of heav'n,

Non tepidum ad solem pennas in littore pandunt
Dilectæ Thetidi alcyones; non ore solutos
Immundi meminere sues jactare maniplos.
At nebulæ magis ima petunt, campoque recumbunt;
Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo
Nequidquam seros exercet noctua cantus.
Apparet liquido sublimis in aëre Nisus,
Et pro purpureo pœnas dat Scylla capillo;
Quâcumque illa levem fugiens secat æthera pennis,
Ecce inimicus atrox magno stridore per auras
Insequitur Nisus; quà se fert Nisus ad auras,
Illa levem fugiens raptim secat æthera pennis.
Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant; et sæpè cubilibus altis,
Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti,
Inter se in foliis strepitant; juvat, imbribus actis,
Progeniem parvam dulcesque revisere nidos.
Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major:
Verùm, ubi tempestas et cœli mobilis humor
Mutavere vias, et juppiter uvidus austris
Denset erant quæ rara modò, et quæ densa relaxat,
Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus
Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipiunt: hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
Et lætæ pecudes, et ovantes gutture corvi.

Nor Halcyons, lov'd of Thetis, haunt the strand,
And to the sun their glittering plumes expand;
Nor swine the stubble toss: but dark and deep,
Low on the plain incumbent vapours sleep;
And the lone owl, that eyes the setting ray,
Pours from her tow'r in vain the nightly lay.
Lo! Nisus soars aloft through liquid air,
And claims sad vengeance for his purple hair:
Where with stretch'd wing swift Scylla cuts the skies,
Behind, on rustling plume, fierce Nisus flies:
And where swift Nisus tow'rs, her forward flight
Darts far away, and cleaves th' aërial height.
Hush'd their hoarse pipe, and prest to clearer notes,
Rooks to redoubled echoes strain their throats;
Oft, wild with rapture, on the woodland height
Mingle the murmur of confus'd delight,
Sport in the leaves, and joy, the tempest o'er,
To see their brood and happy nest once more.
Not that I think their song divinely giv'n,
Or wisdom theirs, to mark the will of Heav'n:
But still through Nature's vast and varied range,
The air's vicissitudes, and season's change,
New instincts sway, and their inconstant mind
Shifts with the clouds, and varies with the wind:
Hence frisk the kine, mirth swells the woodland notes,
And rooks exulting strain their gurgling throats.

Si verò solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentes
Ordine respicies, numquam te crastina fallet
Hora, neque insidiis noctis capiere serenæ.
Luna revertentes quum primùm colligit ignes,
Si nigrum obscuro comprenderit aëra cornu,
Maximus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber:
At, si virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem,
Ventus erit; vento semper rubet aurea Phœbe:
Sin ortu in quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)
Pura, neque obtusis per cœlum cornibus ibit,
Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo
Exactum ad mensem, pluviâ ventisque carebunt;
Votaque servati solvent in littore nautæ
Glauco et Panopeæ et Inoo Melicertæ.
Sol quoque, et exoriens, et quum se condet in undas,
Signa dabit: solem certissima signa sequuntur,
Et quæ manè refert, et quæ surgentibus astris.
Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe,
Suspecti tibi sint imbres: namque urget ab alto
Arboribusque satisque Notus pecorique sinister.
Aut ubi sub lucem densa intar nubila sese

But if you watch the sun's revolving speed,
And moons, that mov'd in order'd course, succeed,
Then no vain signs shall mark the treacherous day,
Nor faithless nights shall flatter and betray.
If, when the moon renews her refluent beam,
Through the dark air her horns obscurely gleam;
Along the wasted earth, and stormy main,
In torrents drives the congregated rain.
Or if with virgin blush young Cynthia blaze,
Tempestuous winds succeed the golden rays;
But if (unerring sign) the orb of night [light,
Clear wheel through heav'n her fourth increasing
Rain nor rude blast shall vex that hallow'd day,
And thus the month shall glide serene away,
While rescu'd sailors on their native shore
With votive offerings Panope adore,
To Ino's son their grateful homage pay,
And Glaucus, smoother of the wat'ry way.
Alike, with orient beams, or western rays,
The prescient sun each future change displays:
Signs, that can ne'er deceive, the sun attend,
At day's first dawn, or when the stars ascend.
When many a spot his rising lustre shrouds,
Half-hid the disk beneath a vale of clouds,
Beware the show'rs that from the south wind sprung
Foam the strown corn, and herds, and woods among.

Diversi rumpent radii, aut ubi pallida surget
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile;
Heu! malè tum mites defendet pampinus uvas,
Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.
Hoc etiam, emenso quum jam decedet olympo,
Profuerit meminisse magis; nam sæpè videmus
Ipsius in vultu varios errare colores:
Cæruleus pluviam denuntiat, igneus euros:
Sin maculæ incipient rutilo immiscerier igni,
Omnia tunc pariter vento nimbisque videbis
Fervere: non illâ quisquam me nocte per altum
Ire, neque a terrâ moneat convellere funem.
At si, quum referetque diem, condetque relatum,
Lucidus orbus erit; frustra terrebere nimbis,
Et claro silvas cernes aquilone moveri.
Denique, quid Vesper serus vehat, unde serenas
Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auster,
Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat? ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus
Sæpè monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella.
Ille etiam exstincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,

If dull at morn with many a scatter'd beam
Through the dense clouds the rays diversely gleam,
Or if Aurora with dank mists o'erspread,
Leave with pale brow Tithonus' saffron bed,
Ill shall the leaf the ripening grapes surround,
While rattling hailstones from the roof rebound.
But most avails to mark at close of day
O'er the sun's face what varying colours stray:
The rains descend, when dusky tints prevail;
When red discolour, dread th' infuriate gale:
If spots immingle streak'd with gleams of fire,
Rain and fierce wind to vex the world conspire:
On that dread night let none allure my sail,
Or loose my cable to the rising gale.
But if the orb, at dawn that brightly rose,
With radiant beam its course of glory close,
Dread not the clouds, thy fear shall fruitless prove,
And the clear north shall sweep the bending grove.
Last, what late eve shall bring, what winds prevail,
And all that Auster plans with humid gale,
Behold the sun's prophetic signs display,
Nor dare mistrust the God that gives the day.
He, too, with frequent portent deigns presage
Blind tumult, treasons, and intestine rage.
He too, when Rome deplor'd her Cæsar's fate,
Felt her deep woe, and mourn'd her hapless state;

Quum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine texit,
Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem:
Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et æquora
Obscenique canes, importunæque volucres, [ponti,
Signa dabant. Quoties Cyclopum effervere in agros
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,
Flammarumque globos, liquefactaque volvere saxa!
Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit; insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes;
Vox quoque per lucos vulgò exaudita silentes
Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris
Visa sub obscurum noctis; pecudesque locutæ,
Infandum! sistunt amnes, terræque dehiscunt;
Et mœstum illacrymat templis ebur, æraque sudant.
Proluit insano contorquens vertice sălvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta tulit; nec tempore eodem
Tristibus aut extis fibræ apparere minaces,
Aut puteis manare cruor cessavit, et altæ
Per noctem resonare lupis ululantibus urbes.

While in dark clouds he veil'd his radiant light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor less dread signals shook the earth and wave,
Birds of ill note, and dogs dire omens gave;
How oft we view'd, along th' expanse below,
Wide seas of fire down shatter'd Ætna flow,
While globes of flame the red volcano cast,
And molten rocks that blaz'd beneath the blast.
O'er all the sky, Germania heard afar
The bray of arms that preluded the war;
The Alpine regions of eternal snow
Reel'd with unusual earthquakes to and fro:
Shapes wondrous pale by night were seen to rove,
And a loud voice oft shook the silent grove.
Fix'd are the floods; earth's rent foundations shake,
And—inauspicious portent—cattle spake.
The ivory weeps 'mid consecrated walls,
Sweat in big drops from brazen statues falls;
Monarch of rivers, raging far and wide,
Eridanus pours forth his torrent tide,
Down the wide deluge whirls th' uprooted wood,
And swells with herds and stalls th' encumber'd flood.
That time nor ceas'd the wells with blood to flow,
Nor spotted entrails ceas'd foreboding woe,
Nor ceas'd loud echoes nightly to repeat
The wolf's fierce howl along the unpeopled street.

Non aliàs cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura, nec diri toties arsere cometæ.
Ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis
Romanas acies iterum vidêre Philippi;
Nec fuit indignum superis bis sanguine nostro
Emathiam et latos Hæmi pinguescere câmpos.
Scilicet et tempus veniet quum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.
Dî patrii indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque mater
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete! satis jam pridem sanguine nostro
Laomedonteæ luimus perjuria Trojæ.
Jam pridem nobis cœli te regia, Cæsar,
Invidet, atque hominum queritur curare triumphos:
Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem:
Tam multæ scelerum facies: non ullus aratro

Such lightnings never fir'd th' unclouded air,
Nor comets trail'd so oft their blazing hair.
For this in equal arms Philippi view'd
Rome's kindred bands again in gore embru'd,
Nor did the Gods repent that twice our host,
Broad Hæmus fed, and bath'd th' Emathian coast.
There, after length of time, the peaceful swain
Who ploughs the turf that swells o'er armies slain,
Shall cast, half-gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in air,
And hollow helms that clash beneath the share,
And 'mid their yawning graves amaz'd behold
Large bones of warriors of gigantic mould.
Ye native Gods! ye tutelary pow'rs
Of Tuscan Tiber, and the Roman tow'rs;
Thou Vesta! and thou founder of our name,
Guide of our arms and guardian of our fame,
Oh! let this youth a prostrate world restore,
Save a wreck'd age, and sooth to peace once more.
Enough, enough of blood already spilt
Sates vengeful Gods for Troy's perfidious guilt.
Already envious heav'ns, thee, Cæsar, claim,
And deem the earth subdu'd below thy fame;
Where, right and wrong in mad confusion hurl'd,
New crimes alarm, new battles thin the world:
None venerate the plough: waste Earth deplores
Her swains to slaughter dragg'd on distant shores:

Dignus honos; squalent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem:
Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania, bellum:
Vicinæ, ruptis inter se legibus, urbes
Arma ferunt; sævit toto Mars impius orbe:
Ut, quum carceribus sese effudere, quadrigæ
Addunt in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

Far, far they fall from their uncultur'd lands,
And scythes transform'd to falchions arm their hands;
There Parthia's hosts, Germania's here engage,
Near towns their treaty's break, and battle wage:
Mars arms the globe. Thus, steed provoking steed,
Bursts from the bars, and maddens in his speed;
The guide, bent back, each wearied sinew strains,
On flies th' infuriate car, and mocks the starting reins.

GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

The Poet, after a brief recapitulation of the subject of the former Book, and a general notice of that of the present, on Planting, begins with an invocation to Bacchus, the patron of the vine. Then he mentions how trees are originally produced by nature, spontaneously, from seeds and suckers—Then, the various methods employed by human art—Suckers, sets, layers, cuttings, pieces of cleft wood, and ingrafting—Having thus generally opened the subject, he invokes the assistance of Mæcenas. He now shows by what culture, trees of spontaneous growth may be meliorated—Then, the best methods of artificial culture, which he here concludes by a detailed description of inoculating and ingrafting—This leads him to an enumeration of several species of trees, and varieties of vines—He observes that different plants are the natural produce of different soils and situations, and that the world itself may be divided into regions distinguished by their respective vegetable productions—Of these he gives several examples, and concludes the remark by a description of the citron-tree of Media—This account of remarkable plants, the growth of foreign countries, prepares the way for a beautiful digression on the praises of Italy—He now resumes his remarks on soils, and mentions those best suited for olives, vines, pasture, and corn—then gives instructions by which the several soils may be ascertained—He enters now into a more particular detail of the culture of the vine, and on the different modes of planting a vineyard, either on hill, or plain—gives instructions relative to the depth of trenches—further precepts relative to vineyards, and a particular caution against the intermixture of the wild olive with them, lest its unctuous bark should accidentally catch fire, and destroy the whole plantation—This calamity most poetically described—He

then gives instructions concerning the proper seasons for planting the vines, in autumn and spring; and digresses on the charms and utility of the spring—Further directions about layers, and of dunging, and placing stones and shells at the roots of the plants, of digging the beds, and of the propping and pruning of the vines—He now mentions the necessity of making hedges to defend the young plants from the cattle, particularly goats—This last circumstance leads to a digression on the sacrifices to Bacchus—He again insists on the ceaseless labour required in digging, dressing, and pruning the vineyard—To these toils he opposes the facility in the culture of the olive, and shows the benefits we derive from various useful plants, the free gifts of Nature—These, in many instances, he prefers to the vine, not unfrequently the cause of crimes and slaughter—Hence, in contrast to a scene of Bacchic tumult, to the unquiet splendours of courts, and the vain pursuits of mankind, he expatiates on the advantages of philosophical studies, and on the innocence, security, and utility of a country life—and with this exquisite digression he concludes the Second Book.

GEORGICA.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

V. 1—13.

Hactenus arvorum cultus et sidera cœli:
Nunc te, Bacche, canam, nec non silvestria tecum
Virgulta, et prolem tardè crescentis olivæ.
Huc, pater o Lenæe; tuis hîc omnia plena
Muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumno
Floret ager, spumat plenis vindemia labris;
Huc, pater o Lenæe, veni, nudataque musto
Tinge novo mecum dereptis crura cothurnis.
Principio, arboribus varia est natura creandis:
Namque aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipsæ
Sponte suâ veniunt, camposque et flumina latè
Curva tenent; ut molle siler, lentæque genestæ,
Populus, et glaucâ canentia fronde salicta.

GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

VERSE 1—16.

THUS far of heav'nly signs, and cultur'd plains:
Bacchus! thy praise now claims the votive strains:
With thee, I join each shrub, and woodland shoot,
And olives slowly ripening into fruit.
Oh come, Lenæan sire! lo! all around,
Blest by thy bounty teems th' exulting ground:
For thee, dark clusters purple o'er the field,
And the full vats the foaming vintage yield:
Oh cast thy buskins off, thy votary join, [ing vine.
Stain in new must thy limbs, and crush th' o'erflow-
At first, by various ways, o'er hill and plain,
Spontaneous woods clothed Nature's wild domain;
Some rise at will, and with uncultur'd shade
Fringe the wide streams, and darken all the glade;
There the tall poplar tow'rs, the broom extends,
O'er her dank bed the pliant osier bends,

Pars autem posito surgunt de semine ; ut altæ
Castaneæ, nemorumque Jovi quæ maximà frondet
Æsculus, atque habitæ Graiis oracula quercus.
Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima silva ;
Ut cerasis, ulmisque ; etiam Parnassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbrâ.
Hos natura modos primùm dedit ; his genus omne
Silvarum fruticumque viret nemorumque sacrorum.
Sunt alii quos ipse viâ sibi reperit usus.
Hic plantas tenero abscindens de corpore matrum
Deposuit sulcis ; hic stirpes obruit arvo,
Quadrifidasque sudes, et acuto robore vallos :
Silvarumque aliæ pressos propaginis arcus
Exspectant, et viva suâ plantaria terrâ :
Nil radicis egent aliæ ; summumque putator
Haud dubitat terræ referens mandare cacumen.
Quin et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu !
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno :

And azure willows waving with the gale
Turn their hoar leaf, that silvers o'er the vale.
Some high in air from shatter'd seed arise;
Hence the tall chesnut spreads her stately size,
Huge æsculus o'ershadowing all the grove,
And oaks that spoke to Greece the will of Jove.
Here self-form'd forests gather round the root,
Thus branching elms and clustering cherries shoot,
And where the mother's mighty shade extends,
The young Parnassian bay beneath her bends.
Thus varying nature first the desert crown'd,
And shrub, and grove, and forest rose around.
By gradual use and long experience taught,
Art a new race to fair perfection brought.
Some from the tender mother's bleeding wound
Slip the young shoot, and plant the furrow'd ground:
Others, large sets in earth's deep bosom hide,
Edge their sharp points, or, fourfold-split, divide:
In arches, these within their native bed
The living layers round their parent spread;
These ask no root, and from the topmost spray
Boldly the planters cut the sprout away,
And, fearless of success, to earth once more
The gadding twig, that wav'd in air, restore.
In each cleft piece the olive lives again,
Puts forth new roots, and clothes the wondering plain,

Et sæpè alteriùs ramos impunè videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pirum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
Quare agite, o, proprios generatim discite cultus,
Agricolæ, fructusque feros mollite colendo.
Neu segnes jaceant terræ: juvat Ismara baccho
Conserere, atque oleâ magnum vestire Taburnum.
Tuque ades, inceptumque unà decurre laborem,
O decus, o famæ meritò pars maxima nostræ,
Mæcenas, pelagoque volans da vela patenti.
Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto;
Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox. Ades, et primi lege littoris oram;
In manibus terræ: non hîc te carmine ficto,
Atque per ambages et longa exorsa, tenebo.
Sponte suâ quæ se tollunt in luminis auras,
Infecunda quidem, sed læta et fortia surgunt: [quis
Quippe solo natura subest. Tamen hæc quoque si
Inserat, aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis,

And oft unhurt the trees transform'd assume
Leaves not their own, and fruit of alien bloom;
On the chang'd pear engrafted apples grow,
And redd'ning plums on stony corneils glow.
Learn then what arts each varying species suit,
And tame by culturing skill the savage fruit:
Bid bloom the waste, o'er Ismarus vineyards spread,
And shade with olives huge Taburnum's head.
And thou! propitious, o'er my course preside,
Light of my life, my glory and my guide!
Oh come, Mæcenas! fill th' adventurous sail,
And breathe o'er opening seas the genial gale.
Not mine the wish all nature to rehearse,
And bound her wonders in the crowded verse:
Not, though, at will, I mov'd an hundred tongues,
And breath'd unnumber'd notes from iron lungs.
Oh come! with cautious helm the coast explore,
Guide with firm hand, and steer along the shore!
Here no vain fable shall thy ear detain,
Nor long preamble load the mazy strain.
Trees that spontaneous drink th' ethereal light,
Unfruitful spring, yet flourish fair to sight;
For nature, working in their vigorous bed,
Gives the tall stem to rise, the branch to spread:
But these transplanted, or by grafts reclaim'd,
By culturing skill their savage natnre tam'd,

Exuerint silvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quascumque voces artes haud tarda sequentur.
Nec non et sterilis quæ stirpibus exit ab imis
Hoc faciet, vacuos si sit digesta per agros:
Nunc altæ frondes et rami matris opacant,
Crescentique adimunt fœtus, uruntque ferentem.
Jam quæ seminibus jactis se sustulit arbos
Tarda venit, seris factura nepotibus umbram;
Pomaque degenerant, succos oblita priores;
Et turpes, avibus prædam, fert uva racemos.
Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, et omnes
Cogendæ in sulcum, ac multâ mercede domandæ.
Sed truncis oleæ meliùs, propagine vites,
Respondent, solido Paphiæ de robore myrtus:
Plantis et duræ coryli nascuntur, et ingens
Fraxinus, Herculeæque arbos umbrosa coronæ,
Chaoniique patris glandes; etiam ardua palma
Nascitur, et casus abies visura marinos.
Inseritur verò et fœtu nucis arbutus horrida;
Et steriles platani malos gessere valentes;

Erelong with fair increase thy toil repay,
And, train'd at pleasure, every call obey.
Nor less, the steril shoots that droop'd on earth
Beneath the spreading boughs that gave them birth,
And o'er their languid head dark shadows threw,
Nipt the pale fruit, and kill'd with poisonous dew,
In open fields transpos'd fresh life inhale,
And with new fragrance scent the vernal gale.
Slow grows from seeds the tree, and long delay'd
For distant times reserves its sullen shade;
Their former flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And birds unscar'd on grapes degenerate prey:
All, all alike the nurturing trench require,
Arts that improve, and toils that never tire.
Myrtles from boughs, from truncheons olives rise,
The flexile layer fairest vines supplies;
From natural plants the hardy hazels born,
Trees whose thick leaves th' Herculean brow adorn,
The oaken forest of Chaonian Jove,
The stately palm that tow'rs above the grove,
Vast ash, and firs that from their mountain steep
Rush 'mid the floods, and dare the stormy deep.
O'er the rough arbute grafted walnuts spread
Leaves not their own, and stranger blossoms shed;
Luxuriant apples load the steril planes,
The beech the chesnut's foster'd fruit sustains,

Castaneæ fagus, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore piri; glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
Nec modus inserere, atque oculos imponere, simplex:
Nam quà se medio trudunt de cortice gemmæ,
Et tenues rumpunt tunicas, angustus in ipso
Fit nodo sinus; huc alienâ ex arbore germen
Includunt, udoque docent inolescere libro:
Aut rursum enodes trunci resecantur, et altè
Finditur in solidum cuneis via; deinde feraces
Plantæ immittuntur: nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.
Præterea genus haud unum, nec fortibus ulmis,
Nec salici, lotoque, nec Idæis cyparissis:
Nec pingues unam in faciem nascuntur olivæ,
Orchades, et radii, et amarâ pausia baccâ;
Pomaque, et Alcinoi silvæ; nec surculus idem
Crustumiis, Syriisque piris, gravibusque volemis.
Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia nostris,
Quam Methymnæo carpit de palmite Lesbos:

Pears crown the mountain ash with silver wreath,
And swine fall'n acorns craunch the elm beneath.
Experienc'd art by varying culture knows
To graft the scion, or the bud enclose.
Where the swoln gem, in vernal vigour bold,
Bursts through the bark, and breaks each yielding fold,
Slit the mid knot, and, in the wound confin'd,
Teach the strange bud to wed the bleeding rind:
Or cut the knotless bole, and fix the spray
Where 'mid the wood deep wedges force their way.
Fill'd with new life, erelong the tree ascends,
And far and wide its branching pomp extends,
And as its joyous brow to heaven aspires,
Fruits not its own, and foreign leaves admires.
Not the same species every elm supplies,
New willows wave, and other loti rise;
Not one the cypress on th' Idæan height,
Nor one the olive swelling on the sight;
Of changeful aspect, orchi, radii shoot,
And pausia noted for their bitter fruit.
Fruits of each varying flavour, form, and flow'r,
Deck'd with mix'd hues Alcinous' blooming bow'r.
How different! Syrian, and Crustumian pears!
How bent the bough that vast Volemi bears!
Italia's hills far other vintage yield,
Than Lesbos gathers from Methymna's field.

Sunt Thasiæ vites, sunt et Mareotides albæ ;
Pinguibus hæ terris habiles, levioribus illæ :
Et passo psithia utilior, tenuisque lageos
Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam ;
Purpureæ, preciæque ; et quo te carmine dicam,
Rhætica ? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.
Sunt et Aminææ vites, firmissima vina,
Tmolus et assurgit quibus, et rex ipse Phanæus ;
Argitisque minor, cui non certaverit ulla
Aut tantùm fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.
Non ego te, dîs et mensis accepta secundis,
Transierim, Rhodia, et tumidis, bumaste, racemis.
Sed neque quàm multæ species, nec nomina quæ sint,
Est numerus ; neque enim numero comprendere refert :
Quem qui scire velit, Libyci velit æquoris idem
Discere quàm multæ zephyro turbentur arenæ ;
Aut, ubi navigiis violentior incidit eurus,
Nosse quot Ionii veniant ad littora fluctus.
Nec verò terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt :
Fluminibus salices, crassisqué paludibus alni,
Nascuntur, steriles saxosis montibus orni ;

Here Ægypt's silver grape rich mould demands,
There Thasian clusters bloom in lighter lands.
Dried in the sun-beams Psythian raisins glow,
And staggering draughts from sharp lageos flow;
Soon reels the foot beneath th' inebriate juice,
And the chain'd tongue, confus'd, forgets its use.
Here, purple clusters jocund earth illume,
There, tendrils earliest wreath'd in vernal bloom.
How shall I praise thee, boast of Rhætian hills?
Alone Falernum richer juice distils.
Proud Tmolus bows to Aminæan wines,
And crown'd Phanæus' cluster'd brow inclines:
And, far o'er all, the lesser Argite, fam'd
For fullest flood by length of time untam'd.
Nor be thou, Rhodian! lov'd of Gods, unsung,
Or swelling clusters from Bumastus sprung.
But vain the wish, th' imperfect labour vain,
To rank their various tribes, or name the train.
Go, number first th' innumerable sands
Whirl'd by the western blast round Libyan lands;
Or tell, when Eurus sweeps th' Ionian o'er,
The multitudinous waves that lash the shore.
Not every soil each varying race supplies;
Willows by streams, in marshes alders rise:
Wild ashes wave bleak promontories o'er,
Gay myrtles blossom on the sea-beat shore,

Littora myrtetis lætissima ; denique apertos
Bacchus amat colles, aquilonem et frigora taxi.
Adspice et extremis domitum cultoribus orbem,
Eoasque domos Arabum, pictosque Gelonos.
Divisæ arboribus patriæ : sola India nigrum
Fert ebenum ; solis est turea virga Sabæis.
Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno
Balsamaque, et baccas semper frondentis acanthi ?
Quid nemora Æthiopum molli canentia lanâ ?
Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia Seres ?
Aut quos oceano propior gerit India lucos,
Extremi sinus orbis ; ubi aëra vincere summum
Arboris haud ullæ jactu potuere sagittæ ?
Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris.
Media fert tristes succos, tardumque saporem
Felicis mali, quo non præsentius ullum,
Pocula si quando sævæ infecere novercæ,
[Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,]
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.
Ipsa ingens arbos, faciemque simillima lauro ;
Et, si non alium latè jactaret odorem,
Laurus erat : folia haud ullis labentia ventis ;

Along the sunny uplands vineyards glow,
And yews ascend where freezing north winds blow.
The cultivated globe's far tenants trace,
The Arabs here, there Scythia's painted race;
Behold how Nature parts the varied earth,
And bounds the regions by her sylvan birth:
Lo! India's realm alone dark ebon bears,
And incense floats on soft Sabæan airs:
There trees weep balsam from the trickling wound,
And here with berries green Acanthus crown'd.
Soft wool from downy groves the Æthiop weaves,
The Seres comb their fleece from silken leaves.
Say, shall I mark what woods gigantic wave
O'er Indian seas that earth's last boundary lave,
Where the spent shaft, from skilful Archers sped,
Turns, ere it strike the tree's aërial head?
Nor be the citron, Media's boast, unsung,
Though harsh its juice, and lingering on the tongue.
When the drug'd bowl 'mid witching curses brew'd,
Wastes the pale youth by stepdame hate pursu'd,
Its powerful aid can loose the mutter'd spell,
And the dark venom from the limbs expell.
Large, like the bay, and were its sweets the same,
The tree itself had known no other name;
Before the wind its leaves unscatter'd play,
The flow'rs unbroken blossom on the spray:

Flos apprima tenax : animas et olentia Medi
Ora fovent illo, et senibus medicantur anhelis.
Sed neque Medorum, silvæ ditissima, terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent ; non Bactra, neque Indi,
Totaque turiferis Panchaïa pinguis arenis.
Hæc loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem
Invertêre, satis immanis dentibus hydri ;
Nec galeis densisque virûm seges horruit hastis ;
Sed gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere ; tenent oleæ, armentaque læta.
Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert ;
Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpè tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa deûm duxere triumphos.
Hîc ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas :
Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor,

With fragrant juice th' infected breath assuage,
And breast that pants beneath the load of age.
Yet nor the boundless woods o'er Media spread,
Ganges' fair flood, or Hæmus' golden bed,
Nor Ind, nor Bactra, nor the blissful land
Where incense spreads o'er all Panchaia's sand,
Or all that fancy paints in fabled lays,
Oh native Italy! transcend thy praise.
Though here no bulls beneath th' enchanted yoke
With fiery nostril o'er the furrow smoke,
No hydra teeth embattled harvest yield,
Spear and bright helmet bristling o'er the field;
Yet golden corn each laughing valley fills,
The vintage reddens on a thousand hills,
Luxuriant olives spread from shore to shore,
And flocks unnumber'd range the pastures o'er.
Hence the proud war-horse rushes on the foe,
Clitumnus! hence thy herds, more white than snow,
And stately bull, that, of gigantic size,
Supreme of victims on the altar lies,
Bath'd in thy sacred stream oft led the train
When Rome in pomp of triumph deck'd the fane.
Here Spring perpetual leads the laughing Hours,
And Winter wears a wreath of summer flow'rs:
Th' o'erloaded branch twice fills with fruits the year,
And twice the teeming flocks their offspring rear.

At rabidæ tigres absunt, et sæva leonum
Semina; nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes;
Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.
Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.
An mare quod suprà memorem, quodque alluit infrà?
Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxime, teque,
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino?
An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra,
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,
Julia quà ponto longè sonat unda refuso,
Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis?
Hæc eadem argenti rivos ærisque metalla
Ostendit venis, atque auro plurima fluxit.
Hæc genus acre virûm, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,
Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos,
Extulit: hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
Scipiadas duros bello, et te, maxime Cæsar,
Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris
Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.

Yet here no lion breeds, no tiger strays,
No poisonous aconite the touch betrays,
No monstrous snake th' uncoiling volume trails,
Or gathers orb on orb his iron scales.
But many a peopled city tow'rs around,
And many a rocky cliff with castle crown'd,
And many an antique wall whose hoary brow
O'ershades the flood that guards its base below.
Say, shall I add, enclos'd on either side,
What seas defend thee, and what lakes divide?
Thine, mighty Larius? or, with surging waves,
Thine, that like ocean, vext Benacus, raves?
Havens and ports, the Lucrine's added mole,
Seas that enrag'd along their bulwark roll,
Far from the sea where Julian waters roar,
And Tuscan billows sweep th' Avernian shore?
Here brass and silver earth's deep beds contain,
And streams of gold enrich the pregnant vein.
Blest in thy race, in battle unsubdu'd
The Marsian youth, the Sabine's hardy brood,
By strenuous toil the bold Ligurians steel'd,
And spear-arm'd Volsci that disdain to yield:
Camilli, Marii, Decii swell thy line,
And, thunderbolts of war, each Scipio, thine!
Thou, Cæsar! chief, whose sword the East o'erpow'rs,
And the tam'd Indian drives from Roman tow'rs.

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm : tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes ;
Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.
Nunc locus arvorum ingeniis : quæ robora cuique
Quis color, et quæ sit rebus natura ferendis.
Difficiles primùm terræ, collesque maligni,
Tenuis ubi argilla, et dumosis calculus arvis,
Palladiâ gaudent silvâ vivacis olivæ.
Indicio est, tractu surgens oleaster eodem
Plurimus, et strati baccis silvestribus agri.
At quæ pinguis humus, dulcique uligine læta,
Quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus,
Qualem sæpè cavâ montis convalle solemus
Dispicere ; huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes,
Felicemque trahunt limum ; quique editus austro,
Et filicem curvis invisam pascit aratris :
Hic tibi prævalidas olim multoque fluentes
Sufficiet baccho vites ; hic fertilis uvæ,
Hic laticis, qualem pateris libamus et auro,
Inflavit quum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras,
Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta.

All hail, Saturnian earth! hail, lov'd of fame,
Land, rich in fruits, and men of mighty name!
For thee I dare the sacred founts explore,
For thee, the rules of ancient art restore,
Themes, once to glory rais'd, again rehearse,
And pour through Roman towns th' Ascræan verse.
Now learn the soils, the nature of each field,
What fruits their varying strength, and virtue yield.
Know first, th' ungenial hill, and barren land,
Where steril beds of hungry clay expand,
And thorns and flints deface the rugged earth,
Demand the long-liv'd plants, Palladian birth.
Wild olives there from many a wanton shoot
Show'r the rude berry and uncultur'd fruit.
But fertile land, by genial moisture fed,
Where the thick herbage mats th' exuberant bed,
Land, such as wanderers on the mountain brow
View in the valley's shelter'd bed below,
O'er whose green bosom many a lively rill
Rich nurture streams from each o'erhanging hill:
And plains that to the south their upland turn,
And rear, abhorred by ploughs, th' unfruitful fern;
There shall large grapes on crowded clusters grow,
Wines that to gods from golden bowls o'erflow,
When the swoln Tuscan pipes th' invoking strain,
And bending chargers smoke before the fane.

Sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri,
Aut fœtus ovium, aut urentes culta capellas ;
Saltus et saturi petito longinqua Tarenti,
Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,
Pascentem niveos herboso flumine cycnos.
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina, deerunt;
Et quantùm longis carpent armenta diebus,
Exiguâ tantùm gelidus ros nocte reponet.
Nigra ferè, et presso pinguis sub vomere terra,
Et cui putre solum (namque hoc imitamur arando),
Optima frumentis ; non ullo ex æquore cernes
Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra juvencis :
Aut unde iratus silvam devexit arator,
Et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos,
Antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
Eruit : illæ altum nidis petiere relictis ;
At rudis enituit impulso vomere campus.
Nam jejuna quidem clivosi glarea ruris
Vix humilis apibus casias roremque ministrat ;

But if the breed of herds thy care invite,
If calves, or lambs, or browsing kids delight?
Seek far Tarentum's glades and fertile shores,
And plains which hapless Mantua still deplores,
Where silver swans along the Mincio glide,
And crop the herbage that o'erhangs the tide.
There, as thy flocks slow wind along the vale,
No blade shall wither, and no fountain fail,
And what thy herds throughout long days devour,
Cool dews restore beneath night's transient hour.

For wheaten harvests Nature points her bed
Black, rich, and crumbling underneath the tread:
Such as the swains by gradual art prepare,
And gradual form beneath the culturing share;
Ne'er to the homested from a fairer plain
The tir'd ox slowly drags the frequent wain.
Or where rich soil has idly slept unknown,
Age after age by forest wilds o'er grown,
Th' indignant peasant fells th' uprooted wood,
And ancient mansions of the feather'd brood;
The houseless exiles wing the waste of air,
As gleams the waste new-opening to the share.

But where th' unequal champaign swells around,
And hungry gravel starves the barren ground,
There rosemary and casia scarce distil
Sweets for the bee that murmurs round the hill:

Et tophus scaber, et nigris exesa chelydris
Creta, negant alios æquè serpentibus agros
Dulcem ferre cibum, et curvas præbere latebras.
Quæ tenuem exhalat nebulam fumosque volucres,
Et bibit humorem, et quum vult ex se ipsa remittit;
Quæque suo viridi semper se gramine vestit,
Nec scabie et salsâ lædit rubigine ferrum;
Illa tibi lætis intexet vitibus ulmos;
Illa ferax oleo est; illam experiere colendo
Et facilem pecori, et patientem vomeris unci:
Talem dives arat Capua, et vicina Vesevo
Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non æquus Acerris.
Nunc, quo quamque modo possis cognoscere, dicam.
Rara sit, an supra morem si densa, requiras;
Altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera baccho;
Densa magis Cereri, rarissima quæque Lyæo;
Antè locum capies oculis, altèque jubebis
In solido puteum demitti, omnemque repones
Rursus humum, et pedibus summas æquabis arenas.

And mould'ring stones that crumble to decay, [way,
And chalk were black'ning snakes have gnaw'd their
There lurks in winding caves the serpent breed,
And gathers poison from each baleful weed.

Where lands thin mists and vapours light exhale,
Drink, and at will with fogs condense the gale,
Clothe their green lap with grass that never fades,
Nor rust the share that cuts their humid blades;
There shall the olive spread her fruitful race,
There marriageable vines the elm embrace;
And there, alike indulgent to the swain,
Grass feed the flock, or furrows teem with grain.
Such the rich land that round fam'd Capua lies,
Such, where Vesuvius' giant heights arise,
Or where prone Clanius, raging far and wide,
Pours o'er Acerræ's waste its torrent tide.

Now mark the rules by sage experience tried,
Rules that the nature of each soil decide.
Seek'st thou to know if stiff or light the field,
If this shall teem with corn, that vineyards yield,
For Ceres smiles upon the stiffer plain,
And o'er the light, Lyæus loves to reign:
With careful eye select th' appropriate ground,
There sink in solid earth a pit profound;
Then to the land its former soil restore,
And press with frequent footstep o'er and o'er.

Si deerunt, rarum, pecorique et vitibus almis
Aptius, uber erit : sin in sua posse negabunt
Ire locâ, et scrobibus superabit terra repletis ;
Spissus ager : glebas cunctantes crassaque terga
Exspecta, et validis terram proscinde juvencis.
Salsa autem tellus, et quæ perhibetur amara,
Frugibus infelix (ea nec mansuescit arando,
Nec baccho genus, aut pomis sua nomina, servat),
Tale dabit specimen : tu spisso vimine qualos
Colaque prælorum fumosis deripe tectis ;
Huc ager ille malus, dulcesque a fontibus undæ,
Ad plenum calcentur : aqua eluctabitur omnis
Scilicet, et grandes ibunt per vimina guttæ ;
At sapor indicium faciet manifestus, et ora
Tristia tentantum sensu torquebit amaror.
Pinguis item quæ sit tellus, hoc denique pacto
Discimus : haud umquam manibus jactata fatiscit,
Sed picis in morem ad digitos lentescit habendo.
Humida majores herbas alit, ipsaque justo
Lætior : ah ! nimiùm ne sit mihi fertilis illa,
Neu se prævalidam primis ostendat aristis !
Quæ gravis est, ipso tacitam se pondere prodit,
Quæque levis. Promptum est oculis prædiscere nigram,
Et quis cui color : at sceleratum exquirere frigus

Sinks the loose mould beneath its former bed?
There give thy flocks to range, thy vines to spread;
But if the stubborn earth its bounds disdain,
Rise round the pit, and stiffen on the plain,
Along th' obdurate glebe and ling'ring clay,
Break with resistless steers thy forceful way.
Test of the soil, where bitter salts abound,
Where never ploughshare meliorates the ground,
Where the vine droops, and fruits, renown'd of fame,
Degenerate lose their nature and their name:
Take, where they hung thy smoky roof beneath,
Strainers and baskets plash'd with osier wreath;
Their heap th' infected earth, and closely tread,
Mix'd with pure water from the fountain head;
Then as the struggling exudations flow,
Forc'd through the osiers drop by drop below,
The saturated streams the soil betray,
And lips, that taste, distorted turn away.
Like pitch, close prest, the fat uncrumbling land
Cleaves to the touch, and spreads beneath the hand.
The humid earth large herbs luxuriant feeds,
And with rank wildness clothes th' unfaithful meads;
Ne'er may be mine tall blades that proudly tow'r,
And mock the promise of their vernal hour!
Their weight the heavy and the light betrays;
At once the sight each varying hue surveys:

Difficile est ; piceæ tantum, taxique nocentes
Interdum, aut ederæ pandunt vestigia nigræ.
His animadversis, terram multò antè memento
Excoquere, et magnos scrobibus concidere montes,
Antè supinatas aquiloni ostendere glebas,
Quàm lætum infodias vitis genus : optima putri
Arva solo ; id venti curant, gelidæque pruinæ,
Et labefacta movens robustus jugera fossor.
At, si quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit,
Antè locum similem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur
Arboribus seges, et quò mox digesta feratur,
Mutatam ignorent subitò ne semina matrem.
Quin etiam cœli regionem in cortice signant ;
Ut quo quæque modo steterit, quâ parte calores
Austrinos tulerit, quæ terga obverterit axi,
Restituant : adeo in teneris consuescere multum est !
Collibus an plano meliùs sit ponere vitem
Quære priùs. Si pinguis agros metabere campi,
Densa sere ; in denso non segnior ubere bacchus.
Sin tumulis acclive solum collesque supinos,
Indulge ordinibus ; nec seciùs omnis in unguem
Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.
Ut sæpè ingenti bello quum longa cohortes
Explicuit legio, et campo stetit agmen aperto,

But cold, that slowly starves th' entrusted birth,
Lurks unperceiv'd beneath the doubtful earth,
Save where tall pines and baleful yews abound,
And the dark ivy trailing o'er the ground.

Go then, forewarn'd, thy timely beds provide,
With frequent trenches wound the mountain side,
To northern gales expose th' inverted earth,
Or ere thou trust the vineyard's joyful birth:
And the loose soil prefer, where frost and wind
And the strong hand of toil the glebe unbind.

But cautious swains with more than common care,
Beds, like the soil that bore the shoots, prepare,
Lest the weak offspring, from their mother torn,
The sudden change and alien nurture mourn.
Some, where keen Boreas smote, or southern wind
Foster'd the vernal bloom, inscribe the rind:
Each as it stood, again transplanted rear:
So forceful habit sways in early year.

Ask first if hill or plain thy vines invite;
If rich the plain, there crowded plants unite:
If earth unequal swell with sloping banks,
Spread in free space, and range in open ranks:
Yet not the less in measur'd bounds confine,
Square the set vines, and station line by line.
As when the legion o'er the plain afar
Unfolds its spreading cohorts rang'd for war,

Directæque acies, ac latè fluctuat omnis
Aere renidenti tellus; necdum horrida miscent
Prœlia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis:
Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum;
Non animum modò uti pascat prospectus inanem;
Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus æquas
Terra, neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami.
Forsitan et scrobibus quæ sint fastigia quæras.
Ausim vel tenui vitem committere sulco.
Altior ac penitùs terræ defigitur arbos;
Æsculus in primis, quæ quantùm vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantùm radice in tartara tendit.
Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres,
Convellunt; immota manet, multosque nepotes,
Multa virûm volvens durando sæcula, vincit:
Tum fortes latè ramos et brachia tendens
Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.
Neve tibi ad solem vergant vineta cadentem;
Neve inter vites corylum sere; neve flagella
Summa pete, aut summâ destringe ex arbore plantas;
Tantus amor terræ! neu ferro læde retuso

When opposite in arms the squadrons stand,
And gleaming steel wide waves o'er all the land;
Nor yet in conflict, shield has clash'd on shield,
Nor death defac'd the glory of the field;
But preluding the battle, ere it bleeds,
Mars wheels 'mid either host his fiery steeds:
Thus shall the vineyard, rang'd in graceful rows,
No idle pomp to lure the sight expose,
But every plant shall equal nurture share,
And spread with equal growth its boughs in air.
Ask you what stated depth the trenches claim?
Not one their produce, nor their beds the same.
To shallower furrows, trust the tender vine,
But, to deep beds the forest's growth confine:
Chief, æsculus, whose head as high aspires,
Low as his root to central night retires.
In vain the wintry blast assaults his brow,
In vain the torrent floods his base below:
Unmov'd he sees round ages ages roll'd,
Sees nations perish, and the world wax old,
Spreads far and wide his branches o'er the plains,
And on his central trunk th' o'ershadowing mass sustains.
Where bloom thy vines, no hazel growth enclose,
Nor on their ranks let western suns repose;
Nor topmost shoots select, but cull the race
From plants that near the earth the stem embrace:

Semina; neve oleæ silvestres insere truncos.
Nam sæpè incautis pastoribus excidit ignis,
Qui furtim pingui primùm sub cortice tectus
Robora comprendit, frondesque elapsus in altas
Ingentem cœlo sonitum dedit: inde secutus
Per ramos victor perque alta cacumina regnat,
Et totum involvit flammis nemus, et ruit atram
Ad cœlam piceâ crassus caligine nubem;
Præsertim si tempestas a vertice silvis
Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.
Hoc ubi, non a stirpe valent, cæsæque reverti
Possunt, atque imâ similes revirescere terrâ:
Infelix superat foliis oleaster amaris.

Nec tibi tam prudens quisquam persuadeat auctor
Tellurem boreâ rigidam spirante moveri:
Rura gelu tum claudit hiems, nec semine jacto
Concretam patitur radicem affigere terræ.
Optima vinetis sàtio, quum vere rubenti
Candida venit avis longis invisa colubris;
Prima vel autumni sub frigora, quum rapidùs sol
Nondum hiemem contingit equis, jam præterit æstas.

Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile silvis:
Vere tument terræ, et genitalia semina poscunt:

Nor with blunt knife the gadding tendril wound,
Nor mix wild olives on their sacred ground.
For oft, by careless shepherds left behind,
Fire lurks unseen beneath the unctuous rind,
Seizes the trunk amid the branches soars,
Sweeps through the blazing leaves, and fiercely roars:
From bough to bough th' insulting victor spreads,
Pursues his conquest o'er their topmost heads,
Sheets the whole wood in flame, and, upwards driven,
Rolls the thick cloud that dims the cope of heaven;
But chief, whene'er the rushing blast conspires,
Kindles each spark, and gathers all their fires.
Ah! hope not from the root reviving bloom!
No kindred race shall flourish from the tomb;
But there unblest with bitter leaves o'ergrown,
Stands the wild olive, 'mid the waste, alone.

Dare not to plant when wintry Boreas blows,
Leave sullen earth in undisturb'd repose:
Shrunk are her frozen pores, and, clos'd with cold,
Forbid the root to pierce th' unyielding mould.
Wait, till, returning on the gale of Spring,
The snake-fed bird unfolds his silver wing,
Or the slope sun his flying axle speeds,
And, ere bleak Winter, Autumn chills the meads.

Spring comes, new bud the field, the flow'r, the grove,
Earth swells, and claims the genial seeds of love:

Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus:
Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus:
Parturit almus ager: zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva sinus; superat tener omnibus humor;
Inque novos soles audent se gramina tutò
Credere; nec metuit surgentes pampinus austros,
Aut actum cœlo magnis aquilonibus imbrem:
Set trudit gemmas, et frondes explicat omnes.
Non alios primâ crescentis origine mundi
Illuxisse dies, aliumve habuisse tenorem,
Crediderim: ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
Orbis; et hibernis parcebant flatibus euri;
Quum primæ lucem pecudes hausere, virûmque
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
Immissæque feræ silvis, et sidera cœlo.
Nec res hunc teneræ possent perferre laborem,
Si non tanta quies iret frigusque caloremque
Inter, et exciperet cœli indulgentia terras.

Then the ætherial Father, lord of life,
Sinks on the bosom of his blissful wife,
With show'rs prolific feeds the vast embrace
That fills all nature, and renews her race.
Then rings with tuneful birds the pathless grove,
The cattle then renew their yearly love;
Bath'd in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds:
The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,
The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,
And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,
Spreads without fear, each bud, and leaf, and flower.
Yes! lovely Spring! when rose the world to birth,
Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth,
Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,
And no bleak gale on infant Nature blew.
When herds first drank the light, from Earth's rude bed
When first man's iron race uprear'd its head,
When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,
And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of heaven;
Then as through all the vital spirit came,
And the globe teem'd throughout its mighty frame,
Each tender being, struggling into life,
Had droop'd beneath the elemental strife,
But thy mild season, each extreme between,
Soft nurse of Nature gave the golden mean.

Quod superest, quæcumque premes virgulta per agros,
Sparge fimo pingui, et multâ memor occule terra:
Aut lapidem bibulum aut squalentes infode conchas;
Inter enim labentur aquæ, tenuisque subibit
Halitus, atque animos tollent sata: jamque reperti
Qui saxo super atque ingentis pondere testæ
Urgerent; hoc effusos munimen ad imbres;
Hoc, ubi hiulca siti findit Canis æstifer arva.
Seminibus positis, superest deducere terram
Sæpius ad capita, et duros jactare bidentes;
Aut presso exercere solum sub vomere, et ipsa
Flectere luctantes inter vineta juvencos;
Tum leves calamos, et rasæ hastilia virgæ,
Fraxineasque aptare sudes, furcasque bicornes:
Viribus eniti quarum, et contemnere ventos
Assuescant, summasque sequi tabulata per ulmos.
Ac, dum prima novis adolescit frondibus ætas,
Parcendum teneris: et dum se lætus ad auras
Palmes agit, laxis per purum immissus habenis,
Ipsa acie nondum falcis tentanda; sed uncis
Carpendæ manibus frondes, interque legendæ.
Inde ubi jam validis amplexæ stirpibus ulmos
Exierint, tum stringe comas, tum brachia tonde;

Guard, when you set the plants, their infant rows,
Feed with manure, with plenteous mould enclose;
Shells in their bed, and spongy stones inhume,
To draw the dew down earth's imbibing womb;
Hence shall each root new life and strength inhale,
And catch the spirit of the genial gale;
And some are found, who ponderous fragments spread,
Large stones and tiles that press their loaded bed,
Alike to guard against tempestuous rain,
Or shade when Sirius cleaves the thirsty plain.
The plants now fixt, th' unwearied work pursue;
Oft round their shelter'd roots the soil renew,
Oft with laborious prongs the clods unbind,
And 'mid their ranks the struggling bullocks wind;
Then with light reed, peel'd osier's flexile spear,
Ash-pole, and forky stake, the vineyard rear,
Till the propt tendrils, train'd from stage to stage,
Crown the tall elm and brave the tempest's rage.
When the new leaf in Spring's luxuriant time
Clothes the young shoot, oh! spare its tender prime;
And when the gadding tendril wildly gay
Darts into air, and wantons on its way,
Indulgent yet the knife's keen edge forbear,
But nip the leaves, and lighten here and there.
But when in lusty strength th' o'er-shadowing vine
Clings with strong shoots that all the elm entwine,

Antè reformidant ferrum : tum denique dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.
Texendæ sæpes etiam, et pecus omne tenendum,
Præcipuè dum frons tenera imprudensque laborum:
Cui, super indignas hiemes, solemque potentem,
Silvestres uri assiduè capreæque sequaces
Illudunt; pascuntur oves avidæque juvencæ.
Frigora nec tantùm canâ concreta pruinâ,
Aut gravis incumbens scopulis arentibus æstas,
Quantùm illi nocuere greges, durique venenum
Dentis, et admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix.
Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Cæditur, et veteres ineunt proscenia ludi;
Præmiaque ingeniis, pagos et compita circum
Thesidæ posuere, atque inter pocula læti
Mollibus in pratis unctos saluere per utres.
Nec non Ausonii, Trojâ gens missa, coloni
Versibus incomptis ludunt, risuque soluto,
Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis:
Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina læta, tibique
Oscilla ex altâ suspendunt mollia pinu.

Range with free steel, exert tyrannic sway,
Lop the rank bough, and curb th' exuberant spray.
Now with thick-woven hedge the vines enclose,
And guard from wand'ring herds their shelter'd rows,
Chief when, with opening foliage newly crown'd,
The tender branches dread th' unwonted wound.
Not the fierce sun alone, and icy gale,
But savage buffaloes the shoots assail;
And persecuting goats devour the boughs,
And nibbling sheep and greedy heifers browse.
Yet, nor the rime by hoary winter shed,
Nor suns that scorch the mountain's arid head,
Hurt like the flock, whose venom'd teeth deface
The wounded bark, and scar the bleeding race.
For this the goat, that on the vineyard feeds,
Victim to Bacchus, on each altar bleeds:
For this the goat first crown'd the scenic song,
When round their hamlets rov'd th' Athenian throng,
And wild with joy and wine, in grassy plains
'Mid oily bladders leap'd the bounding swains.
Nor less Ausonian hinds, the race of Troy,
Sport in rude rhymes, and shout their tipsey joy;
Grim masks of bark deform the laughing band,
And, Bacchus! Bacchus! rings around the land:
While on the lofty pine his figure hung,
Floats to and fro the breezy boughs among.

Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fœtu;
Complentur vallesque cavæ, saltusque profundi,
Et quòcumque deus circùm caput egit honestum.
Ergo ritè suum Baccho dicemus honorem
Carminibus patriis, lancesque et liba feremus;
Et ductus cornu stabit sacer hircus ad aram,
Pinguiaque in veribus torrebimus exta colurnis.
Est etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter,
Cui numquam exhausti satis est; namque omne quot annis
Terque quaterque solum scindendum, glebaque versis
Æternùm frangenda bidentibus, omne levandum
Fronde nemus: redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.
Ac jam olim seras posuit quum vinea frondes,
Frigidus et silvis aquilo decussit honorem;
Jam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum
Rusticus, et curvo Saturni dente relictam
Persequitur vitem attondens, fingitque putando.
Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato
Sarmenta, et vallos primus sub tecta referto:
Postremus metito. Bis vitibus ingruit umbra;
Bis segetem densis obducunt sentibus herbæ:

Where'er the God his gracious front inclines,
There plenty gushes from the loaded vines,
Down richer vallies fragrant clusters breathe,
And hills grow dark their purple weight beneath.
Then pile the charger, hallow'd offerings bring;
Songs, that our fathers taught, to Bacchus sing:
Lead by the horns the goat, and, duly slain,
Slow roast on hazel spits before the fane.

Yet other cares remain, thy vines require
Exhaustless pains, and hands that never tire.
If turn'd the ground, thrice urge the yearly toil;
Break with bent prongs, and ceaseless work the soil;
Strip all the leaves: so labour claims the swain,
And year on year wheels round his toils again.

E'en when at last the north has blown away
The lonely leaf that shiver'd on the spray,
Th' unwearied peasant, as his labour ends,
O'er all the coming year his care extends,
Prunes the bare vine, unblest with fruit, or shade,
And shapes its future growth beneath the blade.

First of the swains th' impatient furrow turn,
First of the swains the shoots superfluous burn,
And first beneath thy roof the props repose,
Last, strip thy vines at Autumn's ling'ring close.
Twice, countless leaves their loaded boughs o'er-
shade,
Weeds and wild brambles twice their beds invade:

Durus uterque labor. Laudato ingentia rura;
Exiguum colito. Nec non etiam aspera rusci
Vimina per silvam, et ripis fluvialis arundo
Cæditur, incultique exercet cura salicti.
Jam vinctæ vites, jam falcem arbusta reponunt,
Jam canit extremos effetus vinitor antes:
Sollicitanda tamen tellus, pulvisque movendus;
Et jam maturis metuendus juppiter uvis.
Contrà, non ulla est oleis cultura: neque illæ
Procurvam exspectant falcem, rastrosque tenaces,
Quum semel hæserunt arvis, aurasque tulerunt.
Ipsa satis tellus, quum dente recluditur unco,
Sufficit humorem, et gravidas cum vomere fruges.
Hoc pinguem et placitam paci nutritor olivam.
Poma quoque, ut primùm truncos sensere valentes,
Et vires habuere suas, ad sidera raptim
Vi propriâ nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostræ.
Nec minùs interea fœtu nemus omne gravescit,
Sanguineisque inculta rubent aviaria baccis!
Tondentur cytisi; tædas silva alta ministrat,

If such the labourer's unremitting care;
Praise the large farm, but till thy scantier share.
Go, cut the broom that shoots along the wood,
And reeds and willows that o'erhang the flood.
At length the toil is o'er, the vines are bound,
The blunted knife lies idle on the ground;
Th' o'erwearied dresser sings in sweet repose
At the last rank where all his labours close;
Yet must he turn the soil, and dread lest Jove
On the ripe clusters rush, and waste the purple grove.
Not tortur'd thus to frail and feeble life,
The olive slowly grows beneath the knife,
When once her root has pierc'd the soil below,
Or genial breezes wanton'd round her brow.
Earth, loosen'd by the prong, the nursling feeds,
And fruit unstinted to the plough succeeds.
Then go, and, grateful for the blest increase,
With happiest culture rear the plant of peace.
Nor less, when once the vigorous scions rise,
Nature herself the orchard's growth supplies,
Gives with internal strength to dart in air,
And scorn the littleness of human care.
See, on each loaded grove wild fruitage grows,
Round each wild nest th' uncultur'd berry glows;
Th' unconquer'd cytisus, profuse of life,
Shoots from the wound, and buds beneath the knife;

Pascunturque ignes nocturni, et lumina fundunt.
Et dubitant homines serere, atque impendere curam!
Quid majora sequar? salices humilesque genestæ,
Aut illæ pecori frondem, aut pastoribus umbras,
Sufficiunt, sæpemque satis, et pabula melli.
Et juvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum,
Naryciæque picis lucos: juvat arva videre,
Non rastris hominum, non ulli obnoxia curæ.
Ipsæ Caucasio steriles in vertice silvæ,
Quas animosi euri assiduè franguntque feruntque,
Dant alios aliæ fœtus; dant utile lignum,
Navigiis pinos, domibus cedrumque cupressosque.
Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustris,
Agricolæ, et pandas ratibus posuere carinas.
Viminibus salices fecundæ, frondibus ulmi:
At myrtus validis hastilibus, et bona bello
Cornus: Ityræos taxi torquentur in arcus.
Nec tiliæ leves, aut torno rasile buxum,
Non formam accipiunt, ferroque cavantur acuto:
Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus

Firs and tall pines throughout the livelong night
Feed the bright flame, and spread the cheerful light.
And doubts ungrateful man to plant the earth,
And tend on Nature teeming into birth?

Why on sublimer trees the lay prolong?
Willows and lowly broom demand the song;
Their leaves the cattle feed, the shepherd shade;
They load with sweets the bee, and fence the blade.
Gay waves with box Cytorus' breezy head,
Grateful the pines o'er dark Narycium spread.
How sweet to rove 'mid Nature's boundless shade,
Rich beyond art, and scorning human aid!
E'en barren woods that crest Caucasean heights,
Woods whose shent brow th' unwearied whirlwind smites,
Give pines that spread the canvas o'er the main,
Cedar and cypress that the dome sustain,
Form the swift spokes, and orb the solid wheel,
And cut the stormy brine with crooked keel.
Wreaths for thy vines the pliant willow weaves,
Elms for thy flock diffuse their nurturing leaves;
Thy spear a myrtle, dart a corneil grew;
For Ityræan archers bend the yew.
Smooth box and polish'd lime the lathe demand,
And shape their patient forms beneath thy hand;
Light alders that o'erhung Po's shadowy side,
Launch'd on her bosom down the torrent glide;

Missa Pado, nec non et apes examina condunt
Corticibusque cavis vitiosæque ilicis alveo.
Quid memorandum æquè Baccheïa dona tulerunt?
Bacchus et ad culpam causas dedit: ille furentes
Centauros leto domuit, Rhœtumque, Pholumque,
Et magno Hylæum Lapithis cratere minantem.
O fortunatos nimiùm, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas, quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus!
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,
Nec varios inhiant pulchrâ testudine postes,
Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyreïaque æra;
Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,
Nec casiâ liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi:
At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,
Non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,
Et patiens operum exiguoque assueta juventus,

Bees in the shelt'ring bark embosom'd dwell,
Or hide in hollow oaks their murmuring cell.
And shall with these the Bacchic gifts compare,
Source of mad discord and infuriate war?
Bacchus the Centaur feast with slaughter crown'd,
When Pholus bled, and Rhœtus felt the wound,
And bold Hylæus heav'd in act to throw
The pondrous goblet on his shaggy foe.
Ah! happy swain! ah! race belov'd of heaven!
Too blest, if conscious of the blessing given!
For thee just Earth from her prolific beds
Far from wild war spontaneous plenty sheds.
Though nor high domes through all their portals wide
Each morn disgorge the flatterer's refluent tide;
Though nor thy gaze on tortoise columns rest,
The Ephyreïan brass, and gold-wrought vest:
Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil,
Nor casia taint thy uncorrupted oil;
Yet peace is thine, and life that knows no change,
And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,
The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
And lowing herds, and sleep in soothing shade;
Thine, all of tame and wild, in lawn and field,
That pastur'd plains or savage woodlands yield:
Content and patience youth's long toils assuage,
Repose and reverence tend declining age:

Sacra deûm, sanctique patres: extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.
Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant; cœlique vias et sidera monstrent,
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores;
Unde tremor terris; quâ vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant;
Quid tantùm oceano properent se tingere soles
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Sin, has ne possim naturæ accedere partes,
Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis;
Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes:
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius. O ubi campi,
Spercheosque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta! o qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!
Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!
Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaque, Silvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores!

There hallow'd shrines, and, as she fled mankind,
There Justice left her last lone trace behind.
But, most belov'd, ye Muses! at whose fane
Led by pure zeal I consecrate my strain,
Me first accept! and to my search unfold
Heaven and her host in beauteous order roll'd,
Th' eclipse that dims the golden orb of day,
And changeful labours of the lunar ray;
Whence rocks the earth, by what vast force the main
Now bursts its barriers, now subsides again;
Why wintry suns in ocean swiftly fade,
Or what delays night's slow-descending shade.
But if chill blood long-lingering in my vein,
From Nature's secret lore my search restrain,
Oh may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell
By gushing fount, wild wood, and shadowy dell!
Oh lov'd Sperchean plains, Taygetian heights,
Where Spartan virgins rage in Bacchic rites!
Hide me some God, where Hæmus' vales extend,
And boundless shade and solitude defend!
How blest the sage! whose soul can pierce each cause
Of changeful Nature, and her wondrous laws:
Who tramples fear beneath his foot, and braves
Fate, and stern death, and hell's resounding waves.
Blest too, who knows each God that guards the swain,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train.

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Histro ;
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna: neque ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte tulere suâ, carpsit: nec ferrea jura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruuntque
In ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina regum :
Hic petit excidiis urbem miserosque penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, et Sarrano indormiat ostro :
Condit opes alius, defossoque incubat auro :
Hic stupet attonitus rostris : hunc plausus hiantem
Per cuneos geminatus enim plebisque patrumque
Corripuit: gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum,
Exsilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant,
Atque alio patriam quærunt sub sole jacentem.
Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro :

The popular pow'r, the purple robe of state,
Nor discord urging on fraternal hate,
Not Dacia's host down war-leagu'd Istria led,
Realms doom'd to fall, nor Rome's imperial head,
Envy's wan gaze, or pity's bleeding tear,
Disturb the tenour of his calm career.
From all that bends the branch, and clothes the fields,
He culls the wealth that willing Nature yields,
Far from the tumult of the madd'ning bar,
And iron justice, and forensic war.
Some vex with restless oar wild seas unknown,
And rush to death, or cringe around the throne;
Stern warriors here by wild ambition led
O'er towns and hapless households carnage spread,
To quaff from gems, and o'er their couch of rest
Fling the rich fold, and spread the Tyrian vest.
These brood with sleepless gaze o'er buried gold,
The rostrum these with raptur'd trance behold,
Or, 'mid throng'd theatres, transported gaze
When senates swell the peoples' shout of praise;
These with grim joy, by civil discord led,
And stain'd in battles where a brother bled,
From their sweet household hearth in exile roam,
And seek beneath new suns a distant home.
The peasant yearly ploughs his native soil:
The lands that blest his fathers bound his toil,

Hinc anni labor; hinc patriam parvosque nepotes
Sustinet; hinc armenta boum meritosque juvencos.
Nec requies quin aut pomis exuberet annus,
Aut fœtu pecorum, aut cerealis mergite culmi,
Proventuque oneret sulcos, atque horrea vincat.
Venit hiems: teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis;
Glande sues læti redeunt; dant arbuta silvæ;
Et varios ponit fœtus autumnus, et altè
Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxis.
Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati;
Casta pudicitiam servat domus; ubera vaccæ
Lactea demittunt; pinguesque in gramine læto
Inter se adversis luctantur cornibus hædi.
Ipse dies agitat festos; fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio, et socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenæe, vocat; pecorisque magistris
Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo;
Corporaque agresti nudant prædura palæstrâ.

Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase,
And see his children's children sport in peace.
Each change of season leads new plenty round;
Now lambs, and kids along the meadow bound,
Now every furrow loads with corn the plain,
Fruits bend the bough, and garners burst with grain;
Or where with purple hues the upland glows,
Autumnal suns on mellowing grapes repose.
His swine return at winter's evening hours,
Gorg'd with the mast that every forest showers:
For him the arbute reddens on the wood,
And mills press forth the olive's gushing flood;
Chaste love his household guards, and round his knees
Fond infants climb the foremost kiss to seize;
Kine from their gushing udders nectar shed,
And wanton kids high toss their butting head.
He too, at times, where flames the rustic shrine,
And, rang'd around, his gay compeers recline,
In grateful leisure on some festive day
Stretch'd on the turf delights his limbs to lay,
To loose from care his disencumber'd soul,
And hail thee, Bacchus! o'er the circling bowl:
Or on the elm the javelin's mark suspend,
Where for the prize his hardy hinds contend,
Bare their huge bodies, and, untaught to yield,
To wrestling toils provoke the challeng'd field.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et frater ; sic fortis Etruria crevit
Scilicet, et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.
Ante etiam sceptrum Dictæi regis, et antè
Impia quàm cæsis gens est epulata juvencis,
Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.
Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica; necdum
Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.
Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor :
Et jàm tempus equûm fumantia solvere colla.

Such was the life that ancient Sabines chose;
Thus Rome's twin founders, thus Etruria rose:
Thus Rome herself, o'er all on earth renown'd,
Who with one wall sev'n hills encompass'd round.
Such, ere great Jove, Dictæan monarch, reign'd,
And slaughter'd bulls the unhallow'd banquet stain'd,
Such was the life on earth that Saturn knew,
Ere mortals trembled as the trumpet blew,
Or started when the anvil rung afar,
And clattering hammers shap'd the sword of war.
But now, at length o'erpast the boundless plain,
Freed from the car the smoking steeds unrein.

GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Virgil begins this Book, on the breeding of cattle, by announcing his intention of singing Pales, the Goddess of shepherds, and Apollo, who fed the herds of Admetus on the banks of the Amphrysus—He observes that fabulous tales, the familiar themes of every poet, pall by repetition; and that he shall endeavour to soar beyond the track of imitators, and bring new palms to his native Mantua, by celebrating actions founded on truth, the victories of the Romans, and the triumphal honours of Augustus—This intention he conveys under a sublime allegory of the apotheosis of Augustus, and of the games which he himself proposes to institute in honour of his divinity—In the mean while he obeys the command of Mæcenas, and continues his rural theme—The Poet now regularly enters on his subject, by enumerating the marks of a cow best qualified for a breeder—mentions, that the like care is necessary in the selection of a colt, to form the future stallion—points out his characteristics, and remarks on the importance of the vigour of his youth—thence, in an animated description of a chariot-race, he dwells on the ardour and spirit of the contending animals—This leads him to the mention of the inventor of chariots, and of those who first tamed the horse for the purposes of riding—He now delivers particular precepts concerning the different methods of preparing the male and female breeders—thence he mentions the necessity of peculiar care and tenderness in the treatment of the pregnant animals—From their treatment in that state he naturally proceeds to that of the young; and, chiefly, in this place, of the calves—shows how they are to be gradually trained for draught and tillage—He then gives instructions relative to the rearing of colts, either for war or the course—This gives occasion to an important remark on the necessity

of keeping the sexes apart, till their strength is confirmed—The fatal effect of the neglect of this precept exemplified in bulls—their fight described—He now instances in other animals, and in the human species, the violence of the passion common to all—The subject of bulls and horses being concluded, he enters on that of sheep and goats—dwells on the peculiar care which they require in winter—on their excellence and utility—how they are to be managed in warm weather—This easily leads to a digression on the Libyan shepherds wandering with their flocks over boundless plains; and to this description he contrasts that of the cattle and climate of Scythia—He now gives directions concerning wool and the choice of sheep, and chiefly of the rams—of the nourishment proper for sheep kept for milk—The care of sheep leads him to that of dogs, the defenders of the fold—Thence he proceeds to mention the injuries to which cattle are subject—snakes and serpents, and particularly dwells on one that haunts the Calabrian woods—He then notices the diseases of sheep and their remedies—and describes at large a plague which laid waste the regions about the Alps—its effects on calves, swine, horses, bulls—traces its progress through earth, sea, and air; and concludes this highly-wrought detail with the miserable death of those who dared to handle the infected fleece or hide.

GEORGICA.

LIBER TERTIUS.

v. 1—11.

Te quoque, magna Pales, et te, memorande, canemus,
Pastor ab Amphryso; vos, silvæ, amnesque Lycæi.
Cetera, quæ vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes,
Omnia jam vulgata: quis aut Eurysthea durum,
Aut illaudati nescit Busiridis aras?
Cui non dictus Hylas puer, et Latonia Delos,
Hippodameque, humeroque Pelops insignis eburno,
Acer equis? Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
Primus ego in patriam mecum, modò vita supersit,
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas.

GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

VERSE 1—16.

THOU too, great Pales! and the far-fam'd swain
That watch'd th' Amphrysian herd, demand the strain:
And ye wild woods that hoar Lycæus shade,
And streams that feed Arcadia's verdant glade.
Themes that detain'd the vacant mind of yore,
Trite and familiar now can please no more.
Who knows not stern Eurystheus, and thy fane,
Busiris! died with blood of strangers slain?
Latonian Delos, Hylas' youthful grace,
The promis'd bride that urg'd the Pisan race,
Pelops by ivory shoulder rais'd to fame,
And high equestrian skill that crown'd his name?
I too will strive o'er earth my flight to raise,
And, wing'd by victory, catch the gale of praise.
I first, from Pindus' brow, if life remain,
Will lead the Muses to the Latian plain,

Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas;
Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam,
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.
In medio mihi Cæsar erit, templumque tenebit.
Illi victor ego, et Tyrio conspectus in ostro,
Centum quadrijugos agitabo ad flumina currus.
Cuncta mihi, Alpheum linquens lucosque Molorchi,
Cursibus et crudo decernet Græcia cestu.
Ipse, caput tonsæ foliis ornatus olivæ,
Dona feram. Jam nunc solemnes ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat, cæsosque videre juvencos:
Vel scena ut versis discedat frontibus, utque
Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britanni.
In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephanto
Gangaridum faciam, victorisque arma Quirini;
Atque hîc undantem bello magnùmque fluentem
Nilum, ac navali surgentes ære columnas.
Addam urbes Asiæ domitas, pulsumque Niphaten,
Fidentemque fugâ Parthum versisque sagittis,

For thee, my native Mantua! twine the wreath,
And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.
Near the pure stream, amid the green champaign,
I first will rear on high the marble fane,
Where with slow bend broad Mincio's waters stray,
And tall reeds tremble o'er his shadowy way.
High in the midst great Cæsar's form divine,
A present God, shall consecrate the shrine.
For him my robes shall flame with Tyrian dye,
Wing'd by four steeds my hundred chariots fly.
All Greece shall scorn her fam'd Olympian field;
Here lash the courser and the cæstus wield.
I will myself around my temples twine
The olive wreath, and deck with gifts the shrine.
E'en now the solemn pomp I joy to lead,
E'en now I see the sacred heifers bleed,
Now view the turning scenes, and now behold
Th' inwoven Britons lift the purple fold.
There on the ivory gates with gold embost,
My skill shall sculpture India's numerous host,
And o'er the foe, in radiant mail array'd,
Quirinus poising his victorious blade.
Here the vast Nile shall wave with war, and there
Columns of naval brass ascend in air.
Niphates here, there Asia's conquer'd tow'rs,
And Parthia's flight conceal'd in arrowy show'rs:

Et duo rapta manu diverso ex hoste tropæa,
Bisque triumphatas utroque ab littore gentes.
Stabunt et Parii lapides, spirantia signa,
Assaraci proles, demissæque ab Jove gentis
Nomina, Trosque parens, et Trojæ Cynthius auctor.
Invidia infelix Furias amnemque severum
Cocyti metuet, tortosque Ixionis angues,
Immanemque rotam, et non exsuperabile saxum.
Interea Dryadum silvas saltusque sequamur
Intactos; tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa.
Te sine nil altum mens inchoat. En age, segnes
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
Mox tamen ardentes accingar dicere pugnas
Cæsaris, et nomen famâ tot ferre per annos
Tithoni prima quot abest ab origine Cæsar.
Seu quis, Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ,
Pascit equos, seu quis fortes ad aratra juvencos,
Corpora præcipuè matrum legat. Optima torvæ

From different nations double trophies torn,
And from each shore Rome twice in triumph borne.
There breathing forms in Parian marble trace
From sire to son Jove's long-descending race:
Assaracus and Tros shall lead the line,
And Cynthius architect of Troy divine.
Envy shall there th' avenging furies dread,
The Stygian lake with flaming sulphur fed,
The restless wheel, Ixion's snaky coil,
And the rebounding rock's eternal toil.
Meanwhile, be mine to search where Dryads rove,
The pathless lawn, and unfrequented grove,
Thy arduous task, Mæcenas! thou inspire,
And fill thy Poet's breast with added fire.
Haste, haste! Cithæron lifts her mighty voice:
Away! Taygeta's deep-mouth'd hounds rejoice;
The neighing steeds o'er Epidaurus bound,
Rock rings to rock, and woods to woods resound.
Erelong, my voice, attun'd to loftier lays,
Shall swell th' adventurous song to Cæsar's praise,
His glowing battles consecrate to fame,
And spread from age to age the Julian name.
Who for th' Olympian palm the courser rears,
Or breeds to bear the yoke resistless steers,
With prescient care the destin'd mother trace,
And form'd like her expect the promis'd race.

Forma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
Et crurum tenus a mento palearia pendent;
Tum longo nullus lateri modus; omnia magna,
Pes etiam; et camuris hirtæ sub cornibus aures.
Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo,
Aut juga detrectans, interdumque aspera cornu,
Et faciem tauro propior; quæque ardua tota,
Et gradiens imâ verrit vestigia caudâ.
Ætas Lucinam justosque pati hymenæos
Desinit ante decem, post quatuor incipit annos:
Cetera nec feturæ habilis, nec fortis aratris.
Interea, superat gregibus dum læta juventas,
Solve mares; mitte in venerem pecuaria primus,
Atque aliam ex aliâ generando suffice prolem.
Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit: subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.
Semper erunt quarum mutari corpora malis;
Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,
Anteveni, et sobolem armento sortire quot annis.

If curling horns their crescent inward bend,
And bristly hairs beneath the ear defend,
If on her knee the pendulous dew-lap float,
Large front, and brawny neck vast strength denote:
If length'ning flanks to boundless measure spread,
If broad her foot, and bold her bull-like head,
If snowy spots her mottled body stain,
And her indignant brow the yoke disdain,
With tail wide sweeping, as she stalks, the dews;
Thus, lofty, large, and long, the mother choose.
Crown the fifth year with hymeneal flow'rs:
Age, ere the tenth, laments its languid pow'rs.
Inglorious cares the dregs of life infest,
Unfit for labour, and by love unblest.
In youth's full force, by glowing pleasure led,
Loose the fierce savage to the genial bed;
There let him leave, ere yet to death resign'd,
Some bold memorial of his strength behind.
Swift fades our joyful prime: 'tis fled away;
Close on its wings, pant sickness, sore decay,
Relentless pains that lingering life consume,
And cruel death's inexorable tomb.
Haste, as thy herds thus sicken, droop, and die,
Still with new tides the stream of life supply,
Prevent their loss, each year the herd replace,
Nor mourn with vain regret the perish'd race.

Nec non et pecori est idem delectus equino.
Tu modò, quos in spem statues submittere gentis,
Præcipuum jam inde a teneris impende laborem.
Continuò pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
Altiùs ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit:
Primus et ire viam et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti:
Nec vanos horret strepitus. Illi ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga;
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus. Honesti
Spadices, glaucique; color deterrimus albis,
Et gilvo. Tum, si qua sonum procul arma dedêre,
Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,
Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.
Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo.
At duplex agitur per lumbos spina: cavatque
Tellurem, et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu.
Talis Amyclæi domitus Pollucis habenis
Cyllarus, et, quorum Graii meminere poëtæ,
Martis equi bijuges, et magni currus Achilli.
Talis et ipse jubam cervice effudit equinâ
Conjugis adventu pernix Saturnus, et altum

Choose with like care the courser's generous breed,
And from his birth prepare the parent steed.
His colour mark, select the glossy bay,
And to the white or dun prefer the grey.
As yet a colt he stalks with lofty pace,
And balances his limbs with flexile grace:
First leads the way, the threat'ning torrent braves,
And dares the unknown arch that spans the waves.
Light on his airy crest his slender head,
His belly short, his loins luxuriant spread:
Muscle on muscle knots his brawny breast,
No fear alarms him, nor vain shouts molest.
But at the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war:
Flames from each nostril roll in gather'd stream,
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam,
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads its pomp of hair:
Swift works his double spine, and earth around
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground.
Such ardent Cyllarus, whose rage restrain'd
Foam'd on the bit by Spartan Pollux rein'd:
Such the fam'd steeds that whirl'd Pelides' car,
And o'er the battle wing'd the Lord of war:
And such the shape, that erst the God disguis'd,
When Saturn fled, by jealous rage surpris'd:

Pelion hinnitu fugiens implevit acuto.
Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis, aut jam segnior annis,
Deficit, abde domo; nec turpi ignosce senectæ.
Frigidus in venerem senior, frustraque laborem
Ingratum trahit; et, si quando ad prœlia ventum est,
Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,
Incassum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis
Præcipuè; hinc alias artes, prolemque parentum,
Et quis cuique dolor victo, quæ gloria palmæ.
Nonne vides, quum præcipiti certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus;
Quum spes arrectæ juvenum, exsultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulsans? illi instant verbere torto,
Et proni dant lora; volat vi fervidus axis:
Jamque humiles, jamque elati sublime videntur
Aëra per vacuum ferri, atque assurgere in auras.
Nec mora, nec requies; at fulvæ nimbus arenæ
Tollitur; humescunt spumis flatuque sequentum:
Tantus amor laudum, tantæ est victoria curæ!

Loose in the gale his mane redundant play'd,
And Pelion echoed as the courser neigh'd.
But when with age, or long disease oppress,
Hide him at home in not inglorious rest:
Release the veteran, from the toil remove,
Nor urge reluctant to laborious love;
Vain rage, that flashes with delusive fires,
And, like the stubble, blazes and expires.
Then, chief, their years, and dauntless spirit trace,
What breed ennobles, and what honours grace,
If victory's glorious prize their speed inflame,
Or how, when conquer'd, sinks their crest with shame.
See at the signal, when the chariots bound,
And bursting through the barriers seize the ground,
Now with high hope erect the drivers dart,
Now fear exhausts their palpitating heart.
Prone o'er loose reins they lash th' extended steed,
And the wing'd axle flames beneath their speed.
Now, low they vanish from the aching eye,
Now mount in air, and seem to gain the sky.
No pause, no rest: where'er they sweep the ground,
Dust in thick whirlwinds darkens all around;
Each presses each: in clouds from all behind,
Horse, horsemen, chariots thundering in the wind,
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore
Smoke in the gale, and stream the victor o'er.

Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidusque rotis insistere victor.
Frena Pelethronii Lapithæ gyrosque dedêre,
Impositi dorso: atque equitem docuere sub armis
Insultare solo, et gressus glomerare superbos.
Æquus uterque labor: æquè juvenemque magistri
Exquirunt, calidumque animis et cursibus acrem:
Quamvis sæpè fugâ versos ille egerit hostes,
Et patriam Epirum referat, fortesque Mycenas,
Neptunique ipsâ deducat origine gentem.

His animadversis, instant sub tempus, et omnes
Impendunt curas denso distendere pingui,
Quem legêre ducem, et pecori dixere maritum:
Pubentesque secant herbas, fluviosque ministrant,
Farraque, ne blando nequeat superesse labori,
Invalidique patrum referant jejunia nati.
Ipsa autem macie tenuant armenta volentes:
Atque, ubi concubitus primos jam nota voluptas
Sollicitat, frondesque negant, et frontibus arcent.
Sæpè etiam cursu quatiunt, et sole fatigant,
Quum graviter tunsis gemit area frugibus, et quum
Surgentem ad zephyrum paleæ jactantur inanes.
Hoc faciunt, nimio ne luxu obtusior usus
Sit genitali arvo, et sulcos oblimet inertes;
Sed rapiat sitiens venerem, interiusque recondat.

Thus glorious thirst of praise their spirit fires,
And shouting victory boundless strength inspires.
Bold Erichthonius first four coursers yok'd,
And urg'd the chariot as the axle smok'd.
The skilful Lapithæ first taught to guide
The mounted steeds, and rein their temper'd pride,
Taught under arms to prance, and wheel around,
Press their proud steps, and paw th' insulted ground.
Alike their labours, each alike requires
Spirit and youth, and speed that never tires,
Though Argos', or Epirus' vaunted breed
Bore for triumphant palms th' exulting steed,
And oft he chas'd the foe, or claim'd his birth
From Neptune's race, that burst the womb of earth.
The choice once fixt, each anxious care employ,
And rear the pamper'd sire for bridal joy.
Cut for his food fresh grass that clothes the mead,
Swell with rich grain, to flowing rivers lead,
Lest the sweet toil his languid limbs o'erpow'r,
And a weak race betray th' ungenial hour.
But when connubial joys her passion fire,
By famine tame the bride's intense desire.
From pampering food and gushing fount restrain,
Tire in the sun, and press along the plain,
When groans the barn beneath the dusty flail,
And the wing'd chaff light flies before the gale:

Rursus cura patrum cadere, et succedere matrum
Incipit. Exactis gravidæ quum mensibus errant,
Non illas gravibus quisquam juga ducere plaustris,
Non saltu superare viam sit passus, et acri
Carpere prata fugâ, fluviosque innare rapaces.
Saltibus in vacuis pascant, et plena secundùm
Flumina, muscus ubi, et viridissima gramine ripa,
Speluncæque tegant, et saxea procubet umbra.
Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, œstrum Graii vertêre vocantes;
Asper, acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita silvis
Diffugiunt armenta: furit mugitibus æther
Concussus, silvæque, et sicci ripa Tanagri.
Hoc quondam monstro horribiles exercuit iras
Inachiæ Juno pestem meditata juvencæ.
Hunc quoque, nam mediis fervoribus acrior instat,
Arcebis gravido pecori, armentaque pasces
Sole recèns orto, aut noctem ducentibus astris.
Post partum, cura in vitulos traducitur omnis;
Continuòque notas et nomina gentis inurunt;

Then hymeneal Gods the rites approve,
And crown with blest increase the joys of love.
Now, to the mother turn each tender care,
Indulge her weakness, and the birth prepare.
Yoke not her neck by lightest toil subdu'd,
Nor give to rove the wild for scanty food,
To leap o'er rugged ways, or rashly breast
The flood that presses on her panting chest.
'Mid silent lawns and lonely pastures feed,
Where moss and grass luxuriant clothe the mead,
Full rivers lave the margin of the glade,
And sheltering caves and rocky roofs o'ershade.
Where the green ilex clothes Alburnus' head,
And where the groves o'er Silarus' current spread,
The gad-fly sounds: beneath her restless wing
The breeze shrill whizzes, and the forests ring:
From all their woods th' infuriate cattle bound,
Air roars, and dry Tanagria's banks resound.
Erst with this plague the jealous wife of Jove
In direful rage th' Inachian heifer drove.
Scare from your pregnant herd this pest away,
When swells her venom in the heat of day;
But feed when first the sun-beam gilds the plain,
Or Hesper leads along his starry train.
The birth now o'er, the calves thy care demand:
On each its mark, and varying lineage brand.

Et quos, aut pecori malint submittere habendo,
Aut aris servare sacros, aut scindere terram,
Et campum horrentem fractis invertere glebis:
Cetera pascuntur virides armenta per herbas.
Tu quos ad studium atque usum formabis agrestem,
Jam vitulos hortare, viamque insiste domandi,
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis ætas.
Ac primùm laxos tenui de vimine circlos
Cervici subnecte; dehinc, ubi libera colla
Servitio assuêrint, ipsis e torquibus aptos
Junge pares, et coge gradum conferre juvencos;
Atque illis jam sæpè rotæ ducantur inanes
Per terram, et summo vestigia pulvere signent.
Pòst valido nitens sub pondere faginus axis
Instrepat, et junctos temo trahat æreus orbes.
Interea pubi indomitæ non gramina tantùm,
Nec vescas salicum frondes, ulvamque palustrem,
Sed frumenta manu carpes sata: nec tibi fœtæ,
More patrum, nivea implebunt mulctraria vaccæ;
Sed tota in dulces consument ubera natos.
Sin ad bella magis studium, turmasque feroces,

These, in their strength shall renovate the breed,
These, votive victims, on the altar bleed;
These, tame the rugged field, and cleave the clod:
The rest, at pleasure, graze the verdant sod.
If labour claim, the calves, yet docile, train
To bear the burden, and the yoke sustain.
First with loose wreath of pliant osier deck,
And hang the easy circle round their neck:
But when the steers, accustom'd to thy sway,
Yield their free strength, and willingly obey,
The well-match'd couple in their collars place,
And balance, step by step, their equal pace:
Oft let them draw, unforc'd, the empty wain,
That lightly marks the level of the plain;
Then, yok'd to brazen poles, their vigour goad,
While beechen axles groan beneath the load.
Not with fresh grass, mean while, or marshy weed,
Or willowy leaves the race unbroken feed;
Still with their growth their rising strength sustain,
And strew with lavish hand th' abundant grain.
Nor thou, as once our ruder sires of old,
In flowing pails their plunder'd milk withhold;
Not from their much-lov'd race that source restrain,
But let their lips at will the mother drain.
But, if intent on war, you wish to breed
For battle and fierce troops th' impetuous steed,

Aut Alphea rotis prælabi flumina Pisæ,
Et Jovis in luco currus agitare volantes;
Primus equi labor est animos atque arma videre
Bellantum, lituosque pati, tractuque gementem
Ferre rotam, et stabulo frenos audire sonantes;
Tum magis atque magis blandis gaudere magistri
Laudibus, et plausæ sonitum cervicis amare.
Atque hæc jam primo depulsus ab ubere matris
Audeat, inque vicem det mollibus ora capistris
Invalidus, etiamque tremens, etiam inscius ævi.
At, tribus exactis, ubi quarta accesserit æstas,
Carpere mox gyrum incipiat, gradibusque sonare
Compositis, sinuetque alterna volumina crurum,
Sitque laboranti similis; tum cursibus auras
Tum vocet; ac per aperta volans, ceu liber habenis,
Æquora, vix summâ vestigia ponat arenâ.
Qualis Hyperboreis Aquilo quum densus ab oris
Incubuit, Scythiæque hiemes atque arida differt
Nubila: tum segetes altæ campique natantes
Lenibus horrescunt flabris, summæque sonorem
Dant silvæ, longique urgent ad littora fluctus:
Ille volat, simul arva fugâ, simul æquora verrens.
Hic vel ad Elei metas et maxima campi
Sudabit spatia, et spumas aget ore cruentas;

Or where Alpheus laves the field of Jove,
Your flying car should foremost sweep the grove;
Flash on his infant eye the blazing shield,
Pour on his ear the thunder of the field,
Sound the shrill trumpet, roll the iron car,
And rattle o'er his stall the reins of war;
Teach him to love thy praise, and proudly stand,
And arch his crest beneath thy flattering hand.
Wean'd from his dam, yet weak in youthful year
Thus train'd to martial sounds the courser rear;
Form by mild bits his mouth, nor harshly wound
Till summer rolls her fourth-revolving round.
Then wheel in graceful orbs his pac'd career,
Let step by step in cadence strike the ear,
His flexile limbs in curves alternate prance,
And seem to labour as they slow advance:
Then give, uncheck'd, to fly with loosen'd rein,
Challenge the winds, and wing th' unprinted plain.
Thus when the north wind with resistless sway
Drives the dry clouds, and Scythian storms away,
The undulating fields and billowy grain
Float in the breeze that bristles all the plain;
The woods' high brows resound, long surges sweep;
His fleet wings brush at once the earth and deep.

Round Elis' course, thus rear'd, the victor steed
Shall foam with blood, and triumph in his speed,

Belgica vel molli meliùs feret esseda collo.
Tum demum crassâ magnum farragine corpus
Crescere jam domitis sinito ; namque ante domandum
Ingentes tollent animos ; prensique negabunt
Verbera lenta pati et duris parere lupatis.
Sed non ulla magis vires industria firmat,
Quàm venerem et cæci stimulos avertere amoris,
Sive boum, sive est cui gratior usus equorum.
Atque ideo tauros procul atque in sola relegant
Pascua, post montem oppositum, et trans flumina lata :
Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servant.
Carpit enim vires paulatim, uritque videndo,
Femina, nec nemorum patitur meminisse nec herbæ.
Dulcibus illa quidem illecebris et sæpè superbos
Cornibus inter se subigit decernere amantes.
Pascitur in magnâ silvâ formosa juvenca :
Illi alternantes multâ vi prœlia miscent
Vulneribus crebris ; lavit ater corpora sanguis,
Versaque in obnixos urgentur cornua vasto
Cum gemitu : reboant silvæque et longus Olympus.
Nec mos bellantes unà stabulare ; sed alter
Victus abit, longèque ignotis exulat oris,

Or, fearless rushing 'mid the ranks of war,
O'er routed armies wheel the Belgic car.
Now, train'd to will, and pliant to command,
Let generous grain his growing strength expand:
High pamper'd steeds, ere tam'd, the lash disdain,
And proudly foam impatient of the rein.

But, to encrease their strength, in youth remove
Thy steeds, and bullocks from the sting of love.
Banish the bull in distant dells unseen,
Where rivers spread their torrent tide between,
Where mountain heights their barrier interpose,
Or lonely stalls his sullen strength enclose.
He views the bride, each look new passion fires,
Slow wastes his strength, and melts with vain desires.
When noontide flames, forgetful of the shade,
His restless footsteps bruise th' untasted blade;
And oft her wanton look and wily charm
The haughty rivals to the conflict arm.
The beauteous heifer indolently roves,
And feeds at leisure 'mid luxuriant groves:
Onward they rush, and from alternate blows
Down their gor'd sides the purple current flows;
Front clash'd on front their battering horns rebound,
Olympus bellows, and the woods resound.
The combat o'er, insatiate rage remains,
The vanquish'd exile roams o'er distant plains;

Multa gemens ignominiam, plagasque superbi
Victoris, tum quos amisit inultus amores;
Et stabula adspectans regnis excessit avitis.
Ergo omni curâ vires exercet, et inter
Dura jacet pernox instrato saxa cubili,
Frondibus hirsutis et carice pastus acutâ:
Et tentat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit,
Arboris obnixus trunco; ventosque lacessit
Ictibus, et sparsâ ad pugnam proludit arenâ.
Pòst, ubi collectum robur viresque refectæ,
Signa movet, præcepsque oblitum fertur in hostem:
Fluctus uti medio cœpit quum albescere ponto
Longiùs, ex altoque sinum trahit; utque, volutus
Ad terras, immanè sonat per saxa, neque ipso
Monte minor procumbit; at ima exæstuat unda
Vorticibus, nigramque altè subjectat arenam.
Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque, ferarumque,
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt; amor omnibus idem.

Mourns o'er his shame, and each ignoble scar,
That marks th' insulting victor's might in war;
Mourns, in far lands unknown, that forc'd to rove,
In battle unaveng'd, and lost to love,
He leaves, oft turning ere he quits the plain,
The native honours of his proud domain.
Hence by long toils collecting all his might
He disciplines his strength to wage the fight:
Wears through each sleepless night his rocky bed,
And strays all day, on prickly rushes fed:
With practis'd rage against th' unyielding oak
Tries his fierce horns, and batters stroke by stroke;
Buts at the wind, and with impatient hoof,
Prelude of battle, whirls the earth aloof;
Then, gathering all his strength to urge the blow,
Speeds, and darts headlong on his careless foe.
Thus faintly seen along the distant deep,
Gleams the white wave, and heaves its surgy sweep,
Swells as it rolls, 'mid bellowing caverns roars,
And bursts a mountain on the delug'd shores:
The whirling waters in their bed below
Boil, and aloft the sand's dark columns throw.
Thus all that wings the air and cleaves the flood,
The tribes that graze the plain or haunt the wood,
Rush to like flames, when kindred passions move,
And man and brute obey the pow'r of love.

Tempore non alio catulorum oblita leæna
Sævior erravit campis: nec funera vulgò
Tam multa informes ursi stragemque dedêre
Per silvas: tum sævus aper, tum pessima tigris:
Heu! malè tum Libyæ solis erratur in agris.
Nonne vides ut tota tremor pertentet equorum
Corpora, si tantùm notas odor attulit auras?
Ac neque eos jam frena virûm, neque verbera sæva,
Non scopuli, rupesque cavæ, atque objecta retardant
Flumina, correptos undâ torquentia montes.
Ipse ruit, dentesque Sabellicus exacuit sus,
Et pede prosubigit terram, fricat arbore costas,
Atque hinc atque illinc humeros ad vulnera durat.
Quid juvenis magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
Durus amor? nempe abruptis turbata procellis
Nocte natat cæcâ serus freta: quem super ingens
Porta tonat cœli, et scopulis illisa reclamant
Æquora; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,
Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.

The headlong lioness, by frenzy stung,
Then fiercer roams, regardless of her young:
Then hideous bears with slaughter strow the wood;
Then rage the boar, and tigress gorg'd with blood:
Ah! luckless then the wanderer doom'd to stray
O'er the wide waste of Libya's lonely way.
See, how the steeds, all wild with joy, inhale
The well-known scent, and quiver in the gale;
Them nor the scourge severe, or galling rein,
Nor interposing crags or cliffs restrain,
Nor floods that wear the rock's o'erhanging sides,
And whirl the mountains down their torrent tides.
Prone darts the boar from deep Sabellian shades,
Whets his fierce tusks, the batter'd earth invades,
Wears the gnarl'd oak, and, rubbing to and fro,
Steels his tough shoulders, and invites the blow.
What ventures not the youth, when love inspires,
Boils in his blood, and pours unsated fires?
Lonely at midnight, when the tempest raves,
Fearless he flings his bosom to the waves:
Above dire thunder rolls, seas boil below,
Round his pale head portentous lightnings glow;
Nor him the surge that sweeps the cliff appals,
Nor him his parent's hapless woe recalls,
No, nor the virgin doom'd to mourn his death,
And pour on his pale corse her farewell breath.

Quid lynces Bacchi variæ, et genus acre luporum,
Atque canum? quid, quæ imbelles dant prœlia cervi?
Scilicet ante omnes furor est insignis equarum:
Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit, quo tempore Glauci
Potniades malis membra absumpsere quadrigæ.
Illas ducit amor trans Gargara, transque sonantem
Ascanium; superant montes, et flumina tranant.
Continuòque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,
Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus, illæ,
Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras; et sæpè, sine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!)
Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles
Diffugiunt, non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus,
In Boream, Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster
Nascitur, et pluvio contristat frigore cœlum.
Hîc demum, hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt
Pastores, lentum destillat ab inguine virus:
Hippomanes, quod sæpè malæ legêre novercæ,
Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba.
Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.

Why should I sing how furious dogs engage,
How ravening wolves, and spotted lynxes rage,
Or how, each native fear by love subdu'd,
Stags clash their antler'd brows, and bathe in blood?
But chief unbounded rage the mare inspires,
Venus herself there centres all her fires;
Such, as erst rag'd, when Potnian coursers tore
Sad Glaucus' limbs, and died their jaws in gore.
Love o'er Gargarian heights, Ascanian waves,
Climbs the steep mountain, and the torrent braves;
In spring-tide most, when kindling Nature reigns,
And warmth reviving throbs in fuller veins.
Lo! on the mountain brow the mares inhale
With fiery mouth soft Zephyr's amorous gale;
And oft, unwedded, pregnant with the wind,
Scour o'er the cliffs, and leave the vales behind:
Not where bright Eurus blows, they shape their flight,
Not where the sun first pours the golden light,
But where keen Boreas dwells, or Auster shrouds
Heaven's gloomy cope, and chills with weeping clouds;
There, while the genial warmth their bosom fills,
The sov'reign philter, drop by drop, distils,
That, mix'd with herbs, and crown'd with baleful spell,
Cull'd by vile stepdames, drugs the bowl of hell.
But time irreparable flies away,
While on each part we dwell with fond delay.

Hoc satis armentis. Superat pars altera curæ
Lanigeros agitare greges hirtasque capellas :
Hîc labor ; hinc laudem fortes sperate coloni.
Nec sum animi dubius verbis ea vincere magnum
Quàm sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor : juvat ire jugis quà nulla priorum
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.
Nunc, veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum.
Incipiens, stabulis edico in mollibus herbam
Carpere oves, dum mox frondosa reducitur æstas ;
Et multâ duram stipulâ filicumque maniplis
Sternere subter humum, glacies ne frigida lædat
Molle pecus, scabiemque ferat, turpesque podagras.
Pòst, hinc digressus, jubeo frondentia capris
Arbuta sufficere, et fluvios præbere recentes ;
Et stabula a ventis hiberno opponere soli
Ad medium conversa diem, quum frigidus olim
Jam cadit, extremoque irrorat Aquarius anno.
Hæ quoque non curâ nobis leviore tuendæ ;

Cease we of herds—another care remains:
The flocks and shaggy goats demand the strains;
No trifling toil; and hence, bold herdsmen! raise
Your high-fix'd hopes, and gain the meed of praisè.
Nor know I not how arduous to sustain
The lowly theme, and grace with lofty strain;
But, fir'd by rapturous joy, o'er desert heights,
Where no smooth trace to Castaly invites,
I pierce the wild by mortal foot untrod,
And lonely commune with th' Aonian God.
Now, venerable Pales! raise the song:
Goddess! to thee the pastoral lays belong.
First I ordain the fodder'd sheep to feed
In shelt'ring cotes till summer shades the mead;
Oft o'er the rugged earth fresh stubble spread,
And litter frequent fern to smooth their bed,
Lest piercing ice the tender cattle wound,
Cramp their chill limbs, and spread contagion round.
Next to the goats: the leafy arbute bring,
And draw fresh water from the living spring,
And front their stalls, close-fenc'd from adverse blasts,
To the bright beam that winter's mid-day casts,
When cold Aquarius, as he quits the sphere,
Turns his prone urn, and floods the parting year.
Swains! tend the lowly goat: though scorn'd of fame,
Their useful breed no slight protection claim.

Nec minor usus erit, quamvis Milesia magno
Vellera mutentur, Tyrios incocta rubores.
Densior hinc soboles, hinc largi copia lactis.
Quàm magis exhausto spumaverit ubere mulctra,
Læta magis pressis manabunt flumina mammis.
Nec minùs interea barbas incanaque menta
Cinyphii tondent hirci, sætasque comantes,
Usum in castrorum, et miseris velamina nautis.
Pascuntur verò silvas, et summa Lycæi,
Horrentesque rubos, et amantes ardua dumos;
Atque ipsæ memores redeunt in tecta, suosque
Ducunt, et gravido superant vix ubere limen.
Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quò minor est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes; victumque feres et virgea lætus
Pabula, nec totâ claudes fœnilia brumâ.
At verò, zephyris quum læta vocantibus æstas
In saltus utrumque gregem atque in pascua mittet;
Luciferi primo cum sidere frigida rura
Carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ.

Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride,
And weigh with gold her robes in purple dy'd,
Thou tell thy goats, what countless numbers teem!
Look, how their milk bursts forth in ceaseless stream!
The more th' insatiate pails new loads demand,
New floods exhaustless froth beneath thy hand.
Wrapp'd in their shaven beards and hoary hair,
Fence of the ocean spray, and nightly air,
The much-enduring seaman breasts the main,
And camps uninjur'd press the marshy plain.
By day, unwatch'd, they crop their distant food,
Thorns of the rock, and brakes that shag the wood,
Mindful at night return without a guide,
And lead their kids that bound on either side,
While their swoln dugs, distended with their store,
Scarce pass the threshold of thy shelt'ring door.
The less their wants, the more each want supply,
Fence off the icy blast, and snow-fraught sky;
Scatter their leafy food, nor day by day
Refuse, all winter long, their dole of hay.
When Spring invites, and Zephyr fans the mead,
Alike both flocks to glades and pastures lead,
While the bright star, fair harbinger of day,
Gems the hoar grass that freshens all the way.
Fresh the fair prime, and sweet at vernal dawn
To sip the dew-drops that impearl the lawn.

Inde, ubi quarta sitim cœli collegerit hora,
Et cantu querulæ rumpent arbusta cicadæ,
Ad puteos aut alta greges ad stagna jubeto
Currentem ilignis potare canalibus undam:
Æstibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem,
Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus
Ingentes tendat ramos, aut sicubi nigrum
Ilicibus crebris sacrâ nemus accubet umbrâ:
Tum tenues dare rursus aquas, et pascere rursus,
Solis ad occasum, quum frigidus aëra vesper
Temperat, et saltus reficit jam roscida luna,
Littoraque alcyonem resonant, acalanthida dumi.
Quid tibi pastores Libyæ, quid pascua versu
Prosequar, et raris habitata mapalia tectis?
Sæpè diem noctemque, et totum ex ordine mensem,
Pascitur itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis
Hospitiis: tantùm campi jacet! Omnia secum
Armentarius Afer agit, tectumque, laremque,
Armaque, Amyclæumque canem, Cressamque pharetram.
Non secùs ac patriis acer Romanus in armis
Injusto sub fasce viam quum carpit, et hosti
Ante exspectatum positis stat in agmine castris.

But when the sun's bright beams fierce thirst inspire,
And shrill cicadæ all the woodlands tire,
Then, to deep wells and spreading waters guide,
Or oaken troughs by living rills supplied.
When noon-tide flames, down cool sequester'd glades
Lead, where some giant oak the dell o'ershades,
Or where the ilex' gloomy forest throws
The sacred darkness that invites repose.
When sinks the sun beneath the purple main,
Rills and refreshing meads delight again;
Then Vesper stilly breathes the temperate gale,
Cool dewy moon-beams gleam along the vale,
Responsive shores the halcyon's note prolong,
And woodland echoes swell the linnet's song.

Why should my verse pursue the Libyan swains,
And huts thin strown along the wide champaigns?
Morn after morn, and night succeeding night,
Through all the changes of the lunar light,
Where-e'er their flocks 'mid houseless deserts stray,
And wander o'er th' illimitable way,
The Libyan shepherds bear, as on they roam,
Their arms, their dog, their bow, their God, their home.
Thus in the arms his fathers wont to wield,
The Roman soldier seeks the hostile field,
Beneath th' unequal burden wins his way,
Prevents the foe, and camps in war array.

At non quà Scythiæ gentes, Mæotiaque unda,
Turbidus et torquens flaventes Hister arenas,
Quàque redit medium Rhodope porrecta sub axem.
Illic clausa tenent stabulis armenta; neque ullæ
Aut herbæ campo apparent, aut arbore frondes:
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis et alto
Terra gelu latè, septemque assurgit in ulnas;
Semper hiems, semper spirantes frigora cauri.
Tum sol pallentes haud unquam discutit umbras,
Nec quum invectus equis altum petit æthera, nec quum
Præcipitem Oceani rubro lavit æquore currum.
Concrescunt subitæ currenti in flumine crustæ,
Undaque jam tergo ferratos sustinet orbes,
Puppibus illa priùs patulis, nunc hospita plaustris:
Æraque dissiliunt vulgò, vestesque rigescunt
Indutæ, cæduntque securibus humida vina,
Et totæ solidam in glaciem vertêre lacunæ,
Stiriaque impexis induruit horrida barbis.
Interea toto non seciùs aëre ningit:
Intereunt pecudes; stant circumfusa pruinis
Corpora magna boum; confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus exstant.

But not where Ister rolls his yellow tides,
And where Mæotis Scythia's waste divides,
And Rhodope, o'er many a realm outspread,
Turns to the pole, and bends her craggy bed;
There stalls enclose the herds that never stray,
No grass the field, no leaves the wood array,
But earth lies hid by ridgy drifts opprest,
And snow, sev'n ells in height, deforms her breast.
There blasts that freeze, there winter, ever dwells:
There never sun the pallid shade dispells:
Whether his fiery steeds high heav'n ascend,
Or westering to the wave his chariot bend.
Prone floods suspended in mid course congeal,
Fix'd ocean rattles to the iron wheel,
Where tossing vessels cross'd the billowy main,
O'er the smooth ice swift glides the loaded wain;
Brass snaps in sunder, and th' infolding vest
Hardens like mail, and stiffens on the breast.
Down to their depths ice binds the solid lakes,
And hatchets cleave the wine in frozen flakes;
The icicle there hard'ning in the air,
Bristles the uncomb'd beard, and matted hair.
Meanwhile o'er all the air snows swell on snows,
And the large limbs of stateliest bulls enclose;
Numb'd with new weight, and prest in droves, the deer
Scarce o'er the mass their topmost antlers rear;

Hos non immissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,
Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pinnæ ;
Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
Comminus obtruncant ferro, graviterque rudentes
Cædunt, et magno læti clamore reportant.
Ipsi in defossis specubus secura sub altâ
Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque robora, totasque
Advolvêre focis ulmos, ignique dedêre.
Hîc noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula læti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.
Talis Hyperbŏreo septem subjecta trioni
Gens effrena virûm Rhipæo tunditur euro,
Et pecudum fulvis velatur corpora sætis.
Si tibi lanitium curæ, primùm aspera silva,
Lappæque tribulique absint ; fuge pabula læta ;
Continuòque greges villis lege mollibus albos.
Illum autem, quamvis aries sit candidus ipse,
Nigra subest udo tantùm cui lingua palato
Rejice, ne maculis infuscet vellera pullis
Nascentum ; plenoque alium circumspice campo.
Munere sic niveo lanæ, si credere dignum est,
Pan, deus Arcadiæ, captam te, Luna, fefellit,

Nor toils their flight impede, nor hounds o'ertake,
Nor plumes of purple dye their fears awake;
But while in vain, beneath the load opprest,
They heave the mount that gathers on their breast,
Them, front to front, at will the murderers slay,
Shout to their groan, and bear the spoil away.
Beneath the earth in deep-sunk caves confin'd,
The hordes in careless indolence reclin'd,
With oaks on oaks their high-pil'd fires upraise,
And roll whole elms to feed th' undying blaze,
To sports and games the live-long night resign,
And with harsh service mock the generous vine.
Thus live th' untam'd hordes, where o'er them roll
The stars that wheel around the northern pole,
And shivering in the bleak Riphæan blast,
The tawny hide around their bodies cast.

Is wool thy care? from thorns the flock restrain,
The burr, and caltrop, and luxuriant plain;
Soft from your flock let silver tresses flow,
And fair the sire as flakes of falling snow:
But if dark hues his tongue and palate stain,
Drive the lone exile from thy spotless train,
Lest the dim blemish that the sire defil'd
Infect the fleece, and taint the motley child.
Thus Pan, Arcadia's God—if yet believ'd—
Thee, Luna, once with snowy fleece deceiv'd:

In nemora alta vocans : nec tu aspernata vocantem.
At cui lactis amor, cytisum lotosque frequentes
Ipse manu salsasque ferat præsepibus herbas.
Hinc et amant fluvios magis, ac magis ubera tendunt,
Et salis occultum referunt in lacte saporem.
Multi jam excretos prohibent a matribus hædos,
Primaque ferratis præfigunt ora capistris.
Quod surgente die mulsere ; horisque diurnis,
Nocte premunt ; quod jam tenebris et sole cadente,
Sub lucem exportans calathis adit oppida pastor ;
Aut parco sale contingunt, hiemique reponunt.
Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema ; sed una
Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum,
Pasce sero pingui : numquam custodibus illis
Nocturnum stabulis furem, incursusque luporum,
Aut impacatos a tergo horrebis Hiberos.
Sæpè etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,
Et canibis leporem, canibus venabere damas :
Sæpè volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens, montesque per altos
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum.

Nor didst thou scorn, incautiously betray'd,
To meet the wooer in the Sylvan glade.
Is milk thy care? the frequent lotus fling,
And fragrant cytisus that breathes of spring;
Salt the full crib; the flock, with salt supplied,
Shall slightly temper the nectareous tide,
With keener thirst seek rills that never fail,
And load with ceaseless streams th' o'erflowing pail.
Some from their dams the suckling kids restrain,
And round their lips the iron muzzle chain.
Milk, that the dawn and daily hours afford,
Crowns, press'd at night, the shepherd's frugal board:
From nightly milk fresh cheeses made at morn,
Are to the neighb'ring towns in baskets borne;
Or plac'd apart, and slightly salted o'er,
For wintry feasts provide a plenteous store.
Nor slight thy dogs, on whey the mastiffs feed,
Molossian race, and hounds of Spartan breed;
Beneath their sleepless eye repose in peace,
No wolf, the shepherd gone, shall thin thy fleece,
No thief by night invade thy lonely home,
Nor round thy haunts the wild Iberian roam.
Go, the fleet hare, wild ass, and hind pursue,
Rous'd from deep fens the bristly boar subdue,
Urge the tall stag along th' aërial height,
And, shouting, press within thy toils his flight.

Disce et odoratam stabulis accendere cedrum,
Galbaneoque agitare graves nidore chelydros.
Sæpè sub immotis præsepibus aut mala tactu
Vipera delituit, cœlumque exterrita fugit;
Aut tecto assuetus coluber succedere et umbræ,
Pestis acerba boum, pecorique aspergere virus,
Fovit humum: cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor;
Tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentem
Dejice: jamque fugâ timidum caput abdidit altè.
Quum medii nexus extremæque agmina caudæ
Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.

Est etiam ille malus Calabris in saltibus anguis,
Squamea convolvens sublato pectore terga,
Atque notis longam maculosus grandibus alvum:
Qui, dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus, et dum
Vere madent udo terræ ac pluvialibus austris,
Stagna colit; ripisque habitans hîc piscibus atram
Improbus ingluviem ranisque loquacibus explet.
Postquam exusta palus, terræque ardore dehiscunt,
Exsilit in siccum, et, flammantia lumina torquens,
Sævit agris, asperque siti, atque exterritus æstu.

With galbanum and cedar scent the walls,
And drive the serpents from th' infected stalls.
Beneath the crib, unseen of every eye,
There, death to touch, insidious vipers lie;
There lurk, familiar to the household shed,
Snakes that on herds and flocks swift poison spread.
Haste, haste! with ponderous stones and clubs of oak
Crush his fierce crest uprising to the stroke,
Now while he threats, and hissing to the fight
Swells his vast neck, and tow'rs his balanc'd height.
Lo! where the pest, in sudden terror fled,
While earth has clos'd on his inglorious head,
Slacks his mid folds, and, length'ning all his spires,
With gradual trail the last loose coil retires.
Beneath the covert of Calabria's shade
A baleful serpent haunts the woodland glade,
High rolls his scaly back, and many a stain
Spots his long paunch that trails along the plain;
While rivers foam with overflowing springs,
And Auster floods the earth with wat'ry wings,
He wastes the pools, and, with insatiate jaw,
Swells with hoarse frogs and fish his famish'd maw:
But when the dusty fen's wide clefts expand,
Wild with fierce thirst he leaps upon the land,
Lashes the earth beneath his iron fold,
And glares with flaming eye in frenzy roll'd.

Ne mihi tum molles sub divo carpere somnos,
Neu dorso nemoris libeat jacuisse per herbas,
Quum, positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ,
Volvitur, aut, catulos tectis aut ova relinquens,
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis!
Morborum quoque te causas et signa docebo.
Turpis oves tentat scabies, ubi frigidus imber
Altiùs ad vivum persedit, at horrida cano
Bruma gelu; vel quum tonsis illotus adhæsit
Sudor, et hirsuti secuerunt corpora vepres.
Dulcibus idcirco fluviis pecus omne magistri
Perfundunt; udisque aries in gurgite villis
Mersatur, missusque secundo defluit amni:
Aut tonsum tristi contingunt corpus amurcâ,
Et spumas miscent argenti, vivaque sulfura,
Idæasque pices, et pingues unguine ceras,
Scillamque, elleborosque graves, nigrumque bitumen.
Non tamen ulla magis præsens fortuna laborum est,
Quàm si quis ferro potuit rescindere summum
Ulceris os: alitur vitium, vivitque tegendo,

Oh! Heav'n avert, that then in slumber laid
I stretch my limbs along the leafy glade,
When, cast his slough, regardless of his young,
Radiant in prime of life he rolls along,
Or tow'ring to the sun, erect in ire,
Vibrates his triple tongue that streams with fire.
Now shall experience to th' attentive swain
The cause and sign of each disease explain.
Contagion taints the flock, when icy rains
Cut to the quick, and pierce their inmost veins,
Or hoary frost their bodies bristles round,
Or thorns with fest'ring anguish inly wound,
Or sweat, unwash'd, adhesive crusts all o'er
The new-shorn skin, and cakes th' obstructed pore.
Hence oft the swain his bleating cattle laves,
Plung'd o'er and o'er beneath salubrious waves,
Hurls the bold ram amid the eddying tide,
And down the current floats his fleecy pride.
Oft too with litharge and with oily lees
Smears his shorn flock, and tames the new disease,
Mixt with dark pitch from Ida's piny wood,
Asphaltus floating on the slimy flood,
Strong hellebore, live sulphur, sea-born squills,
And molten wax that drop by drop distils.
Yet better far who dares with knife profound
Search the deep sore, and bare the hidden wound;

Dum medicas adhibere manus ad vulnera pastor
Abnegat, aut meliora deos sedet omina poscens.
Quin etiam, ima dolor balantum lapsus ad ossa
Quum furit, atque artus depascitur arida febris,
Profuit incensos æstus avertere, et inter
Ima ferire pedis salientem sanguine venam,
Bisaltæ quo more solent, acerque Gelonus,
Quum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deserta Getarum,
Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino.
Quam procul aut molli succedere sæpiùs umbræ
Videris, aut summas carpentem ignaviùs herbas,
Extremamque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Pascentem, et seræ solam decedere nocti;
Continuò culpam ferro compesce, priusquam
Dira per incautum serpant contagia vulgus.
Non tam creber agens hiemem ruit æquore turbo,
Quàm multæ pecudum pestes: nec singula morbi
Corpora corripiunt, sed tota æstiva repentè,
Spemque gregemque simul, cunctamque ab origine gentem.
Tum sciat aërias Alpes et Norica si quis
Castella in tumulis, et Iapydis arva Timavi,
Nunc quoque pòst tanto videat, desertaque regna
Pastorum, et longè saltus latèque vacantes.

Conceal'd, it gathers strength, while pity spares,
And wearies heaven with unavailing prayers.
When torture strikes the bones, and feverish fires
Scorch, as the bleating animal expires,
Lance, where beneath the foot wild pulses beat,
The throbbing vein, and cool th' internal heat;
Hereditary art, from sire to son,
By fierce Bisaltæ and Geloni known,
When the wild hordes o'er Thracia's waste pursu'd,
Drink, mix'd with curdled milk, their horses' blood.
Soon as thou view'st a sheep that haunts the shade,
Or crops with lazy tongue the topmost blade,
Or stretch'd at length with listless leisure feeds,
And late and lonely quits at night the meads,
Slay with swift knife, th' invading plague restrain,
Ere wing'd contagion wastes th' unwary train.
Less frequent, tempests swell th' infuriate deep,
Than pest on pest invades the ravag'd sheep:
Fate strikes not here and there some lonely head,
But all beneath the blast, whole flocks at once are dead.
Cast o'er Timavus' meads thy mournful sight,
O'er Alps, and forts that crown the Noric height,
How wide the waste! where flocks and shepherds spread,
The cot unpeopled, and the lawn unfed.

Hîc quondam morbo cœli miseranda coorta est
Tempestas, totoque autumni incanduit æstu,
Et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum,
Corrupitque lacus, infecit pabula tabo.
Nec via mortis erat simplex; sed ubi ignea venis
Omnibus acta sitis miseros adduxerat artus,
Rursus abundabat fluidus liquor, omniaque in se
Ossa minutatim morbo collapsa trahebat.
Sæpè in honore deûm medio stans hostia ad aram,
Lanea dum niveâ circumdatur infula vittâ,
Inter cunctantes cecidit moribunda ministros.
Aut si quam ferro mactaverat antè sacerdos;
Inde neque impositis ardent altaria fibris,
Nec responsa potest consultus reddere vates;
At vix supposîti tinguntur sanguine cultri,
Summaque jejunâ sanie infuscatur arena.
Hinc lætis vituli vulgò moriuntur in herbis,
Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt.
Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit; et quatit ægros
Tussis anhela sues, ac faucibus angit obesis.
Labitur, infelix studiorum, atque immemor herbæ,
Victor equus, fontesque avertitur, et pede terram
Crebra ferit: demissæ aures; incertus ibidem

Here once the tainted air contagion cast,
And fir'd with gather'd strength th' autumnal blast,
Smote all that graz'd the field, or rang'd the wood,
Scorch'd every plain, and poison'd every flood.
Dire was the death; for when th' internal flame
Had shrunk the veins, and parch'd the shrivell'd frame,
Infected moisture flow'd, and day by day
Sapp'd the soft bones, that piece-meal ooz'd away.
Oft, while the snowy fillet wreath'd his head,
The votive bull, before the altar led,
Ere yet the knife descending smote his brow,
'Mid lingering Flamens dropt without a blow.
Or if the Priest preventive struck the wound,
No altars blaz'd with hallow'd entrails crown'd.
Vainly to sullen Gods the Priest complains,
And speechless Augurs weep 'mid silent fanes:
The steel with blood was scarcely purpled o'er,
Scarce streak'd the topmost sand with pallid gore.
The calves amid luxuriant herbage fall,
Loathe the full crib, and perish in the stall;
Convulsions shake the swine's obstructed breath,
And the fond dog, infuriate, foams in death.
Forgetful of his fame, the victor steed
Loathes the translucent rill and flow'ry mead:
Low drop his ears, his hoof oft beats the ground,
His wasted limbs in fitful sweats are drown'd;

Sudor, et ille quidem morituris frigidus: aret
Pellis, et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
Hæc ante exitium primis dant signa diebus:
Sin in processu cœpit crudescere morbus,
Tum verò ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
Spiritus interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo
Ilia singultu tendunt; it naribus ater
Sanguis, et obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.
Profuit inserto latices infundere cornu
Lenæos: ea visa salus morientibus una.
Mox erat hoc ipsum exitio, furiisque refecti
Ardebant: ipsique suos, jam morte sub ægrâ,
(Dî meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum!)
Discissos nudis laniabant dentibus artus.
Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus
Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem,
Extremosque ciet gemitus: it tristis arator,
Mœrentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvencum,
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.
Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt
Prata movere animum, non qui per saxa volutus
Purior electro campum petit amnis: at ima

Sweats that, as dying pangs the victim seize,
With clammy chillness life's slow current freeze.
On his dry skin the hairs in bristles stand,
Rise to the touch, and roughen on the hand.
Such the first symptoms: but the fell disease
Mark'd by more horrid signs its dire encrease;
The eye-ball glares, deep breath with hollow tone
Heaves the long flanks, and bursts with frequent groan.
The tongue furr'd o'er th' obstructed palate fills,
And from the nostrils sable blood distils.
Wine, pour'd thro' horns, that seem'd to sooth the pest,
But lull'd awhile to transitory rest.
This, their sole hope; but, fruitless to assuage,
Gave to each torturing pang recruited rage,
While with bare teeth the steed infuriate tore
His limbs in death, and bath'd his jaws in gore.
At once the bullock falls beneath the yoke,
Blood and mixt foam beneath his nostrils smoke:
He groans his last:—the melancholy swain
Leaves the fix'd plough amid th' unfurrow'd plain,
And frees the lonely steer, whose mournful eye
Beholds with fond regret a brother die.
Him, nor repose can sooth in forest shades,
Nor dewy pasture 'mid luxuriant glades,
Nor streams that, roll'd o'er rocks, through grassy plains
More pure than amber wind their crystal trains.

Solvuntur latera atque oculos stupor urget inertes,
Ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix.
Quid labor aut benefacta juvant? quid vomere terras
Invertisse graves; atqui non Massica Bacchi
Munera, non illis epulæ nocuere repostæ:
Frondibus et victu pascuntur simplicis herbæ;
Pocula sunt fontes liquidi, atque exercita cursu
Flumina; nec somnos abrumpit cura salubres.
Tempore non alio dicunt regionibus illis
Quæsitas ad sacra boves Junonis, et uris
Imparibus ductos alta ad donaria currus.
Ergo ægre rastris terram rimantur, et ipsis
Unguibus infodiunt fruges, montesque per altos
Contentâ cervice trahunt stridentia plaustra.
Non lupus insidias explorat ovilia circum,
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat; acrior illum
Cura domat: timidi damæ cervique fugaces
Nunc interque canes et circum tecta vagantur.
Jam maris immensi prolem et genus omne natantum
Littore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus
Proluit: insolitæ fugiunt in flumina phocæ.

His glaz'd eye droops, each flaccid flank extends,
And prone to earth his ponderous neck descends.
Ah! what avails his service, what his toil,
And patient strength that tam'd th' unwilling soil?
Yet not the Massic wine had fir'd his blood,
Yet no stor'd feast prepar'd his noxious food;
The leaf, the herb, the grass his nurture gave,
His drink the lucid fount and fluent wave;
No care corroded, nor disturbing woes
Broke the deep stillness of his calm repose.
No other time, 'tis said, the votive kine
Were sought in vain for Juno's hallow'd shrine,
But buffaloes ill-pair'd, with awkward tread
On to her lofty fane the chariot led.
Th' o'erwearied hind slow rak'd th' unfurrow'd plain,
And buried with his nails the golden grain:
Man yok'd with man, along the rocky road
Drag'd the shrill wain, and strain'd beneath the load.
The famish'd wolf, by fiercer pangs subdu'd,
Nor heeds the fold, nor prowls for nightly food;
The timorous does 'mid hounds securely rest,
And the stag haunts the roof, a willing guest.
Cast on the strand infected shoals on shoals
Like shipwreck'd corses ocean slowly rolls:
The sea-calves flying from their native main
In foreign streams unwonted refuge gain.

Interit et curvis frustra defensa latebris
Vipera, et attoniti squamis adstantibus hydri.
Ipsis est aër avibus non æquus, et illæ
Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.
Præterea jam nec mutari pabula refert,
Quæsitæque nocent artes: cessere magistri,
Phillyrides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus.
Sævit et in lucem Stygiis emissa tenebris
Pallida Tisiphone, Morbos agit antè Metumque,
Inque dies avidum surgens caput altiùs effert.
Balatu pecorum et crebris mugitibus amnes
Arentesque sonant ripæ, collesque supini.
Jamque catervatim dat stragem, atque aggerat ipsis
In stabulis turpi dilapsa cadavera tabo;
Donec humo tegere ac foveis abscondere discunt.
Nam neque erat coriis usus; nec viscera quisquam
Aut undis abolere potest, aut vincere flammâ;
Ne tondere quidem morbo illuvieque peresa
Vellera; nec telas possunt attingere putres.
Verùm etiam invisos si quis tentârat amictus,
Ardentes papulæ, atque immundus olentia sudor
Membra sequebatur: nec longo deinde moranti
Tempore contactos artus sacer ignis edebat.

In winding dens in vain the vipers lie,
Astonish'd hydras rear their scales, and die:
And birds that press their flight before the wind
Fall in mid air, and leave their lives behind.
No change of place or pasture respite gave,
And baleful every art once known to save.
Fam'd sires of med'cine, Chiron long renown'd,
And wise Melampus, fly the fatal ground.
Tisiphone, from Stygian darkness driven,
Raves in mid air, and blasts the works of heaven;
Before her drives Disease and wild Affright,
Lifts day by day her head, and tow'rs to boundless height.
From bleating flocks a mournful murmur fills
The streams, and withering banks and tainted hills.
Now herds on herds in death confus'dly fall,
And swell the putrid mass in every stall,
Ere use had taught to hide beneath the ground
The buried corse, or plunge in pits profound.
Through fire, through flood, contagion inly cleaves,
No shepherd sheers the fleece, no virgin weaves:
But the bold wretch, who vengeful heaven defied,
And rashly handled th' infected hide,
Wasted away, with boils empurpled o'er,
And bath'd in sweat that poison'd every pore;
Till, through each limb diffus'd, th' accursed flame
Erelong consum'd the pestilential frame.

GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Virgil opens his Fourth Book, on the Management of Bees, by a brief notice of its subject—He then claims the attention of Mæcenas to a theme, in itself seemingly trivial, by announcing his design of enlarging on the wonderful actions, instincts, offices, and battles of the bees—He begins by pointing out a proper station for the hive, and enumerates what may be hurtful and what advantageous in different situations—He then treats of the structure of the hive—of the swarming of the bees—of their preparation for war—of their encounter—of the external marks which distinguish the different species—of the means of preventing them from deserting their station, and of alluring them to their accustomed haunts—As for this latter purpose he had recommended the culture of their favourite plants and flowers, he naturally digresses to the subject of the cultivation of gardens in general, and to the skill and industry of the old Corycian planter—He now expatiates on the economy and polity of the bees, and enumerates their various distinctive offices conducive to the public weal—Thence he mentions the renewal of their race, and their obedience to their kings—He then remarks, that from various instances of the sagacity of these insects, some have supposed them to be endowed with a portion of the Divine mind—and this induces a brief and beautiful account of the Platonic system—He next mentions the proper seasons for taking the honey—then the manner of treating the hives in which the honey had been left for the support of the bees in winter—then their diseases and remedies, and how their total loss may be repaired by new swarms generated from the putrid carcasses of bullocks—This introduces the fable of Aristæus, to whom that secret had been divinely imparted; and in this fable he skilfully interweaves, in inimitable poetry, the mythological tale of Orpheus and Eurydice—and thus he completes the Georgics, with the mention of his own name, as author of the poem, and with information of the time and place of its composition.

GEORGICA.

LIBER QUARTUS.

v. 1—11.

Protenus aërii mellis cœlestia dona
Exsequar: hanc etiam, Mæcenas, adspice partem.
Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores, et studia, et populos, et prœlia, dicam.
In tenui labor; at tenuis non gloria, si quem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.
Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda,
Quò neque sit ventis aditus (nam pabula venti
Ferre domum prohibent), neque oves hœdique petulci
Floribus insultent, aut errens bucula campo

GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

VERSE 1—16.

Now while th' aërial honey's nectar dews,
Gift of a God, once more, invite the Muse,
Mæcenas! yet again, with fond regard
Crown the long labours of thy votive bard.
Worthy of wonder, here at large I trace
Th' unfolded genius of the insect race,
Their chiefs how glorious, what their order'd fight,
What studies claim their care, what arts delight,
The lowly theme shall claim no vulgar praise,
If fav'ring Gods and Phœbus aid the lays.
First, seek a station where no ruthless gale
Can the still hive and shelter'd bees assail:
Lest, as they homeward speed, o'erdone with toil,
Inclement blasts their loaded wings despoil;
There let no sheep, no kids in wanton play,
Crush the fresh flow'rs that bloom around their way,

Decutiat rorem, et surgentes atterat herbas.
Absint et picti squalentia terga lacerti
Pinguibus a stabulis, meropesque, aliæque volucres;
Et manibus Procne pectus signata cruentis.
Omnia nam latè vastant, ipsasque volantes
Ore ferunt, dulcem nidis immitibus escam.
At liquidi fontes et stagna virentia musco
Adsint, et tenuis fugiens per gramina rivus,
Palmaque vestibulum aut ingens oleaster inumbret;
Ut, quum prima novi ducent examina reges
Vere suo, ludetque favis emissa juventus,
Vicina invitet decedere ripa calori,
Obviaque hospitiis teneat frondentibus arbos.
In medium, seu stabit iners, seu profluet humor,
Transversas salices et grandia conjice saxa:
Pontibus ut crebris possint consistere, et alas
Pandere ad æstivum solem; si fortè morantes
Sparserit, aut præceps neptuno immerserit eurus.
Hæc circum casiæ virides, et olentia latè
Serpylla, et graviter spirantis copia thymbræ
Floreat; irriguumque bibant violaria fontem.

No heifer rove, whose steps the meadow bruise,
And dash from springing herbs nectareous dews.
There let no lizard arm'd with burnish'd scale,
Nor hostile bird their wealthy hives assail;
Nor Procne haunt, on whose empurpled breast
Glows the deep hue by blood-stain'd hands imprest.
These widely waste, and, seiz'd upon the wing,
To their fierce nests the food luxurious bring.
But there let pools invite with moss array'd,
Clear fount and rill that purls along the glade,
Palms o'er their porch a grateful gloom extend,
Or the wild olive's shelt'ring boughs defend.
There when new kings the swarms at springtide lead,
And bursting myriads gladden all the mead,
Dim banks at noon may lure to cool repose,
And trees with hospitable arms enclose.
Whether the pools repose, or currents flow,
Huge stones and willows 'mid the water throw;
That if a breeze across their passage sweep,
And headlong dash the loiterer in the deep,
On many a bridge the bee may safely stand,
And his wet plumes to summer suns expand.
There, all around let verdant casia bloom,
There, far and wide, the wild thyme breathe perfume,
Thick knots of savoury pow'rful odours fling,
And beds of violets drink the copious spring.

Ipsa autem, seu corticibus tibi suta cavatis,
Seu lento fuerint alvearia vimine texta,
Angustos habeant aditus: nam frigore mella
Cogit hiems, eademque calor liquefacta remittit.
Utraque vis apibus pariter metuenda: neque illæ
Nequidquam in tectis certatim tenuia cerâ
Spiramenta linunt, fucoque et floribus oras
Explent, collectumque hæc ipsa ad munera gluten
Et visco et Phrygiæ servant pice lentius Idæ.
Sæpè etiam effossis, si vera est fama, latebris
Sub terrâ fovêre larem, penitùsque repertæ
Pumicibusque cavis, exesæque arboris antro.
Tu tamen e levi rimosa cubilia limo
Unge fovens circùm, et raras superinjice frondes.
Neu propiùs tectis taxum sine, neve rubentes
Ure foco cancros; altæ neu crede paludi,
Aut ubi odor cœni gravis, aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago.

Alike, if hollow cork their fabric form,
Or flexile twigs enclose the settled swarm,
With narrow entrance guard the shelter'd cell,
And summer suns and wintry blasts repel.
For winter cakes the hive, and in the ray
Of summer suns the honey melts away.
Hence not in vain the bees their domes prepare,
And smear the chinks that open to the air,
With flow'rs and fucus close each pervious pore,
With wax cement, and thicken o'er and o'er.
Stor'd for this use they hive the clammy dew,
And load their garners with tenacious glue,
As birdlime thick, or pitch that slow distils
In unctuous drops on Ida's pine-crown'd hills.
And oft ('tis said) they delve beneath the earth,
And nurse in gloomy caves their hidden birth,
Amid the crumbling stone's dark hollow dwell,
Or hang in mouldering trees their airy cell.
Aid thou their toil! with mud their walls o'erlay,
And lightly shade the roof with leafy spray.
There let no yew its baleful shadow cast,
Nor crabs on glowing embers taint the blast;
Far from their roof deep fens that poison breathe,
Thick fogs that float from beds of mud beneath,
Caves from whose depth redoubled echoes rise,
And rock to rock in circling shout replies.

Quod superest, ubi pulsam hiemem sol aureus egit
Sub terras, cœlumque æstivâ luce reclusit,
Illæ continuò saltus silvasque peragrant,
Purpureosque metunt flores, et flumina libant
Summa leves. Hinc, nescio quâ dulcedine lætæ,
Progeniem nidosque fovent: hinc arte recentes
Excudunt ceras, et mella tenacia fingunt.

Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera cœli
Nare per æstatem liquidam suspexeris agmen,
Obscuramque trahi vento mirabere nubem,
Contemplator; aquas dulces et frondea semper
Tecta petunt. Huc tu jussos asperge sapores,
Trita melisphylla, et cerinthæ ignobile gramen:
Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circùm.
Ipsæ consident medicatis sedibus: ipsæ
Intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.

Sin autem ad pugnam exierint (nam sæpè duobus
Regibus incessit magno discordia motu),
Continuòque animos vulgi et trepidantia bello
Corda licet longè præsciscere; namque morantes
Martius ille æris rauci canor increpat, et vox
Auditur fractos sonitus imitata tubarum.

Now when the sun beneath the realms of night
Dark winter drives, and robes the heav'ns with light,
The bees from flow'r to flow'r, o'er lawn and wood
Sweep, and light sip the summit of the flood.
Hence with unusual joy in fondling mood
Cling to their nests and rear their cherish'd brood,
With wond'rous art their waxen toil renew,
And thicken in the hive, the honied dew.
Lo! from their cells when swarms through æther stream,
And float at noon along the liquid beam,
And on the breeze that rings beneath their flight
Draw out in darkling clouds their airy height,
Observe them as they trail aloft their way,
Where groves o'ershade, and crystal waters play:
There strow each rifled herb that breathes of spring,
There the bruis'd baum and wild cerinthe fling;
And tinklings raise, till echo rings around,
And the great Mother's clashing cymbals sound:
Soon shall they haunt the medicated seat,
And to their chamber's inmost cells retreat.
But if contending factions arm the hive,
When rival kings in doubtful battle strive,
Tumultuous crowds the dread event prepare,
And palpitating hearts that beat to war;
Deep brazen peals the lingering crowds excite,
And harsh the voice like trumpets hoarse in fight.

Tum trepidæ inter se coëunt, pennisque coruscant;
Spiculaque exacuunt rostris, aptantque lacertos;
Et circa regem atque ipsa ad prætoria densæ
Miscentur, magnisque vocant clamoribus hostem.
Ergo, ubi ver nactæ sudum camposque patentes,
Erumpunt portis; concurritur; æthere in alto
Fit sonitus; magnum mixtæ glomerantur in orbem,
Præcipitesque cadunt: non densior aëre grando,
Nec de concussâ tantùm pluit ilice glandis.
Ipsi per medias acies, insignibus alis,
Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant;
Usque adeo obnixi non cedere, dum gravis, aut hos,
Aut hos, versa fugâ victor dare terga subegit.
Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

Verùm ubi ductores acie revocaveris ambo,
Deterior qui visus, eum, ne prodigus obsit,
Dede neci; melior vacuâ sine regnet in aulâ.
Alter erit maculis auro squalentibus ardens;
Nam duo sunt genera: hic melior, insignis et ore,
Et rutilis clarus squamis: ille horridus alter
Desidiâ, latamque trahens inglorius alvum.

Onward they troop, and, brandishing their wings,
Fit their fierce claws, and point their poison'd stings;
Throng to th' imperial tent, their king surround,
Provoke the foe, and loud defiance sound.
At length when spring expands th' unclouded day,
Through opening portals bursts their wing'd array;
Fierce clash the clust'ring orbs, air rings around,
Prone from the conflict myriads strow the ground,
Thick as tempestuous hail from summer show'rs,
Or streaming acorns dash'd from oaken bow'rs.
Amid the press of war, th' encount'ring kings,
Mark'd by the pomp and spreading of their wings,
While boundless souls their little bosom swell,
To deeds of glory either host impel:
Fiercely they fight, unknowing how to yield,
Till the dread victor masters all the field.
Yet at thy will these dreadful conflicts cease,
Throw but a little dust, and all is peace.
But when the leaders at thy voice recede,
Slay the weak rebel! let th' usurper bleed!
Slay, ere he waste the hive. Defend the throne,
And let the rightful monarch reign alone.
Doubt you the sov'reign? lo! his golden mail,
His stately port, and brightly burnish'd scale;
The vile usurper 'mid a kindred throng
Inglorious trails a length of paunch along.

Ut binæ regum facies, ita corpora plebis :
Namque aliæ turpes horrent, ceu pulvere ab alto
Quum venit, et sicco terram spuit ore viator
Aridus ; elucent aliæ, et fulgore coruscant,
Ardentes auro, et paribus lita corpora guttis.
Hæc potior soboles : hinc cœli tempore certo
Dulcia mella premes ; nec tantùm dulcia, quantùm
Et liquida, et durum bacchi domitura saporem.
At quum incerta volant cœloque examina ludunt,
Contemnuntque favos, et frigida tecta relinquunt,
Instabiles animos ludo prohibebis inani.
Nec magnus prohibere labor : tu regibus alas
Eripe : non illis quisquam cunctantibus altum
Ire iter, aut castris audebit vellere signa.
Invitent croceis halantes floribus horti ;
Et custos furum atque avium, cum falce salignâ,
Hellespontiaci servet tutela Priapi.
Ipse, thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta seret latè circum, cui talia curæ ;
Ipse labore manum duro terat ; ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres.
Atque equidem, extremo ni jam sub fine laborum
Vela traham, et terris festinem advertere proram,

Such as their kings, the two-fold nation view,
These base, of aspect rough, and squalid hue,
Like the tir'd traveller in the summer's day,
Who spits with fiery lip the dust away:
These gaily bright their radiant scales unfold,
Spangled with equal spots, and dropt with gold.
Be these thy care: for thee their grateful toil
Pours at due times the tributary spoil,
Drains the pure comb, whose liquid sweets refine
The grape austere, and tame the temper'd wine.
If wavering swarms in æther wildly roam,
Scorn their cold cells, and quit th' unfinish'd comb,
Check their vain sport, to peace the state restore,
Pluck off their monarch's wings, the flight is o'er;
No rebel dares beyond the limits stray,
Or pluck the standard from the camp away.
Let gardens, breathing sweets, the bee invite
To fix on saffron beds his roving flight;
Priapus there with willow sickle drive
The birds and plunderers from th' entrusted hive;
There bring the pine from rocky cliffs sublime,
There plant with toil-worn hand the mountain thyme,
Set odoriferous shrubs, and fragrant flow'rs,
And freshen, as they bloom, with friendly show'rs.
Delightful scenes! but now with gather'd sail
I seek the shore, nor trust th' inviting gale;

Forsitan et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti;
Quoque modo potis gauderent intuba rivis,
Et virides apio ripæ, tortusque per herbam
Cresceret in ventrem cucumis: nec sera comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,
Pallentesque ederas, et amantes littora myrtos.
Namque sub Œbaliæ memini me turribus arcis,
Quà niger humectat flaventia culta Galæsus,
Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relicti
Jugera ruris erant; nec fertilis illa juvencis,
Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda baccho.
Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus, albaque circùm
Lilia, verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,
Regum æquabat opes animis; serâque revertens
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.
Primus vere rosam, atque autumno carpere poma;

Else had my song your charms at leisure trac'd,
And all the garden's varied arts embrac'd;
Had sung how Pæstum's twice-born roses blow,
How endive drinks the rill that purls below,
How trailing gourds their mazy progress wreathe,
Swell into growth, and wind their leaves beneath;
How verdant celery decks its humid bed,
How late-blown flowrets round narcissus spread;
The lithe acanthus, and the ivy hoar,
And myrtle blooming on the sea-beat shore.

Yes, I remember, where Galæsus leads
His flood dark-winding through the golden meads,
Where proud Œbalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain,
Once I beheld an old Corycian swain;
Lord of a little spot, by all disdain'd,
Where never lab'ring yoke subsistence gain'd,
Where never shepherd gave his flock to feed,
Nor Bacchus dar'd to trust th' ungrateful mead.
There with scant herbs he grac'd the bushy ground,
And planted lilies, vervain, poppies round;
Nor envied kings, when late, at evening's close,
Beneath his peaceful shed he sought repose,
And cull'd from earth, with changeful plenty stor'd,
Th' unpurchas'd feasts that crown'd his humble board.
At spring-tide first he pluck'd the full-blown rose,
From autumn first the ripen'd apple chose;

Et quum tristis hiems etiamnum frigore saxa
Rumperet, et glacie cursus frenaret aquarum,
Ille comam mollis jam tondebat hyacinthi,
Æstatem increpitans seram, zephyrosque morantes.
Ergo apibus fetis idem atque examine multo
Primus abundare, et spumantia cogere pressis
Mella favis: illi tiliæ, atque uberrima pinus:
Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbos
Induerat, totidem autumno matura tenebat.
Ille etiam seras in versum distulit ulmos,
Eduramque pirum, et spinos jam pruna ferentes,
Jamque ministrantem platanum potantibus umbras.
Verùm hæc ipse equidem, spatiis exclusus iniquis,
Prætereo, atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.
Nunc age, naturas apibus quas Juppiter ipse
Addidit, expediam: pro quâ mercede, canoros
Curetum sonitus crepitantiaque æra secutæ,
Dictæo cœli regem pavêre sub antro.
Solæ communes natos, consortia tecta
Urbis habent, magnisque agitant sub legibus ævum;

And still when winter split the rocks with cold,
And chain'd the rapid torrent as it roll'd,
E'en then he cropt th' acanthus' bloomy spray,
Chid the slow sun and zephyr's long delay.
Hence first his bees new swarms unnumber'd gave,
And press'd from richest combs the golden wave:
Limes round his haunts diffus'd a grateful shade,
And verdant pines with many a cone array'd;
And every bud, that gemm'd the vernal spray,
Swell'd into fruit beneath th' autumual ray.
He lofty elms transpos'd in order plac'd,
Luxuriant pears at will his alleys grac'd,
And grafted thorns that blushing plums display'd,
And planes that stretch'd o'er summer feasts their shade.

Delightful scenes! to other bards resign'd,
I leave your charms, and trace my task assign'd.

Learn now what natural instincts, gift of heav'n,
To grace the bee great Jove himself has given;
What time the bees, by clanging cymbals led,
In Cretan caves the nurseling Thunderer fed.
They, they alone a common city share,
And rear a common race, the public care,
Love their known household, aid their country's cause,
Securely live beneath establish'd laws;

Et patriam solæ, et certos novere penates :
Venturæque hiemis memores, æstate laborem
Experiuntur, et in medium quæsita reponunt.
Namque aliæ victu invigilant, et fœdere pacto
Exercentur agris : pars intra sæpta domorum
Narcissi lacrymam, et lentum de cortice gluten,
Prima favis ponunt fundamina ; deinde tenaces
Suspendunt ceras : aliæ, spem gentis, adultos
Educunt fœtus : aliæ purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas.
Sunt quibus ad portas cecidit custodia sorti :
Inque vicem speculantur aquas et nubila cœli ;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum ; aut agmine facto,
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent.
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
Ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis
Quum properant, alii taurinis follibus auras
Accipiunt, redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt
Æra lacu ; gemit impositis incudibus Ætna :
Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Non aliter, si parva licet componere magnis,

Prescient of winter, hoard the rifled spring,
And summer's tribute to the treasury bring.
Some, by fixt league, forsake awhile their home,
And far and wide, to feed the nation, roam;
Form'd of thick gum and pale Narcissus' tear,
Some, in the hive, their new foundations rear;
These, train'd to work, the clinging wax suspend,
These to the young, the nation's hope, attend,
These stow pure honey, and unwearied swell
With liquid nectar each o'erflowing cell.
These, at the gate, their station'd vigils keep,
Mark where the clouds collect, the tempests sweep,
Unload the labourer, or, embattled, drive
The drone, dull sluggard, from the busy hive:
A nation toils, the work unwearied glows,
And, redolent of thyme, the honey flows.
As when the Cyclops', for the Almighty Sire,
Force from the stubborn mass the bolt of fire,
These, gathering winds thro' labouring bellows urge,
Those, in deep troughs the hissing bars immerge;
Heav'd with vast strength their arms in order rise,
And blow to blow in measur'd chime replies;
While with firm tongs they turn the sparkling ore,
And Ætna's caves with ponderous anvils roar.
Not less, (if, unreprov'd, I rightly dare,
Things of low note with mightiest works compare)

Cecropias innatus apes amor urget habendi,
Munere quamque suo. Grandævis oppida curæ,
Et munire favos, et dædala fingere tecta:
At fessæ multâ referunt se nocte minores,
Crura thymo plenæ: pascuntur et arbuta passim,
Et glaucas salices, casiamque, crocumque rubentem,
Et pinguem tiliam, et ferrugineos hyacinthos.
Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus unus.
Manè ruunt portis; nusquam mora: rursus easdem
Vesper ubi e pastu tandem decedere campis
Admonuit, tum tecta petunt, tum corpora curant;
Fit sonitus, mussantque oras et limina circum.
Pòst, ubi jam thalamis se composuere, siletur
In noctem, fessosque sopor suus occupat artus.
Nec verò a stabulis pluviâ impendente recedunt
Longiùs, aut credunt cœlo, adventantibus euris;
Sed circùm tutæ sub mœnibus urbis aquantur,
Excursusque breves tentant: et sæpè lapillos,
Ut cymbæ instabiles fluctu jactante saburram,
Tollunt; his sese per inania nubila librant.
Illum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem,

The love of gain th' Hymettian swarm inspires,
Wakes every wish, and all their ardour fires.
To each his part; age claims th' entrusted care
To rear the palace, and the dome repair;
The young, returning homeward late at night,
Droop with the thyme that loads their weary'd flight.
Where'er a willow waves, or arbute grows,
Or casia scents the gale, or crocus glows,
Or hyacinth unfolds its purple hue,
Flow'r, shrub, and grove, for them their sweets renew.
Alike they labour, and alike repose;
Forth from their gates each morn the nation flows,
And when pale twilight, from the rifled mead,
Bids the tir'd race, o'ercharg'd with spoil, recede,
They seek their roof, their drooping frame revive,
And shake with ceaseless hum the crowded hive.
Deep calm succeeds, each laid within his cell,
Where sleep and peace without a murmur dwell.
If tempests low'r, or rushing Eurus sound,
Secure they creep their city walls around,
Sip the pure rill that near their portal springs,
And bound their wary flight in narrower rings;
And oft with pebbles, like a balanc'd boat,
Poiz'd, through the air on even pinions float.

Nor shall the bees the less thy wonder move,
That none indulge the joys of mutual love:

Quòd nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpora segnes
In venerem solvunt, aut fœtus nixibus edunt:
Verùm ipsæ e foliis natos et suavibus herbis
Ore legunt; ipsæ regem parvosque quirites
Sufficiunt; aulasque et cerea regna refingunt.
Sæpè etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
Attrivere, ultroque animam sub fasce dedêre:
Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis!
Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus ævi
Excipiat, neque enim plus septima ducitur æstas,
At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum.
Præterea regem non sic Ægyptus, et ingens
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaspes,
Observant. Rege incolumi, mens omnibus una est:
Amisso, rupere fidem; constructaque mella
Diripuere ipsæ, et crates solvêre favorum.
Ille operum custos; illum admirantur: et omnes
Circumstant fremitu denso, stipantque frequentes;
Et sæpè attollunt humeris, et corpora bello
Objectant, pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem.

None waste their strength by amorous toils subdu'd,
No pangs of labour renovate the brood:
But led by instinct, at spring's genial hour,
They gather all the race from herb and flower;
Hence springs the people, hence th' imperial lord,
And all their domes and waxen realms restor'd.
Oft mid hard rocks their wand'ring wings they bruise,
And oft their lives beneath the burden lose;
Such their fond zeal that every flower explores,
And glorious strife to swell their golden stores.
Hence, tho' harsh fate, when sev'n fleet summers end,
At once their labours and their lives suspend,
The race and realm from age to age remain,
And time but lengthens with new links the chain.
Not Lydia's sons, nor Parthia's peopled shore,
Mede or Ægyptian thus their king adore.
He lives, and pours through all th' accordant soul;
He dies, and by his death dissolves the whole:
They, they themselves their wondrous fabric tear,
Scatter their combs, and waste in wild despair.
He guards their works, his look deep rev'rence draws;
Crowds swarm on crowds, and hum their loud applause,
Bear 'mid the press of battle on their wing,
And, proud to perish, die around their king.

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla secuti,
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus
Ætherios, dixere: deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum:
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
Quemque sibi tenues nascentem arcessere vitas;
Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri
Omnia: nec morti esse locum; sed viva volare
Sideris in numerum, atque alto succedere cœlo.
Si quando sedem augustam, servataque mella
Thesauris relines; priùs haustu sparsus aquarum
Ore fove, fumosque manu prætende sequaces.
Bis gravidos cogunt fœtus, duo tempora messis:
Taygete simul os terris ostendit honestum
Plias, et Oceani spretos pede repulit amnes;
Aut eadem sidus fugiens ubi Piscis aquosi
Tristior hibernas cœlo descendit in undas.
Illis ira modum supra est, læsæque venenum
Morsibus inspirant, et spicula cæca relinquunt
Affixæ venis, animasque in vulnere ponunt.
Sin duram metues hiemem, parcesque futuro,
Contusosque animos et res miserabere fractas;

Hence, to the bee some sages have assign'd
A portion of the God, and heavenly mind;
For God goes forth, and spreads throughout the whole,
Heaven, earth, and sea, the universal soul;
Each at its birth, from him all beings share,
Both man and brute, the breath of vital air;
To him return, and, loos'd from earthly chain,
Fly whence they sprung, and rest in God again,
Spurn at the grave, and, fearless of decay, [way.
Live 'mid the host of heaven, and star th' ethereal
But if thy search their sacred realm explore,
And from their treasures draw the honey'd store,
With spirted water damp their ready wing,
And veil'd in clouds of smoke elude the sting.
The golden harvest twice each year o'erflows,
Thou twice each year the plenteous cells unclose,
Soon as fair Pleias, bright'ning into day,
Scorns with indignant foot the wat'ry way;
Or, when descending down th' aërial steep,
She pours her pale ray on the wintry deep.
The injur'd swarms with rage insatiate glow,
Barb every shaft and poison every blow,
Deem life itself to vengeance well resign'd,
Die on the wound, and leave their stings behind.
But if bleak winter's dearth thy fears create,
Or rouse thy pity for their ruin'd state,

At suffire thymo, cerasque recidere inanes,
Quis dubitet? nam sæpè favos ignotus adedit
Stellio, et lucifugis congesta cubilia blattis;
Immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus,
Aut asper crabro imparibus se immiscuit armis;
Aut dirum tineæ genus, aut invisa Minervæ
Laxos in foribus suspendit aranea casses.
Quò magis exhaustæ fuerint, hòc acriùs omnes
Incumbent generis lapsi sarcire ruinas,
Complebuntque foros, et floribus horrea texent.
Si verò, quoniam casus apibus quoque nostros
Vita tulit, tristi languebunt corpora morbo,
Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognoscere signis:
Continuò est ægris alius color; horrida vultum
Deformat macies: tum corpora lucè carentum
Exportant tectis, et tristia funera ducunt;
Aut illæ pedibus connexæ ad limina pendent;
Aut intus clausis cunctantur in ædibus omnes,
Ignavæque fame, et contracto frigore pigræ.
Tum sonus auditur gravior, tractimque susurrant:
Frigidus ut quondam silvis immurmurat auster,
Ut mare sollicitum stridit refluentibus undis,
Æstuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

With thymy odours scent their smoking halls,
And pare th' unpeopled cells that load their walls.
There oft, unseen, insidious lizards prey,
The beetle there that flies the light of day,
There feasts th' unbidden drone, there ring th' alarms
Of hornets battling with unequal arms,
Dire gnaws the moth, and o'er their portals spread
The spider watches her aërial thread.
The more exhausted, still the more they strive,
To prop the race, and renovate the hive;
Contending myriads urge exhaustless powers,
Fill every cell, and crowd the comb with flowers.
But (since dread ills both bees and man molest)
If e'er disease the languid hive infest,
A horrid leanness the dread sign displays,
Their vigour wastes away, their hue decays:
The dead are carried forth, and sad and slow
The long procession swells the pomp of woe;
Or round the doors they cling with pensile feet,
Or all lie loitering in their dark retreat,
Their drooping pinions, weak with famine, close,
Or, shrunk with cold, their torpid limbs repose.
Then long-drawn hums wind on from cell to cell,
Like gales that murmur down the woodland dell,
Or ebbing waves that roll along the shore,
Or flames that in the furnace inly roar.

Hic jam galbaneos suadebo incendere odores,
Mellaque arundineis inferre canalibus, ultro
Hortantem, et fessas ad pabula nota vocantem.
Proderit et tunsum gallæ admiscere saporem,
Arentesque rosas, aut igni pinguia multo
Defruta, vel psythiâ passos de vite racemos,
Cecropiumque thymum, et grave olentia centaurea.
Est etiam flos in pratis, cui nomen amello
Fecere agricolæ, facilis quærentibus herba;
Namque uno ingentem tollit de cespite silvam,
Aureus ipse, sed in foliis, quæ plurima circùm
Funduntur, violæ sublucet purpura nigræ.
Sæpè deûm nexis ornatæ torquibus aræ.
Asper in ore sapor. Tonsis in vallibus illum
Pastores et curva legunt prope flumina Mellæ.
Hujus odorato radices incoque baccho,
Pabulaque in foribus plenis appone canistris.
Séd si quem proles subitò defecerit omnis,
Nec, genus unde novæ stirpis revocetur, habebit,
Tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magistri
Pandere, quoque modo cæsis jam sæpè juvencis
Insincerus apes tulerit cruor. Altiùs omnem

Then round the hive in many a smoky wreath,
Let burning galbanum rich incense breathe,
Through reedy channels pour the honey'd flood,
Lure their coy taste, and court with tempting food.
There the dried rose and pounded galls combine,
There by slow fires matur'd the thicken'd wine,
There the strong centaury's reviving pow'r,
The Psythian grape, and thyme's odorous flow'r.
In fields there grows a flow'r of pastoral fame,
Amellus, so the shepherds call its name;
Sprung from one root its stalks profusely spread,
A golden circle glitters on its head,
But many a leaf with purple violet crown'd,
Throws a soft shade the yellow disk around.
Tho' rough to taste, yet wreath'd round many a shrine,
In rich festoons its golden blossoms shine;
Along meand'ring Mella's grassy plain
Its radiant lustre tempts the shepherd swain.
Seeth in rich wine its roots, and, oft renew'd,
High pile before their gates th' alluring food.
But should the nation fail, none left alive
To rear the brood and renovate the hive;
Now shall my song, 't is now the time, explain
The great discovery of th' Arcadian swain;
How art creates, and can at will restore
Swarms from the slaughter'd bull's corrupted gore.

Expediam, primâ repetens ab origine, famam.
Nam quà Pellæi gens fortunata Canopi
Accolit effuso stagnantem flumine Nilum,
Et circum pictis vehitur sua rura faselis;
Quàque pharetratæ vicinia Persidis urget,
Et viridem Ægyptum nigrâ fecundat arenâ,
Et diversa ruens septem discurrit in ora
Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis,
Omnis in hâc certam regio jacit arte salutem.
Exiguus primùm, atque ipsos contractus ad usus,
Eligitur locus: hunc angustique imbrice tecti
Parietibusque premunt arctis; et quatuor addunt,
Quatuor a ventis obliquâ luce fenestras.
Tum vitulis, bimâ curvans jam cornua fronte,
Quæritur: huic geminæ nares et spiritus oris
Multa reluctanti obsuitur, plagisque perempto
Tunsa per integram solvuntur viscera pellem.
Sic positum in clauso linquunt; et ramea costis
Subjiciunt fragmenta, thymum, casiasque recentes.
Hoc geritur, zephyris primùm impellentibus undas,

My song at large the legend shall embrace,
And to its fountain-head the whole retrace.
By bless'd Canopus, where th' exulting land
Sees the vast flood of stagnate Nile expand,
And a gay race in painted gallies glide
Around their fields that drink the fertile tide;
And where the stream from India's swarthy sons
Close on the verge of quiver'd Persia runs,
Broods o'er green Egypt with dark wave of mud,
And pours through sev'n broad mouths its branching flood:
The numerous tenants of this boundless space
All, in this art their certain refuge place.
First to a spot, for that sole use design'd,
Prest with low roof, with streight'ning walls confin'd,
Where from each wind that fourfold Heaven divides,
Through adverse lights the day obliquely glides,
They drag a bullock, on whose threat'ning brow
His horns, a two years' crescent, aim the blow.
In vain his struggling limbs their power oppose,
While the strong hinds his mouth and nostrils close,
And bruising, blow by blow, the mass within,
Crush the burst entrails through th' unbroken skin.
And there immur'd, beneath his carcase spread
Thyme, and the recent casia's leafy bed.
Be these prepar'd, when Zephyrs first impell
The vernal water's undulating swell,

Antè novis rubeant quàm prata coloribus, antè
Garrula quàm tignis nidum suspendat hirundo.
Interea teneris tepefactus in ossibus humor
Æstuat; et visenda modis animalia miris,
Trunca pedum primò, mox et stridentia pennis,
Miscentur, tenuemque magis magis aëra carpunt:
Donec, ut æstivis effusus nubibus imber,
Erupere; aut ut nervo pulsante sagittæ,
Prima leves ineunt si quando prœlia Parthi.
Quis deus hanc, Musæ, quis nobis extudit artem?
Unde nova ingressus hominum experientia cepit?
Pastor Aristæus, fugiens Peneïa Tempe,
Amissis, ut fama, apibus morboque fameque,
Tristis ad extremi sacrum caput adstitit amnis,
Multa querens, atque hac affatus voce parentem:
Mater, Cyrene mater, quæ gurgitis hujus
Ima tenes, quid me præclarâ stirpe deorum
(Si modò, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbræus Apollo)
Invisum fatis genuisti? aut quò tibi nostri
Pulsus amor? quid me cœlum sperare jubebas?

Ere flowrets blush on earth's enamell'd breast,
Or swallows twitter in their rafter'd nest.
Meanwhile the moisture with fermenting strife
Boils in the tender bones, and teems with life;
First on the sight, all wondrous to behold,
Forms without feet a shapeless growth unfold,
Anon the mingled swarms for flight prepare,
Buzz on the wing, and try the buoyant air;
Till all at once the bursting myriads tow'r,
Countless as drops from summer's streaming show'r,
Or arrows whizzing from the Parthian bow
That, preluding the fight, o'ercloud the foe.
Say, Muse, what God this art to mortals brought,
Or man first practis'd, by experience taught?
From Tempe's vale when Aristæus fled,
His swarms by long disease and famine dead,
At Peneus' fount he stood, and, bow'd with woe,
Breath'd his deep murmurs to the nymph below:
"Cyrene! thou, whom these fair springs revere,
"The sorrows of thy son, oh mother! hear.
"Why (such thy boast) if Heaven my lineage claim,
"And Phœbus grace me with a father's name,
"Why didst thou bring to light this baleful birth,
"Accurs'd of fate and fugitive on earth?
"Oh! whither fled thy fond maternal love,
"And hope that rais'd me to the realm of Jove?

En etiam hunc ipsum vitæ mortalis honorem,
Quem mihi vix frugum et pecudum custodia solers
Omnia tentanti extuderat, te matre, relinquo.
Quin age, et ipsa manu felices erue silvas,
Fer stabulis inimicum ignem, atque interfice messes,
Ure sata, et validam in vites molire bipennem,
Tanta meæ si te ceperunt tædia laudis.

At mater sonitum thalamo sub fluminis alti
Sensit. Eam circum Milesia vellera Nymphæ
Carpebant, hyali saturo fucata colore:
Drymoque, Xanthoque, Ligeaque, Phyllodoceque,
Cæsariem effusæ nitidam per candida colla;
[Nesæe, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque;]
Cydippeque, et flava Lycorias, altera virgo,
Altera tum primos Lucinæ experta labores;
Clioque, et Beroë soror, Oceanitides ambæ,
Ambæ auro, pictis incinctæ pellibus ambæ;
Atque Ephyre, atque Opis, et Asia Deïopea;
Et tandem positis velox Arethusa sagittis.
Inter quas curam Clymene narrabat inanem
Vulcani, Martisque dolos et dulcia furta,
Atque chao densos divûm numerabat amores.

" E'en the frail honours of this earthly state,
" Scarce wrung by labour from reluctant fate,
" Vain boast of cultur'd fruit and tended kine,
" These, parent Goddess, I, thy son, resign.
" Haste, thou thyself, my prosperous woods uproot,
" Burn my full stalls, destroy my ripening fruit,
" Fell my rich vineyards, wrap my fields in flame,
" If thus thou loathe the praise that grac'd my name."
Deep in the chambers of the stream profound
Cyrene heard the melancholy sound,
While by her side, the nymphs, a sister train,
Wound the Milesian fleece of azure grain.
Phyllodoce, Thalia, Spio, join
The social choir, and common work combine;
Cymodoce, Ligea, Opis there
O'er their white bosom spread their golden hair;
There chaste Cydippe, there Lycorias came,
A virgin this, this own'd a mother's name;
There Clio, Beroe, both of ocean born,
Gold wreathes their limbs, and painted skins adorn;
There Deiopeia, and, her bow unstrung,
Fleet Arethuse repos'd the choir among.
Gay Clymene there sung, how vainly strove
The God of fire against the frauds of Love;
How Mars and Venus mix'd the stol'n embrace,
And all the wiles of Saturn's amorous race.

Carmine quo captæ dum fusis mollia pensa
Devolvunt, iterum maternas impulit aures
Luctus Aristæi, vitreisque sedilibus omnes
Obstupuere: sed ante alias Arethusa sorores
Prospiciens, summâ flavum caput extulit undâ.
Et procul: O gemitu non frustra exterrita tanto,
Cyrene soror, ipse tibi, tua maxima cura,
Tristis Aristæus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans, et te crudelem nomine dicit.
Huic percussa novâ mentem formidine mater,
Duc age, duc ad nos, fas illi limina divûm
Tangere, ait. Simul alta jubet discedere latè
Flumina, quà juvenis gressus inferret: at illum
Curvata in montis faciem circumstetit unda,
Accepitque sinu vasto, misitque sub amnem.
Jamque domum mirans genetricis, et humida regna,
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,
Ibat; et, ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum,
Omnia sub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ
Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,

While the rapt nymphs, enchanted with the sound,
The silver fleeces from their distaffs wound,
Cyrene heard again her offspring groan,
Each Nereid started on her glassy throne,
And Arethusa, foremost of the train,
Rais'd her fair face above the billowy main.
"Ah! not in vain," she cries, "that groan appals;
"Cyrene! thee, thy Aristæus calls,
"O'er kindred Peneus bends his drooping frame,
"And loads with cruelty a mother's name."
Wild with unusual fear Cyrene cried,
"Hither, oh hither, nymph! the mourner guide;
"He, unreprov'd, amid these hallow'd bow'rs,
"May tread the mansions of immortal pow'rs."
She spoke, and wav'd on either side her hand;
At once on either side the waves expand;
O'er him the curving wave, a mountain, stood,
Its mighty bosom op'd, and arch'd the flood.
Awe-struck he went along her vast domain,
Through opening wonders of the watery reign,
Lakes in their caverns pent, and sounding woods,
And the wild uproar of unfathom'd floods,
Fierce streams that burst their subterraneous caves,
And dash'd afar the thunder of their waves.
'Mid the foundations of the world below,
Each in its source, he saw the rivers flow,

Et caput unde altus primùm se erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,
Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, Mysusque Caïcus,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu.
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.

Postquam est in thalami pendentia pumice tecta
Perventum, et nati fletus cognovit inanes
Cyrene, manibus liquidos dant ordine fontes
Germanæ, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.
Pars epulis onerant mensas, et plena reponunt
Pocula; Panchæis adolescunt ignibus aræ.
Et mater, Cape Mæonii carchesia bacchi,
Oceano libemus, ait. Simul ipsa precatur
Oceanumque patrem rerum, Nymphasque sorores,
Centum quæ silvas, centum quæ flumina servant.
Ter liquido ardentem perfudit nectare vestam;
Ter flamma ad summum tecti subjecta reluxit.
Omine quo firmans animum, sic incipit ipsa:

Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates,
Cæruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscibus æquor
Et juncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.
Hic nunc Emathiæ portus patriamque revisit

Phasis, and Lycus, and the secret head,
Whence bold Enipeus' bursting waters spread,
Whence Tiber fills his urn, whence Anio glides,
Whence rocky Hypanis' resounding tides,
Caïcus swift, and, awful to behold,
Grim-visag'd like a bull, with horns of gold,
Po, whose deep waters mid the richest plain
Fling the prone flood, and swell th' èmpurpled main.
Now when Cyrene heard his fruitless woe,
Where fretted pumice arch'd the cave below,
The sister nymphs the smooth-shorn napkins bring,
And cleansing water from their native spring,
These pile the banquet, crown the cups with wine,
And with Panchean flames illume the shrine.
" My son, these bowls, Mæonian vintage, take,
" To Ocean first the due libation make;
" Hail sire, primæval! hail, ye sister train!
" Who o'er a thousand woods and rivers reign!"
The hearth thrice flow'd with wine, and thrice the blaze
Smote the high roof that sparkled with the rays.
Th' auspicious omen cheer'd Cyrene's breast,
And thus her joyful lip the youth address'd.
" Son, in Carpathia's gulf a seer resides,
" Proteus, who cleaves with finny steeds the tides;
" He now revisiting Æmathia's port,
" Pallene seeks, his native lov'd resort:

Pallenen: hunc et Nymphæ veneramur, et ipse
Grandævus Nereus; novit namque omnia vates,
Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox ventura trahantur.
Quippe ita Neptuno visum est, immania cujus
Armenta et turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas.
Hic tibi, nate, priùs vinclis capiundus, ut omnem
Expediat morbi causam eventusque secundet.
Nam sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta, neque illum
Orando flectes: vim duram et vincula capto
Tende; doli circum hæc demum frangentur inanes.
Ipsa ego te, medios quum sol accenderit æstus,
Quum sitiunt herbæ, et pecori jam gratior umbra est,
In secreta senis ducam, quò fessus ab undis
Se recipit, facilè ut somno aggrediare jacentem.
Verùm ubi correptum manibus vinclisque tenebis,
Tum variæ eludent species atque ora ferarum:
Fiet enim subitò sus horridus, atraque tigris,
Squamosusque draco, et fulvâ cervice leæna;
Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atque ita vinclis
Excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.

" Not him alone the sister nymphs revere,
" But hoary Nereus' self adores the seer ;
" To him all nature and all times are known,
" All past, all present, and all future, shown.
" So Neptune wills : whose herd, a monstrous train,
" Safe in his guidance feeds beneath the main.
" Bind him in chains, then bid the God disclose
" Whence first began, and what shall sooth thy woes.
" Presents nor prayers can move his stubborn soul,
" Constraint must tame and violence control ;
" Alone he yields beneath the galling chain,
" And, captive, tries each wearied art in vain.
" When noontide flames, and withering herbage fades,
" And cattle pant beneath o'erhanging shades,
" I, I myself thy step will safely guide,
" And 'mid his inmost cave in ambush hide ;
" There shalt thou seize him, a defenceless prey,
" And, bound in slumber, bid the God obey.
" Then shall the seer new forms at pleasure try,
" And with swift change elusive mock the eye :
" Now bristle like a boar his horrent crest,
" Now a fierce tiger spring upon thy breast,
" Or wreathe in dragon folds his scaly train,
" Or like a lion shake his brindled mane :
" Now chang'd in crackling fire thy grasp betray,
" Or glide a wave in liquid lapse away.

Sed quantò ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
Tantò, nate, magis contende tenacia vincla;
Donec talis erit mutato corpore, qualem
Videris, incepto tegeret quum lumina somno.
Hæc ait, et liquidum ambrosiæ diffundit odorem,
Quo totum nati corpus perduxit: at illi
Dulcis compositis spiravit crinibus aura,
Atque habilis membris venit vigor. Est specus ingens,
Exesi latere in montis, quò plurima vento
Cogitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos,
Deprensis olim statio tutissima nautis:
Intus se vasti Proteus tegit objice saxi.
Hîc juvenem in latebris aversum a lumine Nympha
Collocat: ipsa procul nebulis obscura resistit.
Jam rapidus torrens sitientes Sirius Indos
Ardebat, cœlo et medium sol igneus orbem
Hauserat; arebant herbæ, et cava flumina siccis
Faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant;
Quum Proteus consueta petens e fluctibus antra
Ibat; eum vasti circum gens humida ponti
Exsultans rorem latè dispersit amarum.
Sternunt se summo diversæ in littore phocæ.

"The more each monstrous form the seer belies,
"More closely fetter in each new disguise,
"Till the tir'd God, through every change pursu'd,
"Resume the shape he wore when first by sleep
"subdu'd."

She spoke, and all the air with odor fill'd,
And o'er her son ambrosial dew distill'd;
Wide from his wavy tresses fragrance flow'd,
And in each limb diffusive vigour glow'd.
Deep in the mountain spreads a spacious cave
By driving tempests worn with frequent wave,
Where oft embosom'd in the winding bay,
Safe from the storm the shelter'd vessel lay:
Cool shadowy grot, the Prophet's old retreat,
Fenc'd by high rocks, and screen'd from noontide heat.
Cyrene there her son in darkness shrouds;
Herself at distance veil'd in mantling clouds.
Now India felt the dog-star's fiery gleam,
And noontide shot from Heav'n a fiercer beam,
Parch'd the dry grass, and shrunk beneath the ray
The streams slow working through their oozy way;
When Proteus drooping from the sultry wave,
Sought the cool haunt of his accustom'd cave.
His herd around in awkward gambols threw
Their shapeless forms, and dash'd the briny dew;
Then here and there, in many a scatter'd band,
Stretch'd their huge limbs, and slept along the strand.

Ipse, velut stabuli custos in montibus olim,
Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit,
Auditisque lupos acuunt balatibus agni,
Considit scopulo medius, numerumque recenset.
Cujus Aristæo quoniam est oblata facultas,
Vix defessa senem passus componere membra,
Cum clamore ruit magno, manicisque jacentem
Occupat. Ille, suæ contrà non immemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque, horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.
Verùm ubi nulla fugam reperit pellacia, victus
In sese redit, atque hominis tandem ore locutus:
Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
Jussit adire domus? quidve hinc petis? inquit.
At ille:
Scis, Proteu, scis ipse; neque est te fallere quidquam:
Sed tu desine velle; deûm præcepta secuti
Venimus hinc lapsis quæsitum oracula rebus.
Tantùm effatus. Ad hæc vates vi denique multâ
Ardentes oculos intorsit lumine glauco,
Et, graviter frendens, sic fatis ora resolvit:
Non te nullius exercent numinis iræ;
Magna luis commissa: tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
Haud quaquam ob meritum pœnas, ni fata resistant,
Suscitat, et raptâ graviter pro conjuge sævit.

He, as a mountain swain, when Hesper leads
His flock returning from the twilight meads,
And the rous'd wolf the distant bleat pursues,
Sits on the cliff, and all his charge reviews:
The time invites: while Proteus bends to rest,
The youth impatient springs upon his breast,
Binds with loud clamour, as he writhes in vain,
And closely fetters with triumphant chain.

Yet, not forgetful of his art, the Sire,
In wondrous change of monster, flood, and fire,
Strove to elude th' indissoluble yoke,
Then rose in human form, and sternly spoke.
"Rash youth! what frenzy urg'd thy impious feet
"To rush unbidden on my lone retreat?"

"Proteus, full well thou know'st," the youth replies,
"Vain were the hope to blind thy searching eyes;
"As vain thy strife; by Heaven's directing will,
"I claim relief from thy prophetic skill."
He said, and, fill'd with fate, the struggling sire
Roll'd his blue eyes that flash'd indignant fire;
From his pale lip reluctant accents broke,
Loud gnash'd his teeth, and thus the Prophet spoke.

"Great is thy guilt; on thy devoted head
"Indignant gods no common vengeance shed;
"Sad Orpheus, doom'd, without a crime, to mourn
"His ravish'd bride that never shall return;

Illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina præceps,
Immanem ante pedes hydrum moritura puella
Servantem ripas .. tâ non vidit in herbâ.
At chorus æqualis Dryadum clamore supremos
Implerunt montes : flerunt Rhodopeïæ arces,
Altaque Pangæa, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus,
Atque Getæ, atque Hebrus, et Actias Orithyia.
Ipse, cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te, veniente die, te, decedente, canebat.
Tænarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,
Et caligantem nigrâ formidine lucum,
Ingressus, Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,
Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.
At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbræ ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum ;
Quam multa in foliis avium se millia condunt,
Vesper ubi aut hibernus agit de montibus imber :

" Wild for her loss, calls down th' inflicted woes,
" Unless the Fates his vengeful wrath oppose.
" When urg'd by thee the nymph in wild affright,
" By the deep river sped her head-long flight;
" She saw not, doom'd to die, where, cross her way,
" Couch'd in the grass, a hideous serpent lay.
" But they, the Dryad choirs, their sister dead,
" Along the mountain brows their clamour spread,
" The Rhodopeian rocks with sorrow rung,
" Deep wailings burst Pangæa's cliffs among,
" Sad Orithyia, and the Getæ wept,
" And loud lament down plaintive Hebrus swept.
" He, lonely, on his harp, 'mid wilds unknown,
" Sooth'd his sad love with melancholy tone:
" On thee, sweet bride! still dwelt th' undying lay,
" Thee first at dawn deplor'd, thee last at close of day.
" For thee he dar'd to pass the jaws of hell,
" And gates where death and darkness ever dwell,
" Trod with firm foot in horror's gloomy grove,
" Approach'd the throne of subterraneous Jove,
" Nor fear'd the manes and stern host below,
" And hearts that never felt for human woe.
" Drawn by his song from Erebus profound
" Shades and unbodied phantoms flock around,
" Countless as birds that fill the leafy bow'r
" Beneath pale eve, or winter's driving show'r.

Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitâ
Magnanimûm heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum;
Quos circùm limus niger, et deformis arundo
Cocyti, tardâque palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, et novies Styx interfusa coërcet.
Quin ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima leti
Tartara, cæruleosque implexæ crinibus angues
Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora,
Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.
Jamque pedem referens casus evaserat omnes,
Redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,
Ponè sequens; namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem;
Quum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes;
Restitit, Eurydicenque suam jam luce sub ipsâ,
Immemor, heu! victusque animi, respexit. Ibi omnis
Effusus labor, atque immitis rupta tyranni
Fœdera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.

" Matrons and sires, and unaffianc'd maids,
" Forms of bold warriors and heroic shades,
" Youths and pale infants laid upon the pyre,
" While their fond parents saw th' ascending fire:
" All whom the squalid reeds and sable mud
" Of slow Cocytus' unrejoicing flood,
" All whom the Stygian lake's dark confine bounds,
" And with nine circles maze in maze surrounds.
" On him, astonish'd Death and Tartarus gaz'd,
" Their viper hair the wond'ring Furies rais'd;
" Grim Cerberus stood, his triple jaws half clos'd,
" And fix'd in air Ixion's wheel repos'd.
" And now his foot had ev'ry peril fled,
" And now his bride, recover'd from the dead,
" Had pass'd to upper air, his path behind,
" Such the fixt law by Proserpine enjoin'd,
" But that in sweet oblivious trance of thought
" The lover err'd, to sudden frenzy wrought:
" Ah! venial vault! if hell had ever known
" Mercy, or sense of suffering not its own.
" He stopp'd, and, ah! forgetful, weak of mind,
" Cast, as she reach'd the light, one look behind.
" There died his hopes, by fond desire betray'd,
" He broke the law that hell's stern tyrant made;
" Thrice o'er the Stygian lake a hollow sound
" Portentous murmur'd from the deep profound.

Illa, Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Quis tantus furor? en iterum crudelia retro
Fata vocant, conditque natantia lumina somnus.
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.
Dixit, et ex oculis subitò, ceu fumus in auras
Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa: neque illum
Prensantem nequidquam umbras, et multa volentem
Dicere, præterea vidit; nec portitor Orci
Ampliùs objectam passus transire paludem.
Quid faceret? quò se raptâ his conjuge ferret?
Quo fletu Manes, quâ numina voce moveret?
Illa quidem Stygiâ nabat jam frigida cymbâ.
Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses
Rupe sub aëriâ, deserti ad Strymonis undam,
Flevisse, et gelidis hæc evolvisse sub antris,
Mulcentem tigres, et agentem carmine quercus.
Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa

" ' Alas! what fates our hapless love divide,
" ' What frenzy, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride!
" ' Again I sink; a voice resistless calls,
" ' Lo! on my swimming eye cold slumber falls.
" ' Now, now farewell! involv'd in thickest night,
" ' Borne far away, I vanish from thy sight,
" ' And stretch towards thee, all hope for ever o'er,
" ' These unavailing arms, ah! thine no more.'—
" She spoke, and from his gaze for ever fled,
" Swift as dissolving smoke through æther spread,
" Nor more beheld him, while he fondly strove
" To catch her shade, and breathe repeated love.
" Deaf to his pray'r, no more stern Charon gave
" To cross the Stygian lake's forbidden wave.
" What should he do? where, dead to hope, reside?
" Bereft of joy, and doubly lost his bride;
" How? By what tears, what prayers, the Gods allay?
" Now shivering in the bark her spirit swam away.—
" For sev'n long months beneath th' aërial cave
" He mourn'd by lonely Strymon's frozen wave;
" With melting melodies the beasts subdu'd,
" And drew around his harp the list'ning wood.
" Thus Philomel, beneath the poplar spray,
" Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch'd away,
" Whom some rough hind, that watch'd her fost'ring nest,
" Tore yet unfledg'd from the maternal breast;

Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet.
Nulla Venus, non ulli animum flexere hymenæi.
Solus Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaïmque nivalem
Arvaque Rhipæis numquam viduata pruinis,
Lustrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque irrita Ditis
Dona querens. Spretæ Ciconum quo munere matres,
Inter sacra deûm, nocturnique orgia Bacchi,
Discerptum latos juvenem sparsere per agros.
Tum quoque marmoreâ caput a cervice revulsum
Gurgite quum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
Ah miseram Eurydicen! animâ fugiente, vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

Hæc Proteus: et se jactu dedit æquor in altum;
Quàque dedit, spumantem undam sub vortice torsit.

At non Cyrene; namque ultro affata timentem:
Nate, licet tristes animo deponere curas.
Hæc omnis morbi causa: hinc miserabile Nymphæ,
Cum quibus illa choros lucis agitabat in altis,

" She, on the bough, all night her plaint pursues,
" Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.
" No earthly charms had pow'r his soul to move,
" No second hymeneal lur'd to love.
" 'Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows,
" 'Mid deserts hoary with Rhipæan snows,
" Lone roam'd the bard, his ravish'd bride deplor'd,
" And the vain gift of hell's relenting lord.
" Scorn'd of the youth, whom grief alone could charm,
" Rage and revenge the Thracian matrons arm;
" 'Mid the dark orgies of their God, they tore
" His mangled limbs, and strow'd along the shore.
" Then from his marble neck, untimely torn,
" While roll'd his head down whirling Hebrus borne,
" His last, last voice, his tongue, now cold in death,
" Still nam'd Eurydice with parting breath;
" 'Ah! lost Eurydice!' his spirit sigh'd,
" And all the rocks Eurydice replied."—
Thus Proteus spoke, and with impetuous bound
Plung'd mid the waves that foam'd in eddies round.
Not thus Cyrene: " Son! thy cares are o'er,
" Cease thy vain fears, and heave the sigh no more!
" Clear is the cause; the nymphs that lov'd the maid,
" Their sportful partner in the woodland shade,

Exitium misêre apibus. Tu munera supplex
Tende petens pacem, et faciles venerare Napæas:
Namque dabunt veniam votis, irasque remittent.
Sed modus orandi qui sit, prius ordine dicam.
Quatuor eximios præstanti corpore tauros,
Qui tibi nunc viridis depascunt summa Lycæi,
Delige, et intactâ totidem cervice juvencas.
Quatuor his aras alta ad delubra dearum
Constitue, et sacrum *jugulis demitte cruorem*,
Corporaque ipsa boum frondoso desere luco.
Pòst, ubi nona suos aurora ostenderit ortus,
Inferias Orphei lethæa papavera mittes,
Placatam Eurydicen vitulâ venerabere cæsâ,
Et nigram mactabis ovem, lucumque revises.
Haud mora, continuò matris præcepta facessit:
Ad delubra venit; monstratas excitat aras;
Quatuor eximios præstanti corpore tauros
Ducit, et intactâ totidem cervice juvencas.
Pòst, ubi nona suos aurora induxerat ortus,
Inferias Orphei mittit, lucumque revisit.
Hîc verò, subitum ac dictu mirabile monstrum!
Adspiciunt liquefacta boum per viscera toto
Stridere apes utero, et ruptis effervere costis,
Immensasque trahi nubes, jamque arbore summâ

"Laid waste thy hive; thou, bend with suppliant strain,
"Woo with rich gifts, and sooth to peace again;
"Soon will th' indulgent Dryads cease their rage,
"And solemn rites their yielding souls assuage.
"Four beauteous bulls that on Lycæus feed,
"Four heifers choose that range untam'd the mead;
"Before the nymphs' high shrines four altars rear,
"And slaughter there each consecrated steer;
"Then leave the victims weltring in their blood
"To waste unseen beneath th' umbrageous wood.
"On the ninth dawn to Orpheus poppies strow,
"And sooth with sable sheep his shade below;
"Be to his bride a votive heifer slain,
"Then seek, with hope reviv'd, the grove again."—
The youth obey'd her voice; the nymphs rever'd,
Before their shrines th' appointed altars rear'd;
Four beauteous bulls from green Lycæus drew,
Four untam'd heifers on the altars slew,
With solemn offerings sooth'd th' Orphean shade,
And, the ninth dawn, explor'd th' umbrageous glade.
Oh, wondrous sight! amid the putrid flood,
Dissolving entrails and fermented blood,
From bursting hides with myriads darken'd o'er,
Buzz the winged bees, and stream through every pore,
Trail in long clouds afar their lengthening flight,
On topmost trees in confluent crowds unite,

Confluere, et lentis uvam demittere ramis.
Hæc super arvorum cultu pecorumque canebam,
Et super arboribus, Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat olympo.
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis otî;
Carmina qui lusi pastorum, audaxque juventâ,
Tityre, te patulæ cecini sub tegmine fagi.

And from the bending boughs on high suspend
Swarms that like clust'ring grapes to earth descend.
Thus sung the Muse, in unambitious strains,
Of trees, of cattle, and of cultur'd plains;
While mighty Cæsar, where Euphrates flows,
Amid the battle, arm'd in thunder, glows,
Victor o'er willing realms his laws extends,
And from the world to opening heav'n ascends.
I, VIRGIL, then, 'mid Naples' grateful bow'rs,
In ease inglorious nurs'd my studious hours,
I whose bold youth the pastoral strain essay'd,
And sung thee, Tityrus, in the beechen shade.

NOTES.

The following Notes, of which the sole object is to facilitate the English version to the English reader, have been added, more in conformity with the desire of others, than from my own original intention: they are chiefly compiled from remarks of former Commentators; and are inserted in the words, and designated by the names of their respective authors. For the selection alone I hold myself responsible. But it would be unpardonable not to particularise the remarks of the Rev. William Stawell, and T. A. Knight, Esq. My estimation of the remarks of the former, will be best evinced by the number and importance of the notes which I have selected from his printed illustrations: and the original observations of the latter, communicated in a letter to me, will give additional proofs of the sagacity of a writer, whose philosophical investigations and successful experiments have not only contributed to the speculative knowledge of this scientific age, but have assisted the labours, and meliorated the produce of the farmer and the horticulturist.

NOTES TO BOOK I.

VER. 8. *Chaonian mast.*] Epirus is often called Chaonia, because the Chaones formerly ruled over the whole country. Dodona, a city of Epirus, celebrated for the oracular oaks encompassing the Temple of Jupiter.

VER. 10. *Acheloïs' wave.*] The river Achelous is said to have been the first that broke out of the earth. Macrobius relates, and Fulvius Ursinus quotes, many passages to prove, that water was solemnly invoked by the term of Achelous.

VER. 14. *And loos'd the steed.*] This alludes to the contest between Neptune and Minerva. The deity whose gift was deemed most beneficial, was to name the new-founded city. Neptune, by the stroke of his trident, caused the earth to pour forth a horse. Minerva (Athenæ) produced an olive-tree. A dolphin in brass was placed over a bar that runs across the entrance of the Hippodrome at Olympia, as a symbol of the production of the horse by Neptune. —*West's Dissertation on the Olympic Games, and quoted by Stawell.*

VER. 15. *Guardian of woods, whose herds, a snowy train.*] Aristæus, the son of Apollo and Cyrene, was taught by the nymphs the arts of curdling milk, and cultivating olive-trees.

VER. 16. *The Cæan plain.*] Cæa, an isle in the Ægean Sea, one of the Cyclades. To this isle Aristæus retired, after the death of his son Actæon.

VER. 18. *Lycæus,* } Mountains of Arcadia, sacred to
19. *Mœnalus.* } Pan.

VER. 20. *Tegeæan Pan.*] Tegea, a town of Arcadia.

VER. 21. *Pallas, whose voice the olive rais'd.*] Pliny says, that the olive-tree produced by Minerva, was to be seen at his time in Athens.

VER. 22. *Fam'd youth, inventor of the crooked plough.*] Triptolemus, the son of Celeus, instructed by Ceres in the arts of husbandry.

VER. 23. *Sylvanus.*] God of the woods. Achilles Statius, in his commentary on Catullus, tells us, that on ancient coins and marbles, Sylvanus is represented bearing a cypress tree plucked up by the roots.

VER. 36. *Maternal myrtle.*] The myrtle was sacred to Venus, from whom, and Anchises, the Julian family boasted their origin.

VER. 39. *Remotest Thule.*] The isle which the Romans called Thule, seems to be Schetland. Schetland is still called by sailors, Thylensel.—STAWELL.

VER. 41. *Wilt thou 'mid Scorpius and the Virgin rise?*] Servius says, that the Chaldæans made the Scorpion extend his claws into the place of Libra, reckoning only eleven signs, though the Egyptian astronomers reckoned twelve. Virgil takes advantage of this difference among the ancient astronomers, and accommodates it poetically, by placing Augustus instead of Libra, the emblem of justice, between Virgo (Erigone) and Scorpio; and describes the Scorpion as already pulling back his claws to make room for him.—MARTYN.

The balance was originally represented as held up by Scorpius, who extended his claws, for that purpose, out of his proper dominions. On the Farnese globe it is held by Scorpius: in several of the gems and medals it is held by a man: this is said to be Augustus. Perhaps the Roman astronomers took the hint of placing him there from Virgil. —POLYMETIS.

VER. 55. *When first young Zephyr melts the mountain snow.*] The beginning of the Spring was in the month of March; but Virgil, and the writers of agriculture, did not confine themselves to the computations of astrologers, but dated their Spring from the end of the frosty weather.—MARTYN.

VER. 68. *Or herbs unbidden grow.*] It is a singular circumstance, that many seeds lie dormant in the earth till brought forward by a particular cultivation or manure. It is known that siliceous sand, limestone gravel, and other calcareous manures, have brought to light the finest carpets of white clover. Poppy seeds have also been known to lie dormant for many years.—*See Tull's Horse-hoeing Husbandry.* STAWELL.

VER. 69. *Tmolus,*] is a mountain of Lydia, famous for saffron.

VER. 69. *Ind her ivory boasts.*] Ivory is the tusk, not the tooth of the elephant. The elephants of India are preferable to those of all other countries.—MARTYN.

VER. 70. *Spice wings the gale round Saba's balmy coasts.*] The Sabeans are a people of Arabia Felix, in whose country only the frankincense-tree is said to grow.—MARTYN.

VER. 72. *The powerful Castor scents the Pontic field.*] Pontus, to the east of the Black Sea, famous for the animal substance castor, which is taken from the odoriferous glands of the beaver. (*See Buffon.*—STAWELL.)

VER. 73. *While fam'd Epirus glories in the breed.*] Epirus, a kingdom of Greece, famous for horses.

VER. 77. ——— *when first Deucalion hurl'd*
The stones, &c.] When the world was destroyed by a deluge, Deucalion, and Pyrrha, his wife, only survived. The oracle of Themis commanded them to cast the bones of their great mother behind them, in order to re-produce the human race. By the *great mother,* they

understood the earth to be meant; and by her *bones*, the stones. They obeyed the oracle; and the stones cast by Deucalion, became men, those cast by Pyrrha, women.—*See Ovid's Metam.*

VER. 81. *Come, when new Spring,* &c.] Both Pliny and Columella agree in this precept. The early season, and the deep ploughing are restrained to the rich soil.

VER. 85. *But in light furrows turn th' unfertile ground,*
When slow Arcturus, &c.] Columella gives the same advice relative to the light and late ploughing of a poor soil. "Arcturus, in the time of Columella and Pliny, "rose with the sun at Athens, when the sun was in $12\frac{1}{3}$ of "Virgo; but at Rome, three days sooner, the sun being "in $9\frac{1}{4}$ of Virgo: the autumnal equinox then falling on "the 24th or 25th of September."—*Dr. Halley, quoted by Martyn.*

VER. 95. *Oats, and the flaxen harvest burn the ground.*] De Lille has suggested the true interpretation of this passage. "Virgile ne défend point ici de semer du lin, de l'avoine et des pavots, comme on peut le voir par le vers 212, où il prescrit le tems de les semer: mais il ordonne aux cultivateurs d'observer que ces sortes de graines, au lieu d'amender la terre comme les légumes, l'épuisent, et l'aimaigrissent."—STAWELL.

VER. 96. *And poppies shedding slumberous dews around.*] The esculent poppy of the Romans seems to be the same as that of our gardens, from the figure of its head in the hand of many statues of Ceres.—MARTYN.

Pliny mentions three sorts: the white, or esculent; the black, the receptacle of opium; the red, which Mr. Martyn thinks the corn-rose, or poppy weed. Of the heads of the first, diacodion is made. The black is found wild, as well as in our gardens.—*See Miller.* STAWELL.

VER. 103. *Much it avails to burn the sterile lands,*
And stubble crackling.] Virgil speaks of two different things, of burning the soil itself before the ground is ploughed, and of burning the stubble after the corn is taken off the arable land. *Mr. B——, quoted by Martyn.*

Cet usage s'est conservé en Italie. Fontanini dans son Histoire des Antiquités d'Horta, rapporte à ce sujet une anecdote singulière. Marie Lancisius qui avoit beaucoup de crédit auprès du Pape Clement XI. incommodée par la chaleur que causoit l'incendie des chaumes dans les campagnes voisines de Rome, persuada au souverain Pontife de proscrire cet usage par un édit. Le Pape fit part de ce projet au Cardinal Nuptius, qui l'en détourna en lui représentant l'antiquité et l'utilité de cet usage, et en lui citant ces beaux vers de Virgile.—DE LILLE.

VER. 123. *Swains! pray for wintry dust, and summer rain.*] This prayer is adopted by the Tuscans to this day. "In "a dry and cold winter the wheat is generally strong-"rooted, and is able to withstand any accidents in the "spring and summer; but if the winter be wet and "mild, and the spring also proves both moist and warm, "a dearth is inevitable."—*Symond's Communications to the Annals of Agriculture.*—STAWELL.

VER. 125—6. ——*Mysia's fertile fields,*
And Gargarus wonders at the wealth he yields.]
Mysia is a part of Asia Minor, joining to the Hellespont. In this province were both a mountain and a town called Gargarus, famous for great plenty of corn.—MARTYN.

VER. 129. *Freshens with streams that at his pleasure glide.*] The advantages of irrigation are well known to the modern cultivators. The sentiments of the ancients on this important precept, are strongly illustrated by the following circumstance, quoted by Warton from Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws.

"When the Persians were masters of Asia, they per-

" mitted those who conveyed a spring to any place, which " had not been watered before, to enjoy the benefit for five " generations : and, as a number of rivulets flowed from " mount Taurus, they spared no expense in directing the " course of their streams. At this day, without knowing " how they came thither, they are found in the fields and " gardens."—STAWELL.

VER. 147. *Oft noxious geese and the Strymonian crane.*] The goose was execrated for the burning quality of her ordure, as well as for rooting up the herbage. Strymon, a river of Macedon.

VER. 169. *Then first the hollow'd alder prest the stream.*] The alder tree delights in moist places, and on the banks of rivers. One of these, hollowed by age, floating down a stream, may have given the first hint towards navigation.—MARTYN.

VER. 172. *Pleiads, and Hyads, and the northern Wain.*] The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the Bull. They are fabled to have been the seven daughters of Atlas King of Mauritania, whence they are called by Virgil Atlantides. The Hyades are seven stars in the head of the Bull. Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, violated by Jupiter, was turned into a bear by Juno. Jupiter afterwards translated her into the constellation called by us the Great Bear.—MARTYN.

VER. 183. *What time the arbute fail'd.*] The arbute or strawberry-tree is common in our gardens. The fruit resembles a strawberry, but is larger, and has not the seed on the outside of the pulp, like that fruit. It grows plentifully in Italy, where the meaner sort of people eat the fruit, a very sorry diet.—MARTYN.

VER. 185. ——— *here mildew fed.*] Sir Joseph Banks, in a late pamphlet, attributes the disease of blight, or mildew, to a parasitic plant of the fungus kind, growing on the stalks of wheat, which propagates rapidly: this he illus-

trates by engravings made from the drawings of Mr. Bauer, Botanical Painter to His Majesty; the striped appearance of the surface of a straw, which may be seen by a common magnifying glass, is caused by alternate longitudinal partitions of the bark, the one imperforate, and the other furnished with one or two rows of pores or mouths, shut in dry, and open in wet weather; by these pores, which exist also on the leaves and glumes, it is presumed that the seeds of the fungus gain admission, and at the bottom of the hollows to which they lead, they germinate and push their minute roots, no doubt into the cellular texture beyond the bark, where they draw their nourishment by intercepting the sap that was intended by nature for the nutriment of the grain. Though every species of corn is subject to the blight, he remarks, that Spring-corn is less damaged by it than Winter-corn, and rye less than wheat. Each individual is so small, that every pore on a straw will produce from twenty to forty fungi, and every one of these will no doubt produce one hundred seeds. A few diseased plants, scattered over a field, must very speedily infect a whole neighbourhood, for the seeds of fungi are not much heavier than the air. The fungus of the barberry-bush, and that of wheat, are possibly one of the same species: the seed, therefore, transferred to the corn, may be one cause of the disease.—STAWELL.

VER. 186. *There thistles.*] Our common thistle not only sends forth creeping roots, which spread every way, and send up suckers on all sides, but is propagated also by a vast number of seeds, which, by means of their winged down, are carried to a considerable distance. Dr. Woodward has calculated, that one thistle seed will produce at the first crop twenty-four thousand, and consequently, five hundred and seventy-six millions of seeds at the second crop.—STAWELL.

VER. 188. *Caltrop.*] The land caltrop is an herb with a prickly fruit, which grows commonly in Italy, and other warm countries.

VER. 189. *Wild oats.*] These are not the common oats degenerated by growing wild, but a different species: the chaff of them is hairy, and the seed is small, like that of grass. It was the general opinion of the ancients, that wheat and barley degenerated into these weeds; but they are specifically different, and rise from their own seeds.—MARTYN

It is remarked that the wild oat remains a century in the soil, without losing its vegetative quality. As it ripens before any crop of grain, it sheds its seed on the ground, protected from the birds by the roughness of its coat.—*See Marshall, quoted by Stawell.*

VER. 189. *Darnel.*] C'est une opinion générale dans l'Italie que l'ivraie ou le gioglio, selon la manière de parler du peuple, si elle est mêlée dans le pain avec la farine, dérange la tête de celui qui en mange. On dit aussi d'un homme mélancholique, a mangiato di pane con loglio.—DE LILLE.

In Ireland, this weed, which the peasants call Reeleigh, is very prevalent in the corn, and its flour has been observed to be of an intoxicating quality.—STAWELL.

VER. 192. *With ceaseless shout the feather'd plunderers scare.*] It is necessary for the farmer to use a wise discrimination. It is said, that the destructive fly of America prevails from the absence of rooks, whereas crows (with which these innocent birds are often confounded) are most unprincipled plunderers. In Ireland they are remarked for rooting up the potatoe sets when just planted, and watching for them in all the stages of their growth: they contrive to draw the longest wheaten straws out of the closest made stacks. The impudent familiarity of the sparrow should not be

suffered to disgust us; who, by the destruction of insect-eggs, almost repays the debt to vegetation contracted by his voraciousness.—STAWELL.

VER. 200. *That draws along slow Ceres.*] In the feasts of Ceres, at Rome, her statue was carried about in a cart, or waggon.—MARTYN.

VER. 200. *Sleds.*] The tribulum, or tribula, was an instrument used by the ancients to thrash their corn. It was a plank set with stones or pieces of iron, with a weight laid upon it, and so was drawn over the corn by oxen.—MARTYN.

Immediately preceding the Revolution, they trampled out the grain with oxen, in France, and preferred that mode to the flail. Burning the straw to obtain the grain, was an ancient practice in Ireland.—*See Young's Tour in France, quoted by Stawell.*

VER. 204. *Van of God.*] The fan, or van, the instrument that separates the wheat from the chaff, is a proper emblem of separating the virtuous from the wicked. In the drawings of the ancient paintings by Bellori, there are two that seem to relate to initiations, and in each of them is the vannus. In one, the person that is initiating, stands in a devout posture, and with a veil on, the old mark of devotion; while two that were formerly initiated, hold the van over his head. In the other, there is a person holding the van, with a young infant in it. "Whose fan is in his "hand, and he shall thoroughly purge his floor, and will "gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will "burn with unquenchable fire." Luke iii. 17.—*Holdsworth and Spence, quoted by Warton.*

VER. 221. *Then builds the field-mouse.*] Mr. Wagstaff (see Bath Papers) says, that the tussocks of wheat seen to arise in many fields, are owing to the granaries of these diminutive animals; which he has often found to contain

nearly a hatful of corn, which grows into a tuft, if the owner (the mouse) be accidentally destroyed. These tufts he recommends to be divided, and transplanted in the spring.—STAWELL.

VER. 237. *Some medicate the seed.*] On a vu plusieurs fois, en conséquence de la préparation des sémences, un seul grain pousser sept ou huit tiges, dont chacun portoit un épi de plus de cinquante grains. Le nombre de tiges sur un même pied c'est quelquefois trouvé prodigieux; on en a compté jusqu'à trente, soixante, et près de cent. Un grain de seigle, qui avoit cru sous les débris d'une couche de mon jardin, m'a donné 14 épis et 833 grains. Pline raconte qu'on avoit envoyé d'Afrique à Auguste un grain qui avoit poussé 400 tiges, et que Neron en avoit reçu un sur lequel on en comptoit 560.—*Pluche, quoted by De Lille.*

VER. 244. *Cull'd yearly, one by one, the largest grain.*] There is an old opinion that the earth is fond of variety of seed, and the farmers generally change their seed of every kind within a short period, to prevent degeneration. With some, however, this principle is exploded, who deem it more reasonable to cull the best seed from their own every year, as has been observed by Mr. Bakewell with respect to his breeding cattle.—*Letter on Husbandry in Lord Kaimes' Life.*

It has been intimated that plants acquire certain habits, which they preserve for a time, though removed to different soils and climates: this disposition may and has been taken advantage of. The Siberian wheat, habituated to a rapid vegetation, in a season of momentary warmth, retains the impression of its climate. Fruit trees that are forced, will vegetate under the same premature impulse, even after the cause is removed. The corn of a southern aspect will ripen early, though changed to a more unfavourable situation.—STAWELL.

VER. 251, 252.] Arcturus is a star of the first magnitude, in the sign Bootes; the Kids, two stars on the left

arm of Auriga, whose rising portended storms: the Dragon, a constellation between the two Bears.

VER. 254. *Abydos.*] Abydos is situated on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont.

VER. 255. *When poising Libra rest and labour weighs,*
257. ——————————— *the barley seed enclose.*]
The time mentioned by Virgil for the sowing of barley, is from the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice. This perhaps may seem strange to an English reader, it being our custom to sow it in the spring. But it is certain that, in warmer climates, they sow it at the latter end of the year; whence it happens, that their barley harvest is considerably sooner than their wheat harvest. Thus we find, in the book of Exodus, the flax and the barley were destroyed by the hail, because the barley was in the ear, and the flax was in seed; but the wheat and the rye escaped, because they were not yet come up.—MARTYN.

VER. 263. *When Taurus' golden horns the year unbar.*] C'est par le Belier que commence l'année astronomique; mais comme c'est au mois d'Avril que la Nature ouvre son sein, Virgil a jugé àpropos de faire ouvrir l'année rurale par le signe du Taureau, où le soleil entre le 22 Avril. Virgil donne au Taureau deux cornes dorées à cause d'une étoile brillante qu'il a au bout de chacune de ses deux cornes. —DE LILLE.

VER. 265. *Lucerne.*] The lucerne was introduced from Media into Greece, by Darius, in the Persian war.

VER. 266. *And millet springing from thy yearly toil.*] Le sainfoin dure plusieurs années: le millet, au contraire, veut être semé tous les ans.—DE LILLE.

VER. 273. *Ere Maia sets.*] Maia is one of the Pleiades: the poet puts a part for the whole. He speaks here against sowing too early; and we are informed by Columella, that it was an old proverb amongst the farmers, that an early

sowing often deceives our expectations, but seldom a late one.—MARTYN.

VER. 272. *Ariadne.*] Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete. At the celebration of her nuptials with Bacchus, in the island of Naxos, where she was abandoned by Theseus, Venus presented her with a crown, which was translated to the heavens.

VER. 275. *Pelusian lentil.*] Pelusium is a town of Egypt, which gives name to one of the seven mouths of the Nile: the best lentils are said to grow in that country.—MARTYN.

VER. 277. *Bootes.*] Bootes, a northern constellation, near the tail of the Great Bear. Arcturus (in this constellation) sets, according to Columella, on the 29th of October.—MARTYN.

VER. 291. *O'er us perpetual glows th' exalted Pole.*] Virgil says that the North Pole is elevated, because that only is visible to us; and, for the contrary reason, he calls the Southern Pole, depressed.

VER. 295. *The Bears that dread their flaming lights to lave,*
And slowly roll above the ocean wave.] Virgil, no doubt, had in view Homer's description of the northern constellations on the shield of Achilles.

" The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team,
" And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
" To which, around the axle of the sky,
" The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,
" Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
" Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main."

POPE.—MARTYN.

VER. 297. *There Night, eternal Night, and Silence sleep.*] Virgil here alludes to that doctrine of Epicurus, that the sun might possibly revive and perish daily; and in line 298,

" There bright Aurora beams returning day,"

he proposes the contrary doctrine; that the sun lights another hemisphere, when he leaves our horizon. Lucretius mentions both opinions.—MARTYN.

VER. 320. *Now parch the grain.*] The Romans kiln-dried their corn before grinding, from its being considered more salubrious, and in conformity with an ordinance.—DE LILLE. STAWELL.

VER. 323. *Go forth, the Gods permit, thy ditches drain.*] The Romans were permitted to drain their fields on festal days, but not to irrigate them.

VER. 325. ——————— *and timely lave*
The bleating flock beneath the wholesome wave.]
Columella observes upon this passage, that it was unlawful to wash the sheep on holidays, for the sake of the wool; but that it was allowed to wash them, for the cure of their diseases.—MARTYN.

VER. 329. *Brings pitch.*] A l'égard de la poix, les Romaines en faisoient grand usage pour goudronner les vases où ils gardoient le miel et le vin.—DE LILLE.

VER. 351. *By night o'er arid meads the swathe pursue.*] Pliny observes, that a dewy night is fittest for mowing.—MARTYN.

VER. 357. *Seethes the sweet must.*] Must is the new wine before fermentation. We find, in Columella, that it was usual to boil some of the must, till a fourth part, or a third, or even sometimes half, was evaporated; and this was put into some sorts of wine, to make them keep. Columella recommends the sweetest must for this purpose. —MARTYN.

VER. 360. *And tread the ear.*] This was the common practice throughout the East; and that humane text of Scripture, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is a plain allusion to it.—WARTON.

VER. 361. *Plough naked, naked sow.*] This precept is taken from Hesiod. According to Pliny, Cincinnatus was

found ploughing naked, when the dictatorship was announced to him.—MARTYN.

VER. 377. *The Balearic sling.*] The Balearides are two islands near Spain, now Majorca and Minorca. Their inhabitants are said to have been famous for slinging.—MARTYN,

VER. 401. *The Thunderer, thron'd in clouds, with darkness crown'd,*
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.]

This description is very sublime, but is excelled by the storm in the 18th Psalm: God is described flying upon the wings of the wind; "He made darkness his secret place, his position round about him with dark water, and thick clouds to cover him. The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at thy chiding, oh Lord."—WARTON.

VER. 403. *The beasts are fled.*] "Les animaux ont fui." J'ai crû qu'on me pardonneroit d'avoir essayé de rendre la vivacité admirable de ce trait, produit, à ce qu'il me semble, par sa précision, et par le changement du présent en parfait. Je suis étonné que Dryden, écrivant dans une langue plus hardie que la nôtre, ait defiguré cet endroit par ce vers trainant et froid:

And flying beasts in forests seek abodes.—

DE LILLE.

VER. 405. *Athos.*] A mountain of Macedonia.

VER. 406. *Ceraunias' brow.*] Mountains in Epirus.

VER. 412. *Or swift Cyllenius.*] Mercury, called Cyllenius from Cyllene, a mountain in Arcadia, where he was born.

VER. 426. *And wreath'd with oak, in untaught measures bound.*] Un commentateur Anglois (Mr. Holdsworth) dit avoir vu des paysans Florentins danser et chanter dans le mois de Juillet, la tête couronnée de feuilles de chêne.—DE LILLE.

VER. 435. *Loud rings the crash upon the mountain brow.*]

" Along the woods, along the Moorish fens
" Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
" And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
" And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
" And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,
" Resounding long in list'ning fancy's ear."

Thomson, quoted by Warton.

VER. 465. *The vast bow drinks.*] It was a vulgar opinion amongst the ancients, that the rain-bow drew up water with its horns. We find frequent allusions amongst the poets to this erroneous opinion. I shall content myself with one quotation from the Curculio of Plautus: where, as Lena, a drunken crooked old woman, is taking a large draught of wine, Palinurus says, " See how the bow drinks; we shall certainly have rain to-day."—MARTYN.

VER. 468. *Or where Cayster floods the Asian plain.*] The Asian plain is the name of a fenny country, which receives the overflowings of the Cayster, a river of Asia, which rises in Phrygia Major, passes through Lydia, and falls into the Ægean Sea near Ephesus. The country about this river being marshy, abounds with water-fowl.—MARTYN.

VER. 485. *Nor Halcyons, lov'd of Thetis.*] The king-fisher: Ceyx and Alcyone, on account of their mutual fidelity and love, were changed into king-fishers: and the Gods ordained that, during their incubation, the ocean should be unruffled; an amiable superstition! The story is beautifully related in the eleventh book of Ovid's Metam. During the incubation the attachment of the male is unalterable. The sea-nymphs are said by Theocritus to be passionately fond of this bird.—STAWELL.

VER. 491. " *Nisus,*" — *and Scylla.*] Nisus, King of Acathoë or Megara, had a lock of purple hair, on which depended the security of the state. Scylla, his daughter, enamoured of Minos, who had laid siege to Megara, cut off

the fatal lock. Minos rejected her advances, and sailed to Crete without her. She plunged after him, and clung to the vessel that conveyed him, till her father, changed into a sea-eagle, hovered over her to tear her into pieces, when she loosed her hold, and was changed into a ciris, supposed to be a lark.—STAWELL. *Ovid's Metam. Book* 8.

VER. 526—8. *Panope, Glaucus, Ino.*] Panopea, one of the sea-nymphs, the offspring of Nereus and Doris. Glaucus was a fisherman, who, observing that the fish he caught, upon touching a certain herb, was recruited in strength, and leaped into the sea, had the curiosity to taste it; upon which he leaped into the water, and became a sea god. Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, and wife of Athamas King of Thebes: flying from the fury of her husband, who had already torn one of their children to pieces, threw herself into the sea with her son Melicerta. They were both changed into sea deities.

VER. 563. *While in dark clouds he veil'd his radiant light.*] Plutarch says, that this obscurity continued for a year after the death of Julius; and, that the fruits rotted, without coming to maturity, for want of the heat of the sun.—STAWELL.

VER. 566. *Birds of ill note, and dogs dire omens gave.*] Ovid mentions the dogs howling in the Forum, and about houses, and in the temples.—STAWELL.

VER. 570. *And molten rocks that blaz'd beneath the blast.*] The academy of Naples confirms the propriety of the poet's description of a volcanic eruption, in the account published of the eruption from Vesuvius in 1737, when the rocks were melted.—STAWELL.

VER. 571—72. *O'er all the sky, Germania heard afar*
The bray of arms that preluded the war.]
Appian speaks of the din of arms, the shouting of men, and the trampling of horses being heard, though nothing could be seen.—*Appian, lib.* 4. STAWELL.

Perhaps this was some remarkable aurora borealis seen about that time in Germany. The learned M. Celsius, Professor of Astronomy at Upsal in Sweden, has assured me, that in those northern parts of the world, during the appearance of an aurora borealis, he has heard a rushing sound in the air, like the clapping of a bird's wings.—MARTYN.

VER. 575. *Shapes wond'rous pale by night were seen to rove.*] Plutarch and Ovid mention ghosts appearing at night, before Cæsar's death.—*See Calphurnia's speech in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.* Act ii. sc. 11.

VER. 576. *And a loud voice oft shook the silent grove.*] Josephus, speaking of the prodigies that preceded the destruction of Jerusalem, says, that the priests heard a voice in the night-time, saying, "Let us go hence."—MARTYN.

VER. 579. *The ivory weeps 'mid consecrated walls,*
Sweat in big drops from brazen statues falls.]
Appian says, that some statues sweated blood. Ovid and Tibullus mention the tears of the images of the gods.

VER. 582. *Eridanus pours forth his torrent tide.*] The Greek name of the Po, "the monarch" of the Italian rivers. Along the banks of this river are high dykes raised against its depredations; there are matted huts at every hundred or two hundred yards, with men stationed called "Guardia di Po," ready to assist with their tools at a moment's warning, in case of a breach.—*See Young's Tour, quoted by Stawell.*

VER. 589. *Such lightnings never fir'd th' unclouded air,*
Nor comets trail'd so oft their blaze of hair.]
Thunder from a clear sky was always deemed a prodigy by the ancients. A comet appeared for seven nights after the death of Julius; which, Pliny says, was worshipped in a temple at Rome, as a sign that the soul of Cæsar was received into the number of the gods.

VER. 591. *For this, in equal arms, Philippi view'd*
Rome's kindred bands again in gore embru'd,
Nor did the Gods repent that twice our host
Broad Hæmus fed, and bath'd th' Emathian coast.]

In the history of the two civil wars of Cæsar and Pompey, and of Augustus and the Republicans under Brutus and Cassius, we shall find, as Mr. Martyn suggests, that they may be ascribed to the same country. Lucan speaks of Emathia, Thessaly, Hæmus, Pharsalus, and Philippi being in the same country. Strabo tells us, that some reckon Epirus a part of Macedon.

Pomponius Mela seems to speak of Thessaly also as a part of Macedon.

Ovid places Philippi in the Emathian territory, which comprised, probably, in the indistinctness of ancient geography, Macedon, Thessaly, and Epirus: there will appear, therefore, a very pardonable latitude in Virgil's calling these different sub-denominations of country by the comprehensive description, Emathian, including the extensive plains of Hæmus in Thrace, to whose very confines the wreck of Pompey's army was pursued in the neighbourhood of Philippi.—STAWELL.

Virgil means by his two battles of Philippi, not two battles on the same spot, but at two distant places of the same name: the former (that of Cæsar and Pompey) at Philippi (Thebæ Phthiæ), near Pharsalus in Thessaly; the latter (that of Augustus against Brutus and Cassius) at Philippi, near the confines of Thrace.—HOLDSWORTH.

VER. 595. *There, after length of time, the peaceful swain*
Who ploughs the turf that swells o'er armies slain,
Shall cast, half-gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in air,
And hollow helms that clash beneath the share.]

The art of the poet in returning to his subject by inserting the circumstance of the ploughman finding the old armour,

cannot be sufficiently admired. Phillips has finely imitated it in his "Cyder," where, speaking of the destruction of old Ariconium, he adds,

"——— upon that treacherous tract of land
"There whilom stood: now, Ceres, in her prime,
"Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
"The apple-tree, by our forefathers' blood
"Improved, that now recalls the devious Muse,
"Urging her destin'd labours to pursue."

PHILLIPS's Cyder, b. i.—WARTON.

VER. 599. *And 'mid their yawning graves amaz'd behold,*
Large bones of warriors of gigantic mould.]
What difficulty a poet, so justly celebrated as De Lille, should have found in rendering into French the original of this passage, I cannot conceive. His translation, and his note, I shall now transcribe.

"Et des soldats Romains les ossements rouler."

Je n'ai pu rendre ce mot "grandia" (large), qui, si l'on en croit les commentateurs, fait allusion à une opinion particulière des anciens. Ils croyoient que les hommes dégénéroient de siècle en siècle: voilà de ces expressions qui sont intraduisibles, parce qu'elles tiennent aux prejugés et aux opinions des anciens."—How strange!

VER. 608. *Sates vengeful Gods for Troy's perfidious guilt.*]
Laomedon defrauded Apollo and Neptune of the reward promised them for building a rampart round Troy: to appease the wrath of the offended deities, he exposed his daughter Hesione to a sea monster, whom Hercules released; but Hercules being defrauded of the horses engaged to him, sacked the city, slew Laomedon, and gave Hesione in marriage to Telamon.

VER. 616. *And scythes, transform'd to falchions, arm their hands.*] "Beat your ploughshares into "swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears." Joel, ch. iii. v. 10.—STAWELL.

VER. 617. *There Parthia's hosts, Germania's here engage.*] Cet endroit des Géorgiques semble avoir été écrit dans le tems qu'Auguste et Antoine rassembloient leurs forces pour cette guerre dont le succès fut décidé par la défaite d'Antoine et Cléopatre au promontoire d'Actium. Antoine tiroit ses forces de la partie orientale de l'empire : c'est ce que Virgile désigne par l'Euphrate. Auguste tiroit les siennes de la partie septentrionale : c'est ce que exprime Germania.—DE LILLE, *from* MARTYN.

NOTES TO BOOK II.

VER. 4. *And olives slowly ripening into fruit.*] The epithet "slow-grower," given to the olive by the Greek writers, must have arisen from their cultivating it by seed, and not by truncheons. Mr. Miller has said, that the former method is practised to this day in Greece. Pliny quotes Hesiod, where he says, that the planter of an olive never lived to gather the fruit; but that, in his time, they planted the olive in one year, and gathered the fruit in the next.—*See Martyn, quoted by Stawell.*

VER. 5. *Oh come, Lenæan sire.*] From ληνὸς, a wine-press—sire, father, a title peculiar to Bacchus.

VER. 9. *Oh cast thy buskins off.*] Bacchus is represented frequently with buskins; thence, "The buskin'd Muse," to designate Tragedy, which arose from the feasts in honour of Bacchus. Thus we find in Tacitus, that Silius wore buskins, in imitation of Bacchus. Velleius Paterculus also tells us, that Marc Antony would have himself be called a new Father Bacchus, and was carried at Alexandria in a chariot, like Father Bacchus, crowned with ivy, adorned with a golden crown, holding a thyrsus, and wearing buskins. —MARTYN.

VER. 10. *Stain in new must thy limbs.*] This alludes to the custom of treading out the grapes.

VER. 21. *Huge æsculus o'ershadowing all the grove.*] It is not easy to determine certainly what the poet denominates the æsculus. Martyn affirms that it cannot be our beech. Mr. Stawell assigns many reasons for supposing it to be a species of the oak.

VER. 24. *Clustering cherries.*] Cherries were introduced from Pontus in Asia, by Lucullus, and displayed by him with great pomp in his triumph over Mithridates, about the year 680 of the building of Rome. About 120 years afterwards, Pliny says, they were introduced into Great Britain.

VER. 26. *The young Parnassian bay,*] The finest bay trees grow on Parnassus. Martyn concludes, that the laurus of the ancients is the bay, and not our laurel.

The common laurel was presented, 1576, by David Ungnad, the Imperial ambassador in Turkey, to Clusius the botanist. It was sent from Constantinople to him by the name of Trabis-on-curmasi, or the date of Trebisond: but he named it Lauro-cerasus.—*See Mason's English Garden.* STAWELL.

VER. 41. *In each cleft piece the olive lives again,*
Puts forth new roots, and clothes the wondering plain.] La Cerda assures us, qu'il a été témoin de cette réproduction merveilleuse en Espagne, où il écrivit son commentaire sur Virgile. On a remarqué près d'Ollioula, qui est à une lieue de Toulon, que la plupart des oliviers sont des rejetons des anciennes tiges qui moururent dans l'hiver de 1709.—DE LILLE.

VER. 49. *O'er Ismarus vineyards spread.*] Ismarus a mountain of Thrace, famous for vines. Ulysses commends the wine given to him by Maron, the priest of Apollo at Ismarus.

VER. 50. *And shade with olives bleak Taburnum's head.*] Taburnus a mountain in Campania, famous for olives.

VER. 85. *From natural plants the hardy hazels born.*] This line, and the six subsequent, have been by Mr. Holdsworth very ingeniously, I know not whether justly, interpreted to mean the act of transplanting full-grown trees.

VER. 86. *Trees whose thick leaves th' Herculean brow adorn.*] The poplar, sacred to Hercules.

VER. 91. *O'er the rough arbute grafted walnuts spread.*] Columella supports the practicability of grafting any scion on any stock; and the instance he produces is the union of an olive with a fig-tree.—MARTYN.

De Lille supposes it practicable by inducing an uniformity of motion in the sap-juice of each tree; and adds, C'est ce qu'on a pratiqué souvent avec succès. A Carthusian friar is said to have succeeded in grafting a vine on a fig-tree, and a jessamine on an orange.—*Travels in France and Italy, by E. Wright.*

Another writer says, that if a vine be grafted on a cherry, the grapes which it produces will be ripe in the seasons of cherries. The sexual system is hostile to these unnatural connections.—STAWELL.

VER. 93. *Luxuriant apples load the steril planes.*] The platanus is our oriental plane-tree. Pliny tells us, that this tree was first brought over the Ionian Sea, into the island of Diomedes, for a monument for that hero: thence into Sicily, and so into Italy. Pliny likewise mentions that the ancients had so profuse a veneration for this tree, as to irrigate it with wine.—MARTYN.

VER. 98. *To graft the scion, or the bud enclose.*] The poet shews the difference between grafting and inoculating: the latter operation consists in making a slit in the bark of one tree, and inserting the bud of another into it. There are several ways of grafting now in use: but the only one which Virgil describes, is what we call cleft-grafting, which is performed by cleaving the head of the stock, and placing a scion from another tree in the cleft.—MARTYN.

VER. 110. *And other loti rise.*] Mr. Martyn thinks, in which he is followed by De Lille, that the lotus of which Virgil speaks, and which gave its name to the lotophagi, is what we now call the zizyphus, or the jujube-tree. The leaves of this are about an inch and a half long, and about one inch in breadth: of a shining green colour, and

serrated. The fruits grow thick upon the branches: they are of the shape and size of olives; and the pulp of them has a sweet taste like honey, which agrees with what Homer says of the lotus.

Theophrastus describes the rhamnus lotus of Linnæus. Dr. Shaw has seen many of them in Barbary, and describes it to be a shrub like zizyphus, or jubeb. *See Shaw's Travels.*—STAWELL.

VER. 111. *Not one the cypress on th' Idæan height.*] Ida a mountain in Crete. Theophrastus says, that the cypress is so familiar to that island, that it comes up there spontaneously, on turning up the soil.—MARTYN.

VER. 120. *Than Lesbos gathers from Methymna's field.*] Methymna a city of Lesbos in the Ægean Sea.

VER. 122. *There Thasian clusters.*] Thasos another island in the Ægean.

VER. 123. *Dried in the sun-beams Psythian raisins glow.*] Passum is a wine made from raisins or dried grapes.

VER. 124. *And staggering draughts from sharp lageos flow.*] Lageos is so called from a hare, on account of its colour, λαγωὸς.

VER. 129. *How shall I praise thee, boast of Rhætian hills?*
Alone Falernum richer juice distils.] Rhætia confined on Italy. Suetonius informs us, that its wine was the favourite of Augustus Cæsar. Falernus a mountain of Campania, famous for the best wine.—MARTYN.

VER. 131. *Proud Tmolus bows to Aminæan wines,*
And crown'd Phanæus' cluster'd brow inclines.] Tmolus a mountain of Lydia. Le Tmole, qui étoit fertile en safran, l'étoit aussi en excellent vin. On voit à Pouzzol une vase dédiée à Tibère, sur laquelle sont quatre figures en bas-relief, réprésentant quatre provinces d'Asie avec leurs attributs, et le nom des figures au bas de chacune, le Tmole y est représenté en Bacchus, sans doute à cause de l'abondance et de la bonté de son vin.—DE LILLE.

VER. 135. *Nor be thou, Rhodian! lov'd of Gods, unsung,*
Or swelling clusters from Bumastus' sprung.] The Rhodian wine was poured forth in libations to the Gods at the second course of the Romans. Le Bumaste étoit un gros raisin qui tire son nom du mot grec qui signifie mammelle de vache.—DE LILLE.

VER. 150. *There Scythia's painted race.*] The Geloni, a people of Scythia, who painted their faces, like several other barbarous nations, to make themselves appear more terrible in war.

VER. 153. *Lo! India's realm alone dark ebon bears.*] Theophrastus also says, that ebony was peculiar to India. This wood is said to have been first brought to Rome when Pompey triumphed over Mithridates. Pliny quotes Herodotus, to shew that Ethiopia produces ebony: Lucan also mentions its growth in that country. But Servius vindicates the poet, by saying, that Ethiopia was reckoned a part of India. There are three kinds of ebony, black, red, and green.—STAWELL.

VER. 155. *There trees weep balsam from the trickling wound.*] According to Pliny, the balsam-plant grows only in Judæa; but Josephus mentions in his Jewish Antiquities, that this plant was introduced from Egypt by the Queen of Sheba, who presented it to Solomon. The true country of this plant is said to be Arabia Felix. The balsam flows out of the branches, either naturally, or through incisions, in June, July, and August. It is said to be white at first, then green, and at last of a yellow colour, like that of honey.—STAWELL.

Vespasien et Titus firent voir à Rome cet arbuste dans la cérémonie de leur triomphe, après avoir terminé la guerre contre les Juifs.—DE LILLE.

VER. 156. *And here with berries green Acanthus crown'd.*] It is supposed that Virgil here speaks of an Egyptian tree. It is large, and affords timber of twelve cubits: the fruit grows in pods, after the manner of pulse, and is used by the

inhabitants instead of galls in dressing leather: the flower is beautiful, and used in garlands; it is also used as a medicine: a gum also flows from it, either spontaneously, or by incision. It shoots again the third year after cutting. A large wood of it grows about Thebais. Mr. Martyn takes this tree to be the Egyptian acacia, from which we obtain gum arabic.—STAWELL.

VER. 157. *Soft wool from downy groves the Æthiop weaves.*] These groves are the cotton trees: they grow usually to about fifteen feet in height: the cotton grows within a green husk, which serves to defend the seeds.

VER. 158. *The Seres comb their fleece from silken leaves.*] Les Romains, qui n'avoient point de commerce immédiat avec la Chine, et chez qui la soie n'arrivoit qu'après avoir passé par bien de mains étrangères, avoient entendu dire qu'on la recueilloit sur des arbres, d'où ils concluoient qu'elle étoit la production des arbres même.

Plus l'usage de la soie est commun, moins on a besoin de laine, moins on nourrit de troupeaux, moins on a d'engrais pour fertiliser les terres. Cette raison, quoique vieille, n'en est pas moins sensée: c'étoit elle qui avoit prévenu le sage Sully contre les manufactures d'étoffes de soie.—DE LILLE.

VER. 163. *Nor be the citron, Media's boast, unsung.*] Pliny speaks of the citron as the most salutary of exotic fruits, and a remedy for poison. Palladius seems to have first cultivated it with any success in Italy.—MARTYN.

VER. 176. *Ganges' fair flood, or Hermus' golden bed.*] The Indian Ganges is mentioned by Pliny, among the rivers which afford gold.—Hermus, a river of Lydia: it receives the Pactolus, famous for its golden sands.

VER. 177. *Nor Bactra.*] The capital of Bactriana, a country between Parthia and India, celebrated for its large-grained wheat.

VER. 178. *Where incense spreads o'er all Panchaia's sand.*] Panchaia is a country of Arabia Felix.

VER. 181. } *No bulls beneath th' enchanted yoke—*
183. } *No hydra teeth embattled harvest yield.*] Virgil alludes to Jason, and the golden fleece. See the spirited description in Apollonius Rhodius, beautifully imitated by Val. Flaccus.

VER. 190. *Clitumnus! hence thy herds, more white than snow.*] Now called Clitumno: it rises a little below Campello, in Ombria. The inhabitants near this river still retain a notion, that its waters are attended with a supernatural property, imagining that it makes the cattle white that drink of it.—*See Melmoth's Pliny, p.* 455. —WARTON.

VER. 197. *Th' o'erloaded branch twice fills with fruits the year.*] Varro mentions an apple-tree that bears twice. There is a vine near Ischia which produces grapes three times a year (uva di tre volte l'anno). There are fig-trees that produce twice annually. See De Lille, who has remarked, that Virgil wishes to impress that Italy enjoys the fecundity of warm climates, without their general evils—tigers, lions, serpents, and poisons.—STAWELL.

VER. 209—210. *Larius—Benacus.*] Larius, at the foot of the Alps, now Lago di Como. Benacus, in the Veronese, Lago di Garda.

VER. 211. ———— *the Lucrine's added mole,*
Seas that enrag'd along their bulwark roll,
Far from the sea where Julian waters roar,
And Tuscan billows sweep th' Avernian shore.]
Lucrinus and Avernus are two lakes of Campania, the former of which was almost destroyed by an earthquake; the latter still remains, and is called Lago d'Averno. The Lucrine bay was separated from the sea by a mound, which was said to have been made by Hercules; but as the sea had broken through it, Agrippa restored it: the moles

erected by him permitted only a communication with the sea, sufficient to receive the ships into the harbour. Suetonius says, that Augustus called the bason within the mole, the Julian port. We find, in Strabo, that the lake Avernus lay near the Lucrine bay, but more within land: hence it seems probable, that a cut was made between the two lakes.—STAWELL. MARTYN.

VER. 215. *Here brass and silver earth's deep beds contain.*] Pliny tells us that Italy abounds in all sorts of metals, but that to dig them was forbidden by a decree of the senate.

VER. 218. *The Marsian youth, the Sabine's hardy brood—*
219—220. *Ligurians—Volsci.*] The Marsi, a valiant people of Italy, said to be descended from Marsus, the son of Circe. The Sabines inhabited Samnium. The Ligurians inhabited that part of Italy which is now the republic of Genoa. The Volsci, a warlike people of ancient Italy: of their race was the celebrated Camilla.

VER. 221. *Camilli, Marii, Decii swell thy line,*
And, thunderbolts of war, each Scipio, thine!]
Marcus Furius Camillus drove the Gauls from Rome, after they had taken the city, and laid siege to the Capitol. His son Lucius conquered the Gauls.

There were several Marii: one was seven times consul: Julius Cæsar was related to them by marriage; hence, in compliment to Augustus, the poet celebrates the Marian family.

The elder Scipio delivered his country from the invasion of Hannibal, by transferring the war into Africa, where he subdued the Carthaginians, and obtained the surname of Africanus: the younger Scipio triumphed for the conclusion of the third Punic war, by the total destruction of Carthage.—MARTYN.

VER. 230. *And pour through Roman towns th'Ascræan verse.*] Ascra, in Bœotia, the birth-place of Hesiod, author of Georgics in Greek.

VER. 237. *Wild olives there.*] The wild olive differs from the cultivated, as crabs from apples. The plant cultivated in our gardens under the name of oleaster, is not an olive: Tournefort refers it to his genus of Elæagnus.—MARTYN.

VER. 246. *And rear, abhorr'd by ploughs, th' unfruitful fern.*] Fern has sometimes a root eight or ten feet deep in the ground; it is therefore detested by the ploughman, as it descends deeper than the plough. Its ashes are said to yield a greater quantity of salt than any other vegetable.—STAWELL.

VER. 249. *When the swoln Tuscan pipes th' invoking strain.*] C'étoient ordinairement des Tuscans qui jouoient de la flûte dans les sacrifices: ils étoient fameux pour leur gloutonnerie. Une fois ils quittèrent Rome, parcequ'on les empêcha de satisfaire leur amour pour la bonne chère. Ils ne consentirent à leur rétour que sous la condition qu'on leur permettroit de manger dans les sacrifices.—DE LILLE.

VER. 252. *Or browsing kids.*] We find in Varro, that the ancient Romans articled, in their leases, that the tenants should not breed kids, because they destroy, by browsing, the trees and bushes.—MARTYN.

VER. 253. *Seek far Tarentum's glades and fertile shores,*
And plains which hapless Mantua still deplores.]
Tarentum, a city of Magna Græcia, according to Pliny, famous for fine wool.

Augustus Cæsar had given the fields about Mantua and Cremona to his soldiers: and Virgil, in consequence, lost his farm, to the possession of which he was restored by the interest of his patron Mæcenas. This is the subject of his first Eclogue.—MARTYN.

VER. 261. *For wheaten harvests Nature points her bed*
Black, rich, and crumbling underneath the tread.]
The celebrated soil of Campania, called pulla, was a black earth. The black colour of soils is the effect of putrefactive

decomposition. The influence of caloric is increased on a dark-coloured soil, the rays being absorbed; therefore, other circumstances alike, the fertility of such a soil is higher. It is observed that the peasants of the Alps spread black mould over the surface in the spring, to dissolve the snow.—STAWELL.

VER. 275. *There rosemary and casia scarce distil*
Sweets for the bee that murmurs round the hill.]
Ros does not here signify dew, as Dryden translates it, but rosemary. Virgil says, that the dry hungry soil (now under consideration) is of so barren a nature, that not even those common plants, casia and rosemary, will grow in it. Dr. Martyn has proved the casia, here mentioned, not to be the celebrated aromatic casia, but a very vulgar herb.—WARTON.

VER. 289. *Such the rich land that round fam'd Capua lies,*
Such, where Vesuvius' giant heights arise,
Or where prone Clanius, raging far and wide,
Pours o'er Acerræ's waste its torrent tide.]
Capua, the capital of the fertile Campania: Vesuvius, the well-known volcanic mountain situated in it: Acerræ, an ancient town of Campania, subject to the inundation of the Clanius. The ancients dug canals, to take off the superabundant water of this impetuous stream.—*See Cluverius.*—STAWELL.

VER. 331. *Save where tall pines and baleful yews abound,*
And the dark ivy trailing o'er the ground.] The berries of the yew are said by Pliny to be poisonous: the leaves also are said by the ancients to be destructive to horses, which we find to be true in England. The berries have been eaten by myself, and many others, with impunity: but this may be owing to the difference of climate; for Dioscorides, who says it is not alike poisonous in all places, affirms that the berries are poisonous in Italy, and the shade hurtful in Narbonne. Perhaps the species may be

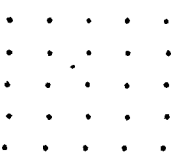
different: for there is mention of a sort of yew in the Pisa garden, which is more bushy than the common, and has leaves more like a fir, and sends forth such a poisonous smell when it is clipped, that the gardeners cannot work at it above half an hour at a time.—MARTYN.

Dr. Percival of Manchester mentions the melancholy circumstance of three children having died in consequence of having taken a small quantity of the fresh leaves of this tree. Mr. Bell, in his Journey from Petersburgh to Ispahan, remarks, that in those places of the country of the Tangusi where the pitch-tree is seen, the land is invariably barren.—STAWELL.

Our common ivy-berries are black, when ripe. There is a white ivy mentioned by Virgil, as well as by Theophrastus, Pliny, and Dioscorides: but we are not now acquainted with such a plant.—MARTYN.

VER. 345. *Each as it stood, again transplanted rear.*] Theophrastus enforces this precept. It is easy to see a very great difference between the north and south side of a tree, after it has been felled; for the annual rings are much closer on the north side, than on the south.—MARTYN.

VER. 352. *Square the set vines.*] The poet means, that the vines should be planted in a square figure, as described below: as Virgil compares the disposition of the trees to an army drawn up in battle array, it is evident that this figure, and not a quincunx, must have been in his contemplation. —STAWELL.



VER. 377. *Where bloom thy vines, no hazel growth enclose.*] The hazel has a large spreading root, which would injure the vines.—STAWELL.

On faisoit de son bois des broches pour rôtir les entrailles des victimes consacrées à Bacchus. C'étoit immoler à ce dieu un double ennemi.—De Lille.

Ver. 382. *Nor mix wild olives on their sacred ground.*] It seems by this passage, as if it had been the custom to plant wild olives in vineyards, for support to the vines.—Martyn.

Mulberries are used in various parts of Spain for this purpose.—Stawell.

Ver. 402. *The snake-fed bird unfolds his silver wing.*] Pliny mentions, that storks are in such esteem for destroying serpents, that, in Thessaly it is a capital crime to kill them.

Ver. 425. *When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,*
And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of heaven.]
This seems, at first sight, to be oddly put together: the forests were stocked with beasts, and the heavens with constellations. It was not so in these times, when the constellations were generally considered as real animals, and many of them as men, but most of them as beasts. The prologue to the Rudens of Plautus is spoken by Arcturus, as one of the dramatis personæ.—*Spence, quoted by Warton.*

Ver. 435. *Shells in their bed inhume.*] Ceci est encore pratiqué près de Trani dans la Pouille, où l'on fait d'excellent vin muscat.—De Lille.

Ver. 466. *But savage buffaloes.*] In the original, urus, which Julius Cæsar describes as a wild bull, inhabiting the Hercynian wood, of prodigious strength and swiftness, and almost of the size of an elephant.

Ver. 476. *For this the goat first crown'd the scenic song,*
When round their hamlets rov'd th' Athenian throng.] Thespis, an Athenian poet, contemporary with Solon, is said to have invented tragedy, and to have carried his actors in a cart.

VER. 483. *While on the lofty pine his figure hung.*] Spence, in his Polymetis, says, that he was obliged to a gem in the Great Duke's collection at Florence, for the understanding of the passage in Virgil, which mentions the little heads of Bacchus suspended from trees.

VER. 535. *Th' unconquer'd cytisus, profuse of life,*
Shoots from the wound, and buds beneath the knife.] Citysus Maranthæ.—MARTYN.

Shrub-trefoil. Columella says, the time for cutting it for hay, is, when its seeds begin to grow large; first dried in the sun, then thoroughly in the shade. It is used as fodder for goats in the Neapolitan territories, whence excellent cheese is made: it bears cutting several times in the year. It afforded the Roman husbandman bloom for his bees, seed for his poultry, and shoots and leaves for his flocks.—STAWELL.

VER. 545. *Gay waves with box Cytorus' breezy head,*
Grateful the pines o'er dark Narycium spread.]
Cytorus, according to Pliny, a mountain with a city of the same name, in Paphlagonia.—VOSS.

Naryx a town of Magna Græcia.—STAWELL.

VER. 549. *E'en barren woods that crest Caucasean heights.*] Caucasus a ridge of mountains running from the Black Sea to the Caspian.—MARTYN.

VER. 556. *Elms for thy flock diffuse their nurturing leaves.*] When hay and fodder are dear, cattle will eat the leaves of elm in preference to oats. In some parts of Herefordshire they gather them in sacks for their swine and other cattle. —EVELYN, STAWELL.

VER. 558. *For Ityræan archers bend the yew.*] The Ityræi a people of Cœlo-Syria, famous for archery.—VOSS.

VER. 564. *Or hide in hollow oaks their murmuring cell.*] Ilex, the evergreen, holm, or holly-oak. See Mr. Stawell's note, in which he has clearly proved, that it ought not to be confounded with the holly.

VER. 567. *Bacchus the Centaur feast with slaughter crown'd.*] Ovid, in the Twelfth Book of the Metamorphoses, has described at large the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, on account of Hippodamia, whom the Centaur Eurytus, inflamed with wine, attempted at the nuptial feast, to force away from the bridegroom Pirithous, King of the Lapithæ. Theseus slew Eurytus, and restored the bride.

VER. 577. *Though nor thy gaze on tortoise columns rest.*] Les Romains ornoient leurs portes d'écailles de tortues qu'ils incrustoient encore de pierres précieuses. — DE LILLE.

VER. 578. *The Ephyreïan brass.*] Corinth, called Ephyre, from Ephyre, the daughter of Epimetheus.

VER. 579. *Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil,*
Nor casia taint thy uncorrupted oil.] The Tyrian dye, which was obtained from two sorts of shell-fish, the murex and the purpura, both belonging to the testacea, or third genus of Linnæus' sixth class.

See the process described in Travels in the two Sicilies, by H. Swinburne.

Virgil shews his contempt of spoiling the native whiteness of wool with that expensive colour: as, in the next verse, he speaks of the pure oil being tainted with perfumes. —MARTYN.

The casia here mentioned is the casea lignea, described by Theophrastus as a sort of cinnamon, an aromatic bark. —STAWELL.

VER. 589. ——— *and, as she fled mankind,*
There Justice left her last lone trace behind.] Astræa, or Justice, was feigned by the poets to have descended from heaven in the golden age, and to have returned again to heaven, indignant at the impiety of the brazen age. See Hesiod's Account of Modesty and Justice leaving the World.—*Works and Days.* Book I.

VER. 605. *Oh lov'd Sperchean plains, Taygetian heights,*
Where Spartan virgins rage in Bacchic rites!] Sperchius a river of Thessaly: Taygetus a mountain of Laconia, near Sparta: it was sacred to Bacchus, whose orgies were there celebrated by the Lacedæmonian women. —MARTYN.

VER. 607. *Hide me some God, where Hæmus' vales extend.*] Hæmus a mountain of Thrace.

VER. 617. *Not Dacia's host down war-leagu'd Istria led.*] The ancients called the Danube below Illyricum, Ister. The Dacians inhabited the countries now called Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia.

VER. 619. *Envy's wan gaze, or pity's bleeding tear,*
Disturb the tenour of his calm career.] It is not the intention of the poet to commend stoical apathy, but simply to observe, that objects, neither of envy, nor of distress, disturb the tranquillity of the husbandman.

VER. 629, *To quaff from gems, and o'er their couch of rest*
Fling the rich fold, and spread the Tyrian vest.] The Romans procured large drinking cups of one entire gem. Pliny says, that Petronius, a few moments before his death, had a cup of great value broken to pieces, lest it should fall into the hands of Nero.—STAWELL.

Les anciens se faisoient une gloire de couvrir leurs tables de vases de pierres précieuses; et les coupes, d'agathe, de jaspe, ce que l'on conserve dans les cabinets et les trésors publics, servoient probablement aux princes, et aux personnes riches. Telle est la coupe de saphir que l'on conserve dans l'église de Saint-Jean à Monza près de Milan. Elle fut laissée par Theudelinde, Reine des Lombards, qui bâtit et dota cette église. Dans le trésor de Saint-Denis il y a une large coupe d'agathe orientale avec des bas-reliefs représentant une sacrifice.—DE LILLE,

VER. 671. *Such, ere great Jove, Dictæan monarch, reign'd,*
And slaughter'd bulls the unhallow'd banquet
stain'd.] Dicte a mountain of Crete, where Jove was nursed. Varro informs us, that in ancient times, it was deemed a capital crime to slaughter an ox, the associate of man in his agricultural labours.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

VER. 1. *Thou too, great Pales! and the far-fam'd swain*
That watch'd th' Amphrysian herd, demand the strain:
And ye wild woods that hoar Lycæus shade.] Pales, the goddess of shepherds. Amphrysus a river of Thessaly, where Apollo fed the herds of King Admetus. Lycæus a mountain of Arcadia, famous for sheep, and sacred to Pan.

VER. 7. *Who knows not stern Eurystheus,* &c.] Eurystheus (son of Sthenelus), King of Mycenæ, at the instigation of Juno, imposed on Hercules his twelve labours.

Busiris a King of Egypt, son of Neptune. He sacrificed all foreigners to Jupiter. When Hercules visited Egypt, Busiris took him to the altar, bound hand and foot. The hero soon liberated himself, and sacrificed the tyrant and his son on the altar.—STAWELL.

VER. 9. *Hylas' youthful grace.*] Hylas was beloved by Hercules, and accompanied him in the Argonautic expedition. In attempting to draw water from a fountain, he fell in, and was drowned; and thence gave rise to the fable of his having been carried away by the Nymphs.*

Delos, one of the Cyclades, islands in the Ægean Sea. It is fabled, that this island floated till Latona brought forth in it Apollo and Diana, after which time it became fixed.

VER. 10. *The promis'd bride that urg'd the Pisan race,*
Pelops by ivory shoulder rais'd to fame.] Hippodame was the daughter of Œnomaus, King of Elis and Pisa. Either enamoured of the beautiful princess, or afraid,

* See Theocritus, Idyll. 13, and Apollonius Rhodius, Book i. 1206.

as foretold by an oracle, of being slain by his son-in-law, or by one of his daughter's children, he refused to marry her, unless the suitor could surpass, in a chariot-race, his horses begotten by the wind. Thirteen suitors thus perished; but Pelops succeeded, by bribing the charioteer of Œnomaus to leave one of the wheels unpinned. Pelops was gifted with an ivory shoulder, to supply the loss of the one devoured by Ceres, when his father Tantalus, in order to try the divinity of the Gods, slew him, and served up his flesh at a celestial banquet.

VER. 18. *And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.*] Idumæa, or the land of Edom, was famous for palms; Virgil, therefore, uses Idumæan palms for palms in general, as is common in poetry. Palms were used for crowns in all the games, as we find in the fourth question of the eighth book of Plutarch's Symposiacks; where he enquires, why the sacred games had each their peculiar crown, but the palm was common to all?—MARTYN.

Dr. Hurd considers the following splendid passage of the dedication of a temple to Cæsar, and of the sacred games and festivities in honour of his divinity, as an allegory of the poet's intention to complete the Æneid, and, in the person of Æneas, to shadow forth and consecrate the character of Augustus.

VER. 33. *Now view the turning scenes, and now behold*
Th' inwoven Britons lift the purple fold.] The ancient scenes were painted on a triangular machine, which was so formed as to turn upon an axle or pin: each of its three sides represented a different subject: viz. 1. a city; 2. a palace, or magnificent portico; 3. a wild forest, cave, or meadow. When a comedy was played, the first of these three frontispieces was turned towards the spectators; when a tragedy, the second; when a satirical piece (such as the Cyclops of Euripides), the third was exposed to view. These triangular machines were placed under the arches of the theatre.—*See Vitruv.* l. v. and *l'Antiquité*

expliquée par Montfaucon, tom. iii. p. 235.—WARTON.—STAWELL.

The tapestry of the purple curtain of the theatre, seemed to be supported by the inwoven figures of the newly-conquered Britons.

In the year of Rome 727, the Britons had sent ambassadors to Cæsar, to supplicate for peace.—Voss.

VER. 36. *My skill shall sculpture India's numerous host.*] This allegory of the temple seems to have been added in the year of Rome 734, when history informs us that Augustus subdued the Indians and the Parthians, and recovered the eagles lost by Crassus.—MARTYN.

VER. 38. *Quirinus poising his victorious blade.*] Quirinus, a name given to Romulus after his consecration.

It was debated in the senate, whether Augustus or Romulus should be the imperial name of him, who before was called Octavianus.—MARTYN.

VER. 39. *Here the vast Nile shall wave with war, and there*
Columns of naval brass ascend in air.
Niphates here, there Asia's conquer'd tow'rs,
And Parthia's flight conceal'd in arrowy show'rs.]

This alludes to the victory obtained over the Egyptians and their allies, commanded by Antony and Cleopatra, in the year of Rome 724.

Servius tells us, that Augustus having conquered all Egypt, made of the beaks of ships four columns, which were afterward placed by Domitian in the Capitol, and were to be seen in his time.—MARTYN.

Niphates, the name of a mountain and river of Armenia.

Milton has excellently described the flying fight of the Parthians.

" How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
" Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r against the face
" Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight."

VER. 43. *From different nations double trophies torn,*
And from each shore Rome twice in triumph borne.] Catrou relates from Dion Cassius, that Augustus made war twice on the Cantabrians, and on the Asturians, and twice in Asia. He went in person against the Spaniards, the first time they revolted; and they were subdued the second time by his lieutenant Carisius. He twice subdued the Parthians, and both times commanded his armies in person. —MARTYN.

VER. 45. *Parian marble.*] Paros, an island in the Ægean sea, famous for its marble quarries.

VER. 47. *Assaracus and Tros shall lead the line,*
And Cynthius, architect of Troy divine.] Virgil here compliments Augustus with adorning his temple with the statues of his Trojan ancestors. Homer has traced the descent from Jove to Æneas. Apollo was born in Delos, in which is the mountain Cynthus: he is said to have built Troy in the reign of Laomedon.—MARTYN.

VER. 51. *The restless wheel, Ixion's snaky coil,*
And the rebounding rock's eternal toil.] Ixion attempted to violate Juno, for which crime he was cast into hell, and bound with twisted snakes to a wheel continually turning.

Sisyphus infested Attica with robberies, for which he was slain by Theseus, and condemned, in hell, to roll to the top of a hill a stone, which always revolves before it reaches the summit.—MARTYN.

VER. 57. *Cithæron lifts her mighty voice.*] Cithæron, a mountain of Bœotia, famous for cattle.

VER. 59. *The neighing steeds o'er Epidaurus bound.*] Epidaurus, a town of Peloponnesus, noted by Strabo for excellent horses.

VER. 107. *But at the clash of arms, his ear afar*
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war.] See the spirited description of a war horse in Oppian's Cynegetics.

"He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, "neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. "He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth "the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the "shoutings." See the sublime description in Job.

VER. 113. *Swift works his double spine.*] The words of Varro. The spine sinks, and disappears in a furrow.—STAWELL.

Un cheval doit avoir les reins doubles, qui est lorsqu'il les a un peu plus élevés aux deux côtés qu'au milieu du dôs: et passant la main tout au long de l'épine, on la trouve large, bien fournie et double par le canal qui s'y fait.—SOLLEYSEL.—DE LILLE.

VER. 115. *Such ardent Cyllarus.*] Castor and Pollux were alike renowned for horsemanship: Cyllarus, the name of their horse.

VER. 117. *Such the fam'd steeds that whirl'd Pelides' car.*] Xanthus and Balius.

VER. 120. *When Saturn fled, by jealous rage surpris'd:*
Loose in the gale his mane redundant play'd,
And Pelion echoed as the courser neigh'd.] Saturn was surprised with Phyllira, the daughter of Oceanus, by his wife Ops; to escape from whose reproaches, he disguised himself under the figure of a beautiful horse.

Chiron, the fruit of Saturn's amour, dwelt in Pelion, a mountain of Thessaly.—STAWELL.

VER. 149. *Bold Erichthonius first four coursers yok'd.*] Erichthonius, the son of Dardanus, and father of Tros: Pliny mentions him with the Phrygians, to whom he ascribes the invention of putting two horses to a chariot, as Erichthonius invented the putting of four.—MARTYN.

VER. 151. *The skilful Lapithæ first taught to guide*
The mounted steeds.] The Lapithæ inhabiting Thessaly, famous for horsemanship.

VER. 185. *Where the green ilex clothes Alburnus' head,*
And where the groves o'er Silarus' current spread,
The gad-fly sounds.] Alburnus, a mountain near the Silarus, a river of Laconia, a country near Naples.

Vallisnieri, in his History of Insects, describes this ox-fly, or gad-fly. Its shape somewhat resembles a wasp, without a sting or proboscis in its mouth. It has two membranaceous wings, with which it makes a most horrible whizzing. The belly is terminated by three long rings, one less than another, from the last of which proceeds a most formidable sting, composed of a tube, through which its eggs are emitted, and of two augers, which make way for the tube to penetrate into the skin of the cattle: these augers are armed with two little darts, which have a point to pierce, and an edge to cut. At the end of the sting issues forth a venemous liquor, which irritates and inflames the fibres, and causes a swelling in the skin of the wounded animal: they often deposit an egg within this swelling, where a worm is formed, being nourished by the juice which flows from the wounded fibres: the worm remains nine or ten months there, and then comes out of its own accord, and creeps into some hole, and there enters into the state of a chrysalis; in which condition it lives for some time, and at last comes forth in the form of the parent fly. Vallisnieri remarks, that it never is found in any part of the animal that can be reached by the tongue or the tail. Varro calls this insect tabanus, whence the French word, says De Lille, taon.—MARTYN. STAWELL.

VER. 190. *Dry Tanagria's banks resound.*] The Tanager, now Negro, springs from the mountain Alburnus, in Lucania.

VER. 191. *Erst with this plague the jealous wife of Jove*
In direful rage th' Inachian heifer drove.] Io, the daughter of Inachus, was beloved by Jupiter, who, to conceal her from Juno, turned her into a cow. But Juno, discovering the deceit, sent an œstros to torment Io. She

fled into Egypt, and there, being restored to her former shape, married King Osiris, and was afterwards worshipped under the name of Isis.—MARTYN.

VER. 225. *Or where Alpheus laves the field of Jove,*
Your flying car should foremost sweep the grove.]
Strabo informs us, that the Olympian temple is in the Pisean region, not quite three hundred stadia from the city of Elis, and that it has a grove of wild olives before it, in which was the stadium, the place for the races.—MARTYN.

VER. 252. *O'er routed armies wheel the Belgic car.*] The Belgæ, like the other Gauls, and the ancient Britons, made use of cars in battle.—VOSS.

VER. 315. *Prone darts the boar from deep Sabellian shades.*] Sabelli, an ancient people of Italy, descended from the Samnites.

Virgil ascribes to the Sabellian, the tame boar, at such a season, the fierceness of the wild boar.

VER. 335. *Such, as erst rag'd, when Potnian coursers tore*
Sad Glaucus' limbs, and died their jaws in gore.]
Potnia was a town of Bœotia, near Thebes: of this town was Glaucus, the son of Sisyphus, who restrained the four mares which drew his chariot, from the company of horses, in order to preserve their swiftness. Venus, offended at his impiety, maddened his mares, who tore him limb by limb.—MARTYN.

VER. 337. *Ascanian waves.*] Ascanius, the name of a river in Bithynia.

VER. 362. *Where no smooth trace to Castaly invites.*] The Castalian spring, sacred to the Muses, flowed from Parnassus, a mountain of Phocis, sacred to Apollo: near it was the city Delphi, famous for the temple and oracle of the Pythian Apollo.MARTYN.

VER. 381. *Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride.*] Miletus a city on the borders of Ionia and Caria, famous for wool.

VER. 408. *And shrill cicadæ all the woodlands tire.*] The chanting of the cicada is occasioned by a peculiar internal mechanism. Under the belly is discovered a small cavity, in which there is a stiff elastic membrane in the form of a drum: two very strong muscles strike alternately on this drum, and produce the tones that are heard. The males only have this organ. The females are supplied with an auger in the place of it, for the same purposes as the gad-fly. This insect has been confounded with the grasshopper (the Latin name for which is locusta): from which it is palpably distinct in character; it makes a noise with its wings only. The dark cicada has a rounder and shorter body: is of a dark green colour, sits upon trees, and makes a noise louder than a grasshopper: their lay begins as soon as the sun becomes hot, and continues till it sets: their wings are streaked with silver, and marked with brown spots; the outer wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated. They have not been found (Martyn says) on this side of the Alps and Cevennes. The Athenians wore golden cicadæ in their hair, to denote that, like these creatures, they were the first-born of the earth. The Plebeia was observed by Dr. Smith in the neighbourhood of Genoa, which, he says, is the cicada of Virgil.—STAWELL.

VER. 434. *And where Mœotis Scythia's waste divides.*] The lake Mæotis, or sea of Azof.

VER. 435. *And Rhodope, o'er many a realm outspread,*
Turns to the pole, and bends her craggy bed.]
Rhodope a mountain of Thrace, which is extended eastward, and is there joined with Hæmus; then, parting from it, returns to the northward.—RUÆUS, MARTYN.

VER. 452. *And hatchets cleave the wine in frozen flakes.*] M. de Maupertuis, qui avoit été envoyé en 1736, pour mesurer un dégré du méridien sous le cercle arctique, dit que le froid étoit si grand, que la langue et les lèvres se geloient sur le champ contre la tasse, lors'qu'on vouloit boire

de l'eau de vie, qui étoit la seule liqueur qu'on pût tenir assez liquide pour la boire, et ne s'en arrachoient que sanglantes. Il ajoute quelques lignes plus bas, que l'esprit de vin se geloit dans les thermomètres.—DE LILLE.

VER. 460. *Nor plumes of purple dye their fears awake.*] It was the custom to hang coloured feathers on lines, to scare the deer into the toils.—MARTYN.

VER. 470. *And with harsh service mock the generous vine.*] Beer, cyder, perry, and fermented liquors made of services.

VER. 473. *And shivering in the bleak Riphæan blast.*] The Riphæan hills are, probably, that great ridge of mountains which divides Lapland from the northern part of Moscovy: they are called by the Moscovites "the great stony girdle." —STAWELL.

VER 479. *But if dark hues his tongue and palate stain,*
Drive the lone exile from thy spotless train.]
Atistotle affirms, that the lambs will be white, or black, or red, according to the colour of the veins under the tongue of the ram.

Palladius also affirms, that if the tongue of the ram is spotted, the same defect will appear in his offspring.—MARTYN.

VER. 483. *Thus Pan, Arcadia's God—if yet believ'd—*
Thee, Luna, once with snowy fleece deceiv'd.]
Martyn says, that the fable to which Virgil alludes, was, what Philargyrius and some others have related, that Pan changed himself into a ram as white as snow, by which the moon was deceived, as Europa was by Jupiter in the form of a white bull.

VER. 497. *From nightly milk fresh cheeses made at morn,*
Are to the neighb'ring towns in baskets borne.]
The Italian peasants carry the curdled milk to market in baskets closely woven of green rushes: hence a country

treat is called juncata; and hence the English junket. Note, in the Remarks on the writings of the poet Ramsay, on the following beautiful lines from Tasso's Amynta.

Egli rivolse
I cupidi occhi in quelle membra belle,
Che come suole tremolare il latte
Ne' giunche, si parean morbide e bianche.

VER. 501. *Nor slight thy dogs, on whey the mastiffs feed,*
Molossian race, and hounds of Spartan breed.]
Molossia a city of Epirus.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook'd-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.—
Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

VER. 511. *With galbanum and cedar scent the walls,*
And drive the serpents from th' infected stalls.]
The cedar of the Greek and Roman writers is not the cedar of Lebanon, but a sort of juniper. Palladius says, that serpents are driven away by burning cedar, or galbanum, &c.—MARTYN.

Galbanum is the concreted juice of a plant called Ferula. Dioscorides says, that it grows in Syria; that it has a strong smell, and drives away serpents by its fume.—MARTYN.

VER. 516. *Snakes that on herds and flocks swift poison spread.*] The serpent here meant, is that which Pliny calls boas. This author affirms, that they grow sometimes to a prodigious size, and that a child was found in the belly of one, in the reign of Claudius.—MARTYN.

VER. 555. *Oft too with litharge and with oily lees*
Smears his shorn flock, and tames the new disease,
Mixt with dark pitch from Ida's piny wood,
Asphaltus floating on the slimy flood,
Strong hellebore, live sulphur, sea-born squills,
And molten wax that drop by drop distils.]
Voici l'explication des mots qui composent cette recette contre les maladies des troupeaux. Amurca, est la lie de l'huile : les anciens en faisoient un grand usage en médecine. On peut lire dans Dioscorides l'énumeration de toutes les vertus qu'on lui attribuoit. Spumis argenti, n'est point le vif-argent, comme quelques traducteurs l'ont prétendu : c'est l'écume de l'argent qu'on épure ! Scilla, ou l'oignon de mer, est une plante bulbeuse qui ressemble à un oignon, mais qui est beaucoup plus grosse ; l'ellébore est blanc ou noir ; on se sert de l'ellébore blanc pour les maladies de la peau. Le bitume est une substance grasse, sulfureuse, tenace, et inflammable, qui sort de la terre, ou qui flotte sur l'eau. DE LILLE.

VER. 569. *Hereditary art, from sire to son,*
By fierce Bisaltæ and Geloni known,
When the wild hordes o'er Thracia's waste pursu'd,
Drink, mix'd with curdled milk, their horses' blood.] Bisaltæ, a people of Macedon.
Getæ, or Dacians, near the Danube.

The custom of drinking horses' blood is ascribed to the Massagetæ, a people of Scythia, by Dionysius. Pliny says, the Sarmatæ mixed millet with the milk of mares, or the blood drawn out of their legs. Several northern nations at this day practise it. The Tartars, in their pastoral state, are known to use it.—STAWELL.

VER. 583. *Cast o'er Timavus' meads thy mournful sight,*
O'er Alps, and forts that crown the Noric height.]
Timavus a river of Carniola.
Noricum a region of Germany, bordering on the Alps.

VER. 662. *Cast on the strand infected shoals on shoals*
Like shipwreck'd corses ocean slowly rolls.] The poet here contradicts Aristotle, who says, that a pestilence does not seem ever to invade fishes.—STAWELL.

VER. 671. *Fam'd sires of med'cine, Chiron long renown'd,*
And wise Melampus, fly the fatal ground.] The poet does not mean that the plague happened in the days of Chiron and Melampus, but that the best physicians acknowledged the inutility of their skill. Particulars are named for generals.—WARTON.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

VER. 1. *Now while th' aërial honey's nectar dews.*] Virgil calls honey aërial and celestial, because it was the opinion of the ancient philosophers, that it was derived from the dew of heaven.—MARTYN.

VER. 20. *Nor hostile bird their wealthy hives assail;*
Nor Procne haunt, on whose empurpled breast
Glows the deep hue by blood-stain'd hands imprest.]
Merops. The bee-eater is about the size of a blackbird, and shaped like a king-fisher. The bill is like that of the halcyon tribe, except that it is somewhat more incurvated; the feet exactly like the king-fisher's: the top of the head reddish, the neck and shoulders green, with a mixture of red. It is found in Italy, but observed to be most frequent in Candy, ancient Crete.—STAWELL.

Procne, the swallow. The feathers of its breast, stained with red, probably suggested the fable of Tereus and Procne in Ovid's Metamorphoses.

VER. 49. *Hence not in vain the bees their domes prepare,*
And smear the chinks that open to the air,
With flow'rs and fucus close each pervious pore,
With wax cement, and thicken o'er and o'er.] The propolis, or bee-bread, is a glutinous substance, which is found about the entrance to the hive. The erithace is that with which they glue the honeycomb together, to prevent the entrance of the air. It seems, therefore, to be the

erithace which Virgil means under the several appellations, of flowers, and fucus, and wax.—MARTYN.

M. Maraldi vit un jour un gros limaçon, qui eut l'imprudence d'entrer dans une ruche. Aussitôt l'imbecille animal fut expédié par les abeilles. Mais ce n'étoit point là le plus difficile. Il s'agissait de transporter au dehors le cadavre dont l'odeur auroit pu les infecter par la suite. C'étoit une masse énorme : toutes les forces de nos petites abeilles réunies ne pouvoient la soulever : le cas étoit embarrassant. Dans une circonstance aussi critique, elles eurent recours à leur Propolis, dont elles mastiquerent le corps de leur ennemi mort et l'embaumerent comme une momie.—DE LILLE.

VER. 63. *There let no yew its baleful shadow cast,*
Nor crabs on glowing embers taint the blast.] The yew has always been accounted poisonous: and, in the ninth eclogue, the poet mentious the yews of Corsica, as particularly injurious to bees.—MARTYN.

The Romans were wont to burn crabs to ashes, and used them as a remedy for scalds and burns.—WARTON.

VER. 85. *And tinklings raise, till echo rings around,*
And the great Mother's clashing cymbals sound.] The priests of Cybele, the mother of the gods, used to beat brazen drums or cymbals, in the sacrifices to that goddess. —MARTYN.

VER. 139. *Priapus.*] God of the gardens.

VER. 142. *There plant with toil-worn hand the mountain thyme.*] The thyme of the ancients is not our common thyme, but known among us under the name of the true thyme of the ancients. To this thyme the Attic honey was indebted for its celebrity, and also the honey of Hybla in Sicily.—MARTYN, STAWELL.

VER. 154. *How late-blown flowrets round narcissus spread.*] We have no reason to doubt, but that the narcissus of the

ancients is some species of that which we now call narcissus, or daffodil.—MARTYN.

VER. 155. *The lithe acanthus.*] There are two sorts of acanthus; one, an Egyptian tree; the other, a garden herb, which the poet means in this place.—MARTYN.

VER. 157. *Galæsus.*] A river of Calabria, which flows near Tarentum.

VER. 159. *Where proud Œbalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain.*] The poet means Tarentum, by the lofty towers of Œbalia, because a colony from Laconia, under the conduct of Phalantus, came to Calabria, and augmented the city of Tarentum.—MARTYN.

VER. 160. *Once I beheld an old Corycian swain.*] Virgil's old gardener may reasonably be supposed to have been one of the inhabitants of Corycus (a mountain and city of Cilicia), whom, after their conquest, Pompey had settled in Calabria, about Tarentum.—MARTYN.

VER. 193. *What time the bees, by clanging cymbals led,*
In Cretan caves the nurseling Thunderer fed.]
Saturn intended to have devoured the infant Jupiter, to avoid which, he was concealed in Crete, among the Curetes, the clangor of whose brazen arms and cymbals drowned his cries. The bees assisted in feeding the infant god.—MARTYN.

VER. 203. *And pale Narcissus' tear.*] The flowers of narcissus, or daffodil, form a cup in the middle. These cups are supposed to contain the tears of the youth Narcissus.

Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
Milton's Lycidas.—MARTYN.

VER. 205. *These, train'd to work, the clinging wax suspend.*] From the farina of flowers, which undergoes a certain process in the stomachs of the bees, the wax is manufactured.

There is remarked a waxy substance on the flowers, to preserve, it would seem, the dust of the anthers from moisture, which would burst them prematurely.—STAWELL.

VER. 211. ——————— *Or, embattled, drive*
The drone, dull sluggard, from the busy hive.]
The drones are the males. They are unprovided with stings: after fecundation, they are expelled from the hive.

VER. 247. *And oft with pebbles, like a balanc'd boat,*
Poiz'd, through the air on even pinions float.]
There is a species of bee, called the Mason bee, that builds its nest against walls, with mortar composed of gravel and sand: this, perhaps, led Aristotle and others into the error here introduced by the poet.—STAWELL.

VER. 249. *Nor shall the bees the less thy wonder move,*
That none indulge the joys of mutual love.]
Equivocal generation was an error of the ancient naturalists.—STAWELL.

VER. 265. *Not Lydia's sons, nor Parthia's peopled shore,*
Mede or Ægyptian thus their king adore] Lydia, a region of Asia Minor. Parthia, a region of Asia, whose people are reported to have been so submissive to their king, as to kiss his foot; and to touch the ground with their mouths on approaching him.—MARTYN.

VER. 281. *To him return, and, loos'd from earthly chain.*
Fly whence they sprung, and rest in God again.]
According to Plutarch, it was the opinion of Pythagoras and Plato, that the soul did not die, but that when it left the body, it returned to the kindred soul of the universe. The Stoicks thought the souls of the ignorant perished with their bodies; and that those of the wise endured till the conflagration. Democritus and Epicurus were of opinion, that the soul and body died together: Pythagoras and Plato held, that the irrational part perished, but not the rational; the soul being (though not God himself,) yet the work of the eternal God.—MARTYN.

VER. 289. *The golden harvest twice each year o'erflows.*] Aristotle says, that there are two seasons of making honey, in spring and autumn. The Pleiades* (Vergiliæ) rise with the sun on the 22nd of April, according to Columella: and the morning setting of them is about the latter end of October, or beginning of November. The Dolphin seems to be the constellation which the Pleiades are said to avoid, as it rises sooner after their setting than any other fish delineated on the sphere.—MARTYN.

To make the harvest of the bees as abundant as possible, the ancients were used to change their stations. When the vernal pastures were consumed, they were moved to climes more favourable to the bloom of autumnal flowers. From Achaia to Attica, from Eubœa and the Cyclades to Scyros; and in Sicily, they were brought to Hybla from other parts of the island. The ancient custom in Egypt is still preserved of embarking their hives at the end of October on the Nile, and conveying them to Upper Egypt; where, it was observed, all plants, blossoms, and fruits ripen six weeks earlier than in the Delta. (See Millet's Descr. of Egypt.—STAWELL.

VER. 333. *There the strong centaury's reviving pow'r.*] This herb was so called from the Centaur Chiron, who was said to have been cured, by that herb, of a wound accidentally inflicted by an arrow of Hercules.—MARTYN.

VER. 336. *Amellus, so the shepherds call its name.*] The plant here described is the Aster Atticus, or purple Italian Starwort.—MARTYN.

VER. 355. *By blessed Canopus,* &c.] Canopus is the west angle of the triangular Delta of Egypt: Pelusium is the east angle, where it presses upon Persia (including under that name the countries conquered by Cyrus and Cambyses). Canopus, so called from the pilot of Menelaus who died

* See a dissertation on this subject by the learned Bishop Horsley.

there: called Pellæan from its vicinity to Alexandria, founded by Alexander, born at Pella in Macedonia.—STAWELL.

VER. 359. *India's swarthy sons.*]—The Æthiopians.

VER. 369. *They drag a bullock.*] Varro says, that the bees are called, bull-born (βουγονοι), because they proceed from putrid oxen. In the 14th chapter of Judges, we read that Samson, after having rent a lion, "turned aside to see the carcase of the lion, and behold there was a swarm of bees, and honey in the carcase of the lion." The mother bee chooses putrid bodies to lay her eggs in, that the fermenting juices may help to hatch them. —MARTYN. STAWELL.

VER. 395. *At Peneus' fount he stood.*] The river Peneus rises in Pindus, a mountain of Thessaly, and flows through the vale of Tempe.

VER. 397. *Cyrene.*] Virgil makes Cyrene the daughter of Peneus; but Pindar, in the ninth Pythian ode, makes her the daughter of Hypseus, king of the Lapithæ, son of the Naiad Creusa, by Peneus. Her delight was to hunt wild beasts. Apollo was enamoured of her, and carried her into Africa, where she was delivered of Aristæus, and gave her name to the celebrated city, Cyrene.—MARTYN.

VER. 427. *Gay Clymene there sung, how vainly strove*
The God of fire against the frauds of love.] This story of the amour of Mars and Venus is sung by Demodocus in the eighth Odyssey.

VER. 449. *Awe-struck he went along her vast domain.*] This descent of Aristæus seems founded on an ancient superstition of the Egyptians. On certain days, as Servius observes, sacred to the Nile, some boys, born of holy parents, were delivered to the nymphs by the priests. When they were grown up, and returned back, they related that there were groves under the earth, and an immense water containing all things, and from which every thing is procreated. Whence, according to Thales, the ocean is the source of all

things. Plato supposed all rivers to arise from a great cavern, the Barathrum and Tartarus of the poets. STAWELL.

VER. 457. *Phasis and Lycus*, &c.] Phasis and Lycus, rivers in Armenia, which fall into the Euxine. Enipeus, a river of Thessaly. Anio, a river of Italy. Hypanis, a river of Scythia. The Caicus rises in Mysia. The Eridanus (Po) soon after its source, flows through the vale of Piedmont, and afterwards traverses all the rich vale of Lombardy. —STAWELL.

VER. 471. *My son, these bowls, Mæonian vintage, take.*] Strabo mentions a country called Catacecaumene, which is otherwise called Mysia and Mæonia, and was remarkable for affording no other tree than that sort of vine from which the celebrated Catacecaumenian wine is obtained. —MARTYN.

VER. 479. *Son, in Carpathia's gulf a seer resides,*
Proteus, &c.] Carpathia, now called Scarpanto, is an island of the Mediterranean, over against Egypt, from which the neighbouring sea was called Carpathian.—MARTYN.

Ancient history is doubtful on the subject of Proteus. Homer makes him an Egyptian. Herodotus, a king of that country. Sir Isaac Newton, finding him a cotemporary with Amenophis or Memnon, supposes him to have governed some part of Lower Egypt in the absence of the sovereign. The poets have made him a sea-god, and servant to Neptune. This whole fable of Proteus is an imitation of the fourth Odyssey, where Homer represents Menelaus consulting this deity, by the advice and with the assistance of his own daughter Eidothea.—MARTYN.

VER. 482. *Pallene.*] Pallene, a peninsula of Macedon.

VER. 559. *Orpheus.*] The son of Œagrus, a king, or, according to Servius, a river, of Thrace.

VER. 569. *The Rhodopeian rocks with sorrow rung*, &c.] Rhodope and Pangæus, mountains of Thrace. Getæ, inha-

bitants of the banks of the Danube. Hebrus, a river of Thrace. Orithia, daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, was carried away by Boreas.

VER. 597. *And fix'd in air Ixion's wheel repos'd.*] Ixion, for attempting to violate Juno, was condemned to perpetual rotation upon a wheel in hell.

VER. 632. *Strymon.*] A river of Macedon.

VER. 643. *'Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows.*] The Tanais, or Don, flows into the lake Mæotis, and divides Europe from Asia.

VER. 693. *While mighty Cæsar, where Euphrates flows*] These lines prove that Virgil, as long as he lived, ceased not to polish the Georgics. In the year before Virgil's death, Augustus Cæsar compelled Phraates, on the banks of the Euphrates, to restore the eagles which the Parthians had conquered from Crassus, and received the voluntary submission of the neighbouring nations.

VER. 701. *I, when bold youth.*] According to Servius, Virgil was twenty-eight years old, when he wrote his Eclogues.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GEORGICS,

BY T. A. KNIGHT, ESQ.

BOOK I.

VER. 103. *Much it avails to burn,* &c.] Virgil attributes to burning the stubble all the beneficial effects which for two or three seasons the soil derives from the burnt turf of an old rough pasture. Sir H. Davy will explain better than I can, the effects produced by burning the turf, which are greater than I can account for. The farmer of the present day, with reason thinks burning his stubble a bad practice.

VER. 228. *And the wise ant,* &c.] It is an error that the *ant* lays up corn, or any food whatever for winter use.

VER. 229. *With many a bud if flow'ring almonds bloom.*] The blossoms of all trees are formed in the preceding year, and are a much better proof that a good season *has* passed, than that one is to come.

VER. 238. *Steep them in nitre.*] Saline bodies, particularly a strong solution of common salt, appear to destroy one species of parasitical plant—that which constitutes smut in corn. But modern experience proves, that nothing of this kind has any influence upon the (probably) very numerous family of parasitical plants, which produce diseases on corn and fruit trees.

VER. 273. *Swains, who, ere Maia sets,* &c.] Too early sowing is apt, in this country, to produce much straw and little wheat.

BOOK II.

VER. 24. *Clustering cherries shoot.*] Pliny asserts, that the cherry was not known in Italy till after the war with Mithridates, when it was introduced by Lucullus; yet we should be disposed, from Virgil's use of the word, to have supposed the cherry to have abounded in the woods of Italy. I have always suspected that Pliny meant the improved and cultivated cherry.

VER. 45. *On the chang'd pear engrafted apples grow.*] The pear and apple will grow a year or two upon each others' stocks, but the graft of both soon dies.

VER. 46. *And redd'ning plums on stony corneils glow.*] If by corna, Virgil means what we call the cornelian cherry, I suspect he errs wholly.

VER. 67. *But these transplanted.*] Harsh and wild fruit is changed by transplantation; an improved soil and culture operate slowly, and upon successive generations only, each becoming a little better than its parent; and it is by long culture and selection only, that highly improved varieties of fruit can be produced.

VER. 91. *O'er the rough arbute grafted walnuts spread.*] Every thing said of grafting in this, and the three following verses, is, I am confident, incorrect, except that the pear will grow on the mountain ash; but I do not suppose that to be the tree Virgil means.

VER. 101. *Slit the mid knot.*] There does not result any advantage from placing the inserted bud upon the site of another bud. Inserted buds, on the contrary, take best where the bark is quite smooth. Columella is silent respecting the practice here mentioned by Virgil.

VER. 145. *Wild ashes wave bleak promontories o'er.*] The situation here assigned to the orni, would induce me to suppose the ornus to be the mountain ash, upon which Virgil states the pear to succeed, when grafted.

VER. 239. *But fertile land,* &c.] The opinion Virgil here gives, that deep and rich soils are better for vines, than dry and rocky soils, does not agree with modern observations and experience.

VER. 370. *Low as his root to central night retires.*] This is a vulgar error; the oak in few soils rooting more than four or five feet deep; and its tap root, about which so much has been written, never had existence, except in very young plants.

VER. 379. *Nor topmost shoots select.*] Cuttings, taken from the extremities of the bearing branches of all trees which have attained their middle age, or are becoming old, from the period when the tree, or the first tree of that variety, sprung first from seed, afford plants which readily produce fruit, but soon decay: this circumstance was known to the ancients; it is noticed by Columella, cap. 3, de Arboribus.

BOOK III.

VER. 74. *And bold her bull-like head.*] Virgil's directions here are probably good, where strong cattle, for labour only, were to be obtained; but the object of the modern breeding farmer is different wholly: he wants cows and oxen which will fatten in a short time, and upon little food; and such as will afford beef of good quality. The cow for this purpose should be extremely delicate and feminine in character, and should be rather small than large. If the breed of the cow, and if the cow itself, be considerably less than the bull, the more perfect, according to the present opinion, the offspring will be, for the length of the legs is

given in the womb of the female, and those do not subsequently elongate: and consequently such an animal will afford the largest weight, with the least apparent size, and will be, according to the breeders' toast, "*small in size, and great in value.*"* In a Paper in the Philosophical Transactions, November 1, 1807, upon the Comparative Influence of the Male or Female Parent, I have shewn, that the female parent apparently gives sex to the offspring, uncontrolled by the male.

VER. 79. *Crown the fifth year with hymeneal flow'rs.*] I suspect, that Virgil gives the directions here of breeding from young animals, with a view to introduce the beautiful lines which follow, for those lines seem most oddly placed. I have always obtained the best stock from full-grown, and rather old males, in which the power of becoming extremely fat upon a moderate quantity of food, had become mature. The power which the blood-horse possesses of continuing during a considerable time, almost its utmost speed, I conceive to have been derived from the exercise of great powers, gradually generated in its ancestry, by similar exertions; and that such powers never could have existed, had the blood-horse and his predecessors been bred from young unexercised parents. The Scotch and Welsh ponies, on the contrary, have been accustomed to a very poor pasture, and to travel much at a slow pace, and they have in consequence acquired the power of living upon little, and doing

* The ancients considered oxen solely as beasts of labour, and therefore the properties which Virgil describes in the cow, are the very reverse of what we esteem; a disposition to fatten at an early age, and upon a small quantity of food, is the quality we endeavour to obtain: it is generally found in animals of a delicate form, and never in such as Virgil describes; his robust cow might breed good working oxen, but not such as would answer the grazier's purpose.

Extract from a Letter of Sir J. Sebright, to the Author.

much moderate labour; but they are wholly incapable of bearing, under any circumstance, the violent exertions which a blood-horse will make. I have observed the children of the Welsh shepherds to be formed like their fathers, with excessively strong legs and thighs, but without very broad or strong shoulders. They are capable of wonderful exertions in walking; though not in other respects remarkable for strength. The powers of the mind I conceive to be as much improved by exertion through successive generations, as those of the body; and, I believe, that any person who will try the experiment carefully, will find, that the children, which descend from a race of wholly illiterate ancestry, will be found to acquire languages with great difficulty. I have noticed, in a Paper on Bees, to which I must refer you in the Philosophical Transactions, Part I. June, 1809, to what an extent the mind, and feeling, and propensities of the parent are transferred, in dogs, from the parent to the offspring. The quarrel between the terrier and the pole-cat is made before the animals have ever seen each other; and a well-bred pointer will point when he scents a partridge, though he have never seen one; yet both are animals of one species, and came from the hand of nature in the same form, and with the same dispositions.

BOOK IV.

VER. 21. *Nor Procne haunt.*] It is an error that the swallow ever feeds upon bees. The small flies are attracted to the bee hive by the smell of the honey; and the swallow comes there in pursuit of them, but it never attacks the bees.

VER. 52. *With wax cement.*] It is questionable, whether bees derive their wax from the vegetable world, or whether it be an animal exudation. It is not the substance

which is carried upon their thighs that is the pollen of plants with which they feed their young. The wax apparently exudes, as John Hunter has shewn, between the scales of their bellies; but I have ventured to suggest a doubt upon this point. Much weight, however, belongs to John Hunter's opinion upon this, as upon other subjects.

VER. 96. *Point their poison'd stings.*] I believe bees never use their stings in combat with each other. Both bees and wasps seem naturally very peaceably inclined, and are not disposed to attack those who approach their homes, unless commissioned by higher powers. I have stated in my Paper on Bees, that if all intercourse between the wasps which are out of the nest, and those within, be cut off, before any other provocation be given, no injuries will induce the former to attack the invader; they appear to wait for orders.

VER. 114. *Let th' usurper bleed.*] I do not believe that any such difference, as here described, ever exists between the two rival queens of a swarm. Virgil's observations upon the management of bees are generally good. The breeding of the bee has much divided the opinion of naturalists; but it is now, I believe, generally agreed, that the queen bee of the swarm lays all the eggs, which, in a contracted cell, make a labourer, in a larger a queen, and in a still larger a drone or male. The facility with which nature changes one kind of bud to another, in plants, in part induces me to adopt this opinion.*

* See an interesting article, on Huber on Bees, in the Edinburgh Review, Vol. XI. p. 319.

London: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-Row, St. James's.

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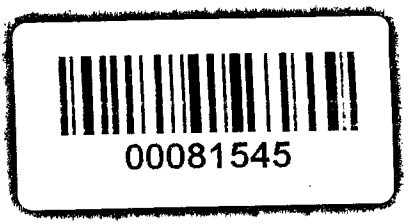
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